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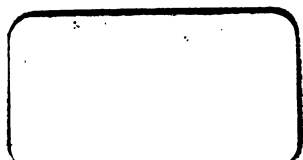
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THE

ACADEMICAL SPEAKER:

A SELECTION

OF

EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FROM

ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

ADAPTED FOR

EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION.

Ben. Kettle

BY B. D. EMERSON.

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

BOSTON :

RICHARDSON, LORD, AND HOLBROOK,

133 Washington Street.

1831.

11442.17.30



DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the first day of November, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Melvin Lord and John C. Holbrook, of the said district, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—

'The Academical Speaker: a Selection of Extracts, in Prose and Verse, from ancient and modern Authors; adapted for Exercises in Elocution. By B. D. Emerson.'

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.' "

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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43

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BOSTON

PREFACE.

IN forming the following compilation, the object has been, to furnish a copious collection of pieces of suitable character for exercises in declamation, and, at the same time, of convenient brevity for that purpose.—In doing which, it has been necessary to enter a wide field of research, but to gather with a sparing hand; for, short specimens of eloquence, which would not subject the speaker to the appearance of abruptness, are by no means abundant.

We well know how great is the influence of school exercises in the formation of young minds; and, perhaps, in no department of education does that influence operate with more force, than through the medium of exercises for recitation. The youthful speaker (if he feel at all) must feel like, and, for the time at least, become the character he attempts to personate.—In this view of their importance, each extract has been the subject of inquiries like the following:—Has the piece force and spirit? Is its moral tendency unquestionable? Does it convey a complete sense, intelligible to an audience without the

aid of title or note? Is the style in pure and good taste? Is it, in fine, of such a character, that a youth may enter fully into it?—Such pieces, and such only as in the opinion of the editor, possess these requisite qualities, are admitted into this work; and these without regard to the circumstance of their being introduced into prior compilations. So that, while the reader will find most of this collection to consist of new extracts, he will not be surprised, (after this explanation) if he find some, whose merit has recommended them to the notice of former Compilers.

B. D. E.

October, 1880.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The rapid sale of the first edition of the *Academical Speaker* has induced the publishers to issue a *stereotype* edition of the work. In the meantime, it has been carefully revised and enlarged. Having thus received a permanent form, it will undergo no further change; in order that those teachers, who use it as a reading Class Book, may not hereafter be incommoded, by a diversified arrangement in succeeding editions.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

	Page.
Speech in the Legislature of Virginia	<i>P. Henry.</i> 13
The same	<i>Ibid.</i> 14
Defence of J. A. Williams	<i>Brougham.</i> 16
Injudicious use of Military Power	<i>Byron.</i> 17
Severity to the suffering Poor unwise and unjust	<i>Ibid.</i> 18
The same	<i>Ibid.</i> 20
The Preservation of the Church	<i>Mason.</i> 21
Speech of Mirabeau	25
Extract from a Speech of Lord Belhaven	26
Extract from a Speech of Æschines	<i>Ed. Review.</i> 28
Second extract from the same	<i>Ibid.</i> 29
Greek Revolution	<i>Webster.</i> 31
The same subject	<i>Ibid.</i> 32
Speech of Epirus Marcellus against Thræsea	<i>Tacitus.</i> 39
Claims of Greece upon America	<i>S. E. Dwight.</i> 40
Defence of De Witt Clinton	<i>Cunningham.</i> 41
Freedom of the ancient Israelites	<i>Croly.</i> 43
Surviving Worthies of the Revolution	<i>E. Everett.</i> 44
Speech in the Convention of Virginia	<i>Randolph.</i> 45
Speech in the same Convention	<i>Baldwin.</i> 46
Homage paid by Philosophy to Theology	<i>Chalmers.</i> 51
Address to the British Colonists 1767	<i>Dickinson.</i> 53
The Majesty of Law	<i>Hopkinson.</i> 54
The End of the World	<i>Tzschirner.</i> 55
The same subject	<i>Ibid.</i> 56
The Respect due to all Men	<i>Fawcett.</i> 57
Catholic Emancipation	<i>Smith.</i> 62
Defence of Madame Roland	64
Character and Fate of the American Indians	<i>Story.</i> 65
The world purified by Judgments	<i>Tzschirner.</i> 73
Rolla to the Peruvians	<i>Sheridan.</i> 74
Extract from a speech of G. Morris	75
Second extract from the same	76

Extract from Mr. Jeffrey's Speech	-	-	-	-	78
Extract from Mr. Hayne's Speech in Congress 1830	-	-	-	-	82
Extract from Mr. Webster's speech in Congress 1830	-	-	-	-	83
Conclusion of the same Speech	-	-	-	-	85
Fox on American Affairs	-	-	-	-	86
Bonaparte to the Army of Italy	-	-	-	-	88
Character of Michael Angelo	-	-	-	-	<i>Fuseli.</i> 89
National Glory	-	-	-	-	<i>Clay.</i> 99
Speech of Vindex against the tyrant, Nero	-	-	-	-	<i>Tacitus.</i> 100
Salathiel to Titus	-	-	-	-	<i>Croly.</i> 101
Character of William Penn	-	-	-	-	<i>Duponceau.</i> 102
Speech of Ringan Gilhaize	-	-	-	-	<i>Galt.</i> 103
Speech in the National Convention of France	-	-	-	-	<i>Mirabeau.</i> 108
The same continued	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 109
The same concluded	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 110
Pitt on American Affairs in 1777	-	-	-	-	111
Characteristics of Eloquence	-	-	-	-	<i>N. A. Review.</i> 116
The same subject continued	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 117
The same subject concluded	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 118
Mr. Hobhouse's castigation of the member from Orford	-	-	-	-	119
Extract from a Speech of Theophilus Parsons	-	-	-	-	120
Necessity of National Morality	-	-	-	-	<i>Beecher.</i> 129
Speech of a Christian Martyr	-	-	-	-	<i>Croly.</i> 130
General Washington to his Troops	-	-	-	-	132
Mr. Grattan's Reply to Mr. Corry	-	-	-	-	133
Extract from "Letters to Fabius"	-	-	-	-	<i>Dickinson.</i> 134
Speech of the Duke of Argyll	-	-	-	-	136
The final Triumph of Liberty	-	-	-	-	<i>N. A. Review.</i> 142
Education of the Poor	-	-	-	-	<i>Smith.</i> 143
On Invasion	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 144
The same subject	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 145
The same subject	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 146
Supposed Speech of John Adams in opposition to the Declaration of Independence	-	-	-	-	<i>Webster.</i> 147
Supposed Speech of John Adams in favour of the Declaration of Independence	-	-	-	-	<i>Ibid.</i> 148
Moral Effects of Intemperance	-	-	-	-	<i>Beecher.</i> 154
The Right of Free Discussion	-	-	-	-	<i>Webster.</i> 154
Extract from the Address of the American Congress to the Inhabitants of Great Britain, 1775	-	-	-	-	155
Second Extract from the same	-	-	-	-	156
Sublimity of Mountain Scenery	-	-	-	-	<i>Croly.</i> 164
Political Cupidity reproved	-	-	-	-	<i>Sheridan.</i> 164
Republican Equality	-	-	-	-	<i>Story.</i> 166
Character of Blannerhassett	-	-	-	-	<i>Wart.</i> 167

Case of the Defence of Judge Prescott	Webster.	169
Character of Napoleon	Phillips.	175
Moral Desolation	N. E. W. Review.	176
Conclusion of a Speech in the Trial of W. S. Smith	Emmet.	177
Principles of the American Revolution	Quincy.	178
Practice of Religion a source of Enjoyment	Logan.	180
Patriotic Exhortation	Hall.	181
Humorists account of English Taxes	Ed. Review.	186
The Right of Discovery	Iving.	187
The Right of Cultivation	Ibid.	189
The Highlander to his Son	Scott.	197
Death of King Philip	Iving.	199
Swiss Deputy to Charles, Duke of Burgundy	Scott.	200
Defence of Mr. Stockdale	Ervine.	202
Pitt on American Affairs in 1775		208
Property an Element of Society	Upshur.	210
Necessity of protecting Property	Ibid.	211
Enterprise of New England Colonists	Burke.	213
Extract from Mr. Canning's Speech at Plymouth		214
Speech of Lord Cavendish on American Affairs		221
Influence of Literature and Divine Revelation	Wayland.	223
Lord Eddison's Speech on the "Jew Bill"		225
Speech of a Creek Indian in a Council of his nation		226
Extract from Mr. Mercer's Speech		228
Contrast between Canning and Brougham	European Magazine.	234
The same	Ibid.	236
Character of Oliver Cromwell	Cowley.	238
Devastation of the Carnatic	Burke.	239
Extract from a Speech in the Irish Parliament	Curran.	246
Extract from a Speech on the Catholic Question	Gratton.	247
Force of Talents	Dwight.	249
Atrocities of the French Revolution	Roland.	255
The same continued	Ibid.	256
Perpetual Progress of the Soul in Virtue	Logan.	258
Ruinous Consequences of unhallowed Pleasures	Ibid.	259
Aborigines of New England	Sprague.	263
Extract from a Speech on the Judiciary	Morris.	265
Extract from Mr. Everett's Oration at Plymouth 1824		267
The Effects of Atheism	Channing.	268
Claims of Africa	Burges.	272
Delineation of Missionary Objects	Chalmers.	273
Happiness	Cotton.	274
Speech of Mac Briar to the Scotch Insurgents	Scott.	284
Mr. Burke's Opinion of Junius		286
Specimen of the Eloquence of James Otis	Miss Francis.	287

Slave Trade -	<i>Wilberforce.</i>	289
Right of England to tax America	<i>Burke.</i>	292
American Colonists defended	<i>E. Everett.</i>	293
Close of the same Oration	<i>Ibid.</i>	295
Speech of Onias	<i>Croly.</i>	296
Speech of Salathiel	<i>Ibid.</i>	297
Edward Glendinning to the Sub-Prior	<i>Scott.</i>	298
Rebellion against Charles I. Justified	<i>Ed. Review.</i>	306
The same subject	<i>Ibid.</i>	309
Extract from the Marquis of Landsdowne's Speech.		311
Extract from a Speech on American Independence	<i>Lee.</i>	315
Influence of the Bible	<i>Mason.</i>	316
The American Revolution and its Effects	<i>Burgess</i>	318
Extract from P. Henry's Speech in the Legislature of Virginia		320
Extract from Mr. Webster's Address at Plymouth		325
Col. Barre's Reply to Lord North		327
The same		328
Burke on American Affairs.		329
Industry necessary to form the Orator. { . . . }	<i>H. Ware Jr.</i>	331
Missionary Objects	<i>Wayland.</i>	333
Death of Hamilton	<i>Nott.</i>	335
Extract from an Address to the Citizens of Boston.	<i>Quincy.</i>	336
Mr. Brougham's Invective against Lord Castlereagh.		338
Reform in England	<i>N. A. Review.</i>	339
Taxation and Representation inseparable	<i>Pitt.</i>	340
Decisive Integrity	<i>Wirt.</i>	341
Devotion	<i>Zollikofer.</i>	343

VERSE.

The Switzer's Wife	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	23
Cato's Speech to the Mutineers	<i>Addison.</i>	24
The Ocean	<i>Cornwall.</i>	34
The Battle of Talavera	<i>Byron.</i>	35
The Curtius and the Russell	<i>Barton.</i>	43
Song of the Pilgrims	<i>Upham.</i>	49
Stanzas addressed to the Greeks	<i>Anon.</i>	50
Speech of Catiline on sentence of banishment	<i>Croly.</i>	53
William Tell in the field of Grutli	<i>Knowles.</i>	59
The Torch of Liberty	<i>Moore.</i>	60
Marullus to the Mob	<i>Shakespeare.</i>	67
Speech of Arminius to his Soldiers	<i>Knight.</i>	68
The Homes of England	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	79
The Pilgrim Fathers	<i>Pierpont.</i>	90

Marco Bozzaris	Halleck.	90
Moonlight—and a Field of Battle	Shelley.	92
Manfred to the Sorceress	Byron.	100
The Sword	Miss Langdon.	107
Spirit of Freedom	Percival.	113
Parting of Douglas and Marmion	Scott.	114
The Spirit firm and free	Anon.	122
What's Hallowed Ground	Campbell.	123
Absalom's Dream	Hillhouse.	126
The Deluge	Bowles.	128
The Leper	Willis.	139
Counsel of Ahithophel to Absalom	Hillhouse.	151
Counsel of Hushai	Ibid.	151
Speech of Raab Knapri	Coleridge.	152
Speech of William Tell	Knowles.	158
Rienzi to the Romans	Moore.	158
Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy	Anon.	163
Tyrolase War Song	Anon.	171
Leonidas	Croly.	172
Duke of Milan to Charles V.	Massinger.	173
Burial of Sir John Moore	Wolfe.	183
The Star	Read.	184
Warren's Address to the American Soldiers	Pierpont.	185
Christ stilling the Tempest	Mrs. Hemans.	185
Spectacles	Byron.	190
Bernardo Del Carpio	Mrs. Hemans.	191
Soliloquy of Wallenstein	Schiller.	196
The Eagle	Percival.	203
Cassabianca	Mrs. Hemans.	205
Regulus	Dale.	206
Dionysius to his Soldiers	Murphy.	216
Zanga's Reasons for hating Alonso	Young.	216
An Ode	Hughes.	229
The Soldier's Dream	Campbell.	231
Absalom	Willis.	231
The Newspaper	Cowper.	241
Night	Smith.	243
Stanzas	Watts.	250
Jacob's Dream	Anon.	252
Address of Alasco to his Countrymen	Shee.	258
Bishop of Carlisle's Speech in defence of Richard II.	Shakspeare.	254
Rienzi's Address to the Romans	Miss Mitford.	260
The Death of Leonidas	Croly.	261
Echoes	Proctor.	262
Greece	Byron.	276
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	Mrs. Hemans.	277

The American Forest Girl	- - - - -	<i>Ibid.</i> 279
Address to the Highlanders	- - - - -	<i>Scott.</i> 290
Answer of Lewis to the Pope's Legate	- - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 291
Conscience	- - - - -	<i>Gisborne.</i> 299
Battle of Warsaw	- - - - -	<i>Campbell.</i> 301
Sea Fight	- - - - -	<i>Sotheby.</i> 322
Douglas to Lord Randolph	- - - - -	<i>Home.</i> 323
Immortality	- - - - -	<i>Dana.</i> 324

DIALOGUE.

Gesler and Alfred	- - - - -	<i>Knowles.</i> 36
Siegmar, Arminius, Brenno and Gismar	- - - - -	<i>Knight.</i> 69
Puff, Dangle and Sneer	- - - - -	<i>Sheridan.</i> 94
Ollapod and Sir Charles Cropland	- - - - -	<i>Colman.</i> 126
Sir Anthony Absolute and Capt. Absolute	- - - - -	<i>Sheridan.</i> 160
Clarence and Brakenbury	- - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 194
King Henry IV., Northumberland, and Hotspur	- - - - -	<i>Ibid.</i> 217
Lord Hastings and the Duke of Gloster	- - - - -	<i>Rowe.</i> 243
Melanthon and Philotas	- - - - -	<i>Murphy.</i> 269
Sir Fretful Plagiary, Dangle, and Sneer	- - - - -	<i>Sheridan.</i> 280
Portius and Marcus	- - - - -	<i>Addison.</i> 302
Mahomet and Alcanor	- - - - -	<i>Miller.</i> 304
Hamlet and Horatio	- - - - -	<i>Shakspeare.</i> 312

THE

ACADEMICAL SPEAKER.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY IN THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA, IN FAVOUR OF PERMITTING THE BRITISH REFUGEES TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE personal feelings of a politician ought not to be permitted to enter these walls. The question before us is a national one, and in deciding it, if we act wisely, nothing will be regarded but the interest of the nation. On the altar of my country's good, I, for one, am willing to sacrifice all personal resentments, all private wrongs; and I flatter myself that I am not the only man in this house, who is capable of making such a sacrifice.

We have, Sir, an extensive country, without population. What can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? *People* form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up, by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank, which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth.

Cast your eyes, Sir, over this extensive country. Observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected, in every quarter, by bold navigable streams, flowing to the East and to the West, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

Sir, you are destined, at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people: the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gra-

dations, and at some distant period—lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them;—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world.

If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do,—encourage emigration—encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world, to come and settle in the land of promise.—Make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power; and I venture to prophecy there are those now living, who will see this favoured land amongst the most powerful on earth—able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid.

Yes, Sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those, who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

CONCLUSION OF THE SAME SPEECH.

INSTEAD of refusing permission to the refugees to return, it is your true policy to encourage emigration to this country, by every means in your power. Sir, you must have *men*. You cannot get along without them. Those heavy forests of timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber, Sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, Sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and *will* have speedily, if you are wise.

Do you ask, Sir, how you are to get them? Open your doors, Sir, and they will come in. The population of the old world is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here, a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance—a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door!

Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of the poets. They see her here, a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy states—her glories chanted by three millions of tongues—and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence.

Sir, let but this our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand towards the people of the old world—tell them to come, and bid them welcome—and you will see them pouring in from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled; your deserts will smile; your ranks will be filled; and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain—and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wonderfully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations, which we bear to them and to their native country, are now changed. Their king hath acknowledged our independence. The quarrel is over. Peace hath returned, and found us a free people.

Let us have the magnanimity, Sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. They are an enterprising monied people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us, in point of

feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making use of them, so, Sir, I have no fear of any mischief they can do us.—Afraid of them! What, Sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of *his whelps*?



EXTRACT FROM MR. BROUGHAM'S DEFENCE OF J. A. WILLIAMS, FOR
A LIBEL ON THE CLERGY OF DURHAM.

It is necessary for me to set before you the picture, my learned friend was pleased to draw of the Clergy of the Diocese of Durham, and I shall recall it to your minds almost in his own words. According to him, they stand in a peculiarly unfortunate situation; they are, in truth, the most injured of men.

They all, it seems, entertained the same generous sentiments with the rest of their countrymen, though they did not express them in the old, free English manner, by openly condemning the proceedings against the late Queen; and, after the course of unexampled injustice, against which she victoriously struggled, had been followed by the needless infliction of inhuman torture, to undermine a frame whose spirit no open hostility could daunt, and extinguish the life so long embittered by the same foul arts—after that great Princess had ceased to harass her enemies—after her glorious but unhappy life had closed, and that princely head was at last laid low by death, which, living, all oppression had only the more illustriously exalted—the venerable, the Clergy of Durham, I am now told for the first time, though less forward in giving vent to their feelings than the rest of their fellow-citizens—though not so vehement in their indignation at the matchless and unmanly persecution of the Queen—though not so unbridled in their joy at her immortal triumph, nor so loud in their lamentations over her mournful and untimely end—did, nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize with her sufferings, in the bottom of their reverend hearts!

When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel—if not so clamorous,

they did not feel the least of all the members of the community—their grief was in truth too deep for utterance—sorrow clung round their bosoms, weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound—and, when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, THEIR silence, the contrast which THEY displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction; they said the less because they felt the more!

Oh! talk of hypocrisy after this!—Most consummate of all hypocrites! After instructing your chosen official advocate to stand forward with such a defence—such an exposition of your motives—to dare utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged you with it! This is indeed to insult common sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright, frank, honest hypocrites to what you have now made yourselves—and surely, for all you have ever done or ever been charged with, your worst enemies must be satiated with the humiliation of this day, its just atonement, and ample retribution!



INJUDICIOUS USE OF MILITARY POWER.

Extract from LORD BYRON's Speech on the 'Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill.'

It has been stated, that persons in the temporary possession of frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon inquiry, it were necessary that such material accessaries to the crime should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure, proposed by his majesty's government for your lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous inquiry, some deliberation, would have been deemed requisite; not that we should have been called at once, without examination and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold.

But, admitting that these men had no cause of complaint, that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless, that they deserved the worst; what inefficiency,

what imbecility, has been evinced in the method chosen to reduce them! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of—if they were to be called out at all?

As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seem formed on the model of those of the mayor and corporation of Garratt. Such marchings and countermarchings! from Nottingham to Bulnell—from Bulnell to Bareford—from Bareford to Mansfield! and when, at length, the detachments arrived at their destination, in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, they came just in time to witness the mischief which *had* been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators;—to collect the *spolia opima*, in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children.

Now, though in a free country, it were to be wished that our military should never be too formidable, at least, to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations, where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last; in this instance it has been the first, but, providentially, as yet only in the scabbard.

The present measure will indeed pluck it from the sheath: yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots; had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also have had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think, that means might have been devised, to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the country. At present, the country suffers from the double infliction of an idle military, and a starving population.



SEVERITY TO THE SUFFERING POOR UNWISE AND UNJUST.

Extract from the same Speech.

In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now, for the first time, the House has been officially apprised of these disturbances? All this has been transacting

within one hundred and thirty miles of London, and yet we, 'good easy men! have deemed full sure our greatness was a ripening,' and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens.

You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the 'Bellua multorum capitum' is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your fields, and serve in your houses—that man your navy, and recruit your army—that have enabled you to defy all the world,—and can also defy you, when neglect and calumny have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget, that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people.

And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or—the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened,—from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardship and hunger, as your charity began abroad, it should end at home.

A much less sum—a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our funds have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief,—though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the peninsula; I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never, under the most despotic of infidel governments, did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return, in the very heart of a Christian country.

And what are your remedies? After months of inaction,

and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, and never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding—the warm water of your mawkish policy, and the lancets of your military—these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

SETTING aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of this bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient on your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to heaven and testify against you? How will you carry this bill into effect? Can you commit a whole country to their own prison? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? Or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation; place the country under martial law; depopulate and lay waste all around you; and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former condition of a royal chase, and an asylum for outlaws?

Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief, it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that, which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence?

Those, who have refused to impeach their accomplices when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even *them* to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent in-

stances, *temporising*, would not be without its advantage in this.

When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years—you temporise and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the bill, under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect.

The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian lawgiver, whose edicts were said to be written not in ink, but in blood. But suppose it passed,—suppose one of these men, as I have seen them, meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life, which your lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame; suppose this man surrounded by those children, for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn forever from a family, which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support; suppose this man—(and there are ten thousand such, from whom you may select your victims,)—dragged into court to be tried for this new offence, by this new law,—still there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him, and these are, in my opinion, twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jeffries for a judge!

THE PRESERVATION OF THE CHURCH.—*Mason.*

THE long existence of the Christian church would be pronounced, upon common principles of reasoning, impossible. She finds in every man a natural and inveterate enemy. To encounter and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world, she boasts no political stratagem, no disciplined legions, no outward coercion of any kind. Yet her expectation is that she live forever. To mock this hope, and to blot out her memorial from under heaven, the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the most ingenious arts of statesmen, the concentrated strength of empires, have been frequently

and perseveringly applied. The blood of her sons and her daughters has streamed like water; the smoke of the scaffold and the stake, where they wore the crown of martyrdom in the cause of Jesus, has ascended in thick volumes to the skies. The tribes of persecution have sported over her woes, and erected monuments, as they imagined, of her perpetual ruin. But where are her tyrants, and where their empires? the tyrants have long since gone to their own place; their names have descended upon the roll of infamy; their empires have passed, like shadows over the rock—they have successively disappeared, and left not a trace behind!

But what became of the church? She rose from her ashes fresh in beauty and might. Celestial glory beamed around her; she dashed down the monumental marble of her foes, and they who hated her fled before her. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and kingdoms that plotted her destruction; and, with the inscriptions of their pride, has transmitted to posterity the records of their shame. How shall this phenomenon be explained? We are at the present moment, witnesses of the fact; but who can unfold the mystery? The book of truth and life has made our wonder to cease. 'THE LORD HER GOD IN THE MIDST OF HER IS MIGHTY.' His presence is a fountain of health, and his protection a 'wall of fire.' He has betrothed her, in eternal covenant to himself. Her living head, in whom she lives, is above, and his quickening spirit shall never depart from her. Armed with divine virtue, his gospel, secret, silent, unobserved, enters the hearts of men and sets up an everlasting kingdom. It eludes all the vigilance, and baffles all the power of the adversary. Bars, and bolts, and dungeons are no obstacle to its approach: Bonds, and tortures, and death cannot extinguish its influence. Let no man's heart tremble, then, because of fear. Let no man despair (in these days of rebuke and blasphemy,) of the Christian cause. The ark is launched, indeed, upon the floods; the tempest sweeps along the deep; the billows break over her on every side. But Jehovah-Jesus has promised to conduct her in safety to the haven of peace. She *cannot* be lost unless the pilot perish.

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE bright blood left the youthful mother's cheek;
Back on the linden-stem she leaned her form;
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness passed,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might
As it found language:—‘Are we thus oppressed?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

‘I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done!
Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband!—this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free;
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

‘Thou hast been brooding o’er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills, thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued,—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

‘Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois-paths, and through the forests go;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlet glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me,—I can pray!’

He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
 To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air;
 He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
 From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
 And, 'Worthy art thou,' was his joyous cry,
 'That man for thee should gird himself to die.'

'My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
 Now shall thy name be armour to my heart;
 And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
 Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
 I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell;
 Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—Farewell!'

And thus they parted by the quiet lake,
 In the clear starlight: he, the strength to rouse
 Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
 To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
 Singing its blue, half-curtained eyes to sleep,
 With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

CATO'S SPEECH TO THE MUTINEERS.—Addison.

PERFIDIOUS men! And will you thus dishonour
 Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
 Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
 Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
 Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
 Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
 Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
 With Cato's foes, and follow Caesar's banners.
 Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,
 And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
 To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
 Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
 Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
 And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
 Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd?
 Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
 Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?

Painful preeminence!

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?

Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?

Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd for stream,
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leaders bore.
Meanwhile *we'll* sacrifice to liberty.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power delivered down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood;)
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!

But piously transmit it to your children.

Do thou, Great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.



SPEECH OF MIRABEAU, IN REPLY TO OBJECTIONS AGAINST AN ADDRESS TO THE THRONE, REQUESTING THE REMOVAL OF THE MINISTERS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSEMBLY,—It is said, that by assuming the right to petition the King to remove his ministers, you will confound the three powers. We shall soon have occasion to examine this theory of three powers, which, properly analyzed, will perhaps show the ease, with which the mind mistakes words for things, and acquiesces in accustomed conclusions, without taking the trouble to examine the principles upon which they are founded. The valorous champions of the *three powers* will then inform us, if they can, what they mean by this large phrase of *three powers*; and how they can conceive of the judicial or even of the legislative power, as wholly distinct from the executive.

You forget that the people, whose action you limit by the three powers, is itself the source of all power. You forget that you are disputing the right of the master to control his agents. You forget that we, the representatives of the people, we, in whose presence all powers are suspended, even those of the chief magistrate of the nation, when he attempts to oppose us—you forget that we do not attempt to appoint or remove the ministers by our decrees, but merely to express the opinion of our constituents upon the administration of this or that minister. What then? Do you refuse us the right of declaring our sentiments, and compel us to contemplate the conduct of ministers in respectful silence, when at the same time you grant us the power of impeaching them, and constituting the court which shall bring them to judgment? Do you not perceive how much more moderate I am than you, and how much more favourably I deal with the government? You leave no interval between perfect silence and impeachment. But I give notice, before I impeach; I object, before I punish; I afford opportunity for weakness and error to withdraw, before I treat them as crimes.

But look at Great Britain, see what agitation is there produced by the right you claim! It raised the storm in which England was lost! England lost? Gracious Heaven what disastrous news! But tell me, then, in what latitude did this happen? What earthquake, what convulsion of nature swallowed up that famous island, that exhaustless storehouse of great examples, that classic ground of the friends of liberty? But surely you are mistaken: England is still flourishing for the eternal instruction of the world. England is repairing, in glorious tranquillity, the wounds she inflicted on herself in a paroxysm of fever. England is carrying to perfection every branch of industry, and exploring every path that leads to wealth and greatness.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF LORD BELHAVEN, IN OPPOSITION TO
A JOINT LEGISLATURE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

MY LORD,—When I consider this affair of an *union* between the two nations, as it is expressed in the several articles thereof, and now the subject of our deliberation, I find

my mind crowded with a variety of very melancholy thoughts, and I think it my duty to disburthen myself of some of them, by laying them before, and exposing them to the serious consideration of this honourable house.

I think I see a free and independent kingdom delivering up that, which all the world hath been fighting for since the days of Nimrod; yea, that, for which most of all the empires, kingdoms, states, principalities and dukedoms of Europe, are at this very time engaged in the most bloody and cruel wars that ever were; to wit, a power to manage their own affairs by themselves, without the assistance and counsel of any other.

I think I see the noble and honourable peerage of Scotland, whose valiant predecessors led armies against their enemies, upon their own proper charges and expenses, now divested of their followers and vassalages, and put upon such an equal foot with their vassals, that I think I see a petty English exciseman receive more homage and respect, than what was paid formerly to their quondam Mackallamors.

I think I see the present peers of Scotland, whose noble ancestors conquered provinces, overrun countries, reduced and subjected towns and fortified places, exacted tribute through the greatest part of England, now walking in the court of requests, like so many English attorneys, laying aside their walking swords when in company with the English peers, lest self-defence should be found murder.

In short, I think I see the laborious ploughman, with his corn spoiling upon his hands for want of sale, cursing the day of his birth. I think I see the incurable difficulties of landed men, fettered under the golden chain of equivalents, their pretty daughters petitioning for the want of husbands, and their sons for want of employments.

I think I see our mariners delivering up their ships to their Dutch partners, and, what through presses and necessity, earning their bread as underlings in the English navy. But above all, my lord, I think I see our ancient mother Caledonia, like Cæsar, sitting in the midst of our senate, ruefully looking round about her, covering herself with her royal garment, attending the fatal blows, and breathing out her last with a—*et tu quoque, mi fili?*

Are not these, my lord, very afflicting thoughts? And yet they are at least part suggested to me by these dishonourable articles. Should not the consideration of these things vivify these dry bones of ours? Should not the memory of

our noble predecessors' valour and constancy rouse up our drooping spirits? Are our noble predecessors' souls got so far into the English cabbage-stalks and cauliflowers, that we should show the least inclination that way? Are our eyes so blinded? Are our ears so deafened? Are our hearts so hardened? Are our tongues so faltered? Are our hands so fettered? that in this our day—I say, my lord, that in this our day, we should not mind the things that concern the very being and well-being of our ancient kingdom, before the day be hid from our eyes?

When I consider this treaty as it hath been explained and spoke to, before us these three weeks past, I see the English constitution remaining firm, the same two houses of parliament, the same taxes, the same customs, the same excises, the same trading companies, the same municipal laws and courts of judicature; and all ours either subject to regulations or annihilations, only we are to have the honour to pay their old debts, and to have some few persons present for witnesses to the validity of the deed, when they are pleased to contract more.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION OF ÆSCHINES AGAINST DEMOSTHENES.

—*Edinburgh Review.*

WHAT?—Is the man, whom you propose to be crowned, of such a description, that he cannot be known by those who have been benefited by him, unless there be somebody to speak for you? Ask, then, the judges, if they knew Chabrias, and Iphicrates, and Timotheus; and inquire of them, wherefore they gave them rewards and erected statues to their honour? They all, with one voice, will answer, that it was to Chabrias, on account of the naval victory at Naxos,—to Iphicrates, because he cut in pieces the Lacedæmonian legion,—to Timotheus, for the relief of Corcyra,—and to others, because many and honourable exploits had been performed by them in war.

And if any one should inquire of you, why you will *not* give them to Demosthenes, your answer should be, because he has taken bribes,—because he is a coward,—because he has deserted his post in the field! And whether (think you)

will you honour him, or dishonour yourselves, and those who have died for you in battle—whom imagine you see bewailing—if this man shall be crowned? For it would be monstrous, O Athenians! should you honour Demosthenes, the man who proposed the last of all your expeditions, and betrayed your soldiers to the enemy!

But,—what is the most important of all, if your youths should inquire of you, upon what model they ought to form their conduct, what will you answer? For you well know, that it is not the Palæstras alone, nor the schools, nor music, which instruct your youth, but much more the public proclamations.

Is any man, scandalous in his life, and odious for his vices, proclaimed in the theatre as having been crowned on account of his virtue, his general excellence and patriotism!—the youth who witnesses it is depraved. Does any profligate and abandoned libertine, like Ctesiphon, suffer punishment!—all other persons are instructed. Does a man, who has given a vote against what is honourable and just, upon his return home, attempt to teach his son? He, with good reason, will not listen; and that which would otherwise be instruction, is justly termed importunity.

Do you, therefore, give your votes not merely as deciding the present cause, but with a view to consequences—for your justification to those citizens, who are not now present, but who will demand an account from you of the judgment which you have pronounced. For you know full well, O Athenians! that the credit of the city will be such as is the character of the person who is crowned; and it is a disgrace for you to be likened, not to your ancestors, but to the cowardice of Demosthenes.

SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

OUR city is scandalized on account of the measures of Demosthenes. And you will appear, if you should crown him, to be of the same mind with those who are violating the common peace; but if you act contrariwise, you will acquit the people of the charge.

Do you therefore deliberate, not as on behalf of a foreign

country, but your own, and do not distribute your honours as of course, but discriminate, and set apart your rewards for more worthy persons and men of better account. And make use not of your ears only, when you consult, but of your eyes, looking round amongst each other to see, what manner of persons they are, who are about to come forward in support of Demosthenes;—whether his partners in the chase, or companions in exercises during his youth. But no,—he has not been in the habit of hunting the wild boar, or attending to graces of the body, but he has been constantly practising arts to rob the wealthy of their estates. Bear also in mind his boastfulness, when he asserts, that he rescued Byzantium out of the gripe of Philip as ambassador, and drew off the Acarnanians from his cause, and roused the Thebans by his harangues. For he supposes that you are arrived at such a pitch of simplicity, as to be gulled into a belief of all this; as if you were cherishing amongst you, not a vagabond or a common informer, but the goddess of persuasion herself.

But when, at the conclusion of his speech, he shall call before you, as advocates, the partakers of his bribes, believe that you see, upon this rostrum where I am now standing to address you, drawn up in array against their effrontery, the great benefactors of their country—Solon, who adorned the democracy with the most excellent laws,—a wise man, a good lawgiver, mildly, as befitted him, entreating you not to make the speeches of Demosthenes of more avail than your oaths and the laws;—Aristides too, who settled their contributions for the Greeks, and upon whose death the people portioned his daughters, demanding if you are not ashamed, that your ancestors were upon the very point of putting to death Arthmius of Zelia, who brought the money of the Persians into Greece, and journeyed into our city, being then a public guest of the people of Athens, and did expel him from the city and all the dependencies of the Athenians,—and that *you* are about to crown Demosthenes, who did not bring the money of the Persians into Greece, but himself received bribes, and moreover even now retains them, with a golden crown! Do you not imagine that Themistocles also, and those who fell at Marathon and at Platæa, and the very tombs of our ancestors, will raise a groan, if this man, who, avowedly siding with Barbarians, opposed the Greeks, shall be crowned?

I then,—I call you to witness, ye Earth, and Sun!—and

Virtue, and Intellect, and Education, by which we distinguish what is honourable from what is base,—have given my help and have spoken. And if I have conducted the accusation, adequately, and in a manner worthy of the transgression of the laws, I have spoken as I wished;—if imperfectly, then only as I have been able. But do you, both from what has been said, and what has been omitted, of yourselves decide as is just and convenient on behalf of the country.

GREEK REVOLUTION.

Extracted from D. WEBSTER'S Speech delivered in Congress, 1823.

THE asserted right of forcible intervention, in the affairs of other nations, is in open violation of the public law of the world. Who has authorized these learned doctors of Troppau, to establish new articles in this code? Whence are their diplomas? Is the whole world expected to acquiesce in principles, which entirely subvert the independence of nations. On the basis of this independence has been reared the beautiful fabric of international law. On the principle of this independence, Europe has seen a family of nations, flourishing within its limits, the small among the large, protected not always by power, but by a principle above power, by a sense of propriety and justice. On this principle the great commonwealth of civilized states has been hitherto upheld.

It may now be required of me to show what interest we have, in resisting this new system. What is it to us, it may be asked, upon what principles, or what pretences, the European governments assert a right of interfering in the affairs of their neighbours? The thunder, it may be said, rolls at a distance. The wide Atlantic is between us and danger; and, however others may suffer, we shall remain safe.

It is a sufficient answer to this, to say, that we are one of the nations; that we have an interest, therefore, in the preservation of that system of national law and national intercourse, which has heretofore subsisted, so beneficially for all. Our system of government, it should also be remembered, is, throughout, founded on principles utterly hostile

to the new code; and, if we remain undisturbed by its operation, we shall owe our security, either to our situation or our spirit. The enterprising character of the age, our own active commercial spirit, the great increase which has taken place in the intercourse between civilized and commercial states, have necessarily connected us with the nations of the earth, and given us a high concern in the preservation of those salutary principles, upon which that intercourse is founded. We have as clear an interest in international law, as individuals have in the laws of society.

But, apart from the soundness of the policy, on the ground of direct interest, we have, Sir, a duty, connected with this subject, which, I trust, we are willing to perform. What do we not owe to the cause of civil and religious liberty? to the principle of lawful resistance? to the principle that society has a right to partake in its own government? As the leading Republic of the world, living and breathing in these principles, and advanced by their operation with unequalled rapidity in our career, shall we give *our* consent to bring them into disrepute and disgrace?

It is neither ostentation nor boasting, to say, that there lie before this country, in immediate prospect, a great extent and height of power. We are borne along towards this, without effort, and not always even with a full knowledge of the rapidity of our own motion. Circumstances which never combined before, have co-operated in our favour, and a mighty current is setting us forward, which we could not resist, even if we would. Does it not become us, then, is it not a duty imposed on us, to give our weight to the side of liberty and justice—to let mankind know that we are not tired of our own institutions—and to protest against the asserted power of altering, at pleasure, the law of the civilized world?

THE SAME CONTINUED.

It may, in the next place, be asked, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for us? If we will not endanger our

own peace; if we will neither furnish armies, nor navies, to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has past by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing, that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance.

There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting, which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

THE OCEAN — *Cornwall.*

O THOU vast Ocean! Ever-sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world,
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone;
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavy-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and ships that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and met in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the Summer flies.
Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thy anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven.
Thou trackless and immeasurable Main!
On thee no record ever lived again,
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
Hath ever fathom'd thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 't is said,
Can move the mighty ocean into storm—

O! wonderful thou art, great element,
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sun-light at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
'Eternity, Eternity, and Power'

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.—Byron.

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote?
Nor saved your brethren ere they sunk beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves!—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock,
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe,
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it looks upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards float the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally,
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met, as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools!
 Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts—to what? a dream alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

DIALOGUE.

Gesler and Albert.—*Knowles*

[*Gesler with a hunting pole.*]

Ges. Alone—alone! and every step, the mist
 Thickens around me! On these mountain tracts
 'To lose one's way, they say, is sometimes death!
 What, ho! Holloa! No tongue replies to me!
 What thunder hath the horror of this silence!
 'I dare not stop—the day, though not half run,
 Is not less sure to end his course; and night,
 Dreary when through the social haunts of men
 Her solemn darkness walks, in such a place
 As this, comes wrapped in most appalling fear.'
 I dare not stop—nor dare I yet proceed,
 Begirt with hidden danger: if I take
 This hand, it carries me still deeper into
 The wild and savage solitudes I'd shun,
 Where once to faint with hunger is to die:
 If this, it leads me to the precipice,
 Whose brink with fatal horror rivets him
 That treads upon 't, till drunk with fear, he reels
 Into the gaping void, and headlong down
 Plunges to still more hideous death. Cursed slaves,
 To let me wander from them! Ho!—holloa!—
 My voice sounds weaker to mine ear; I've not
 The strength to call I had, and through my limbs
 Cold tremor runs—and sickening faintness seizes
 On my heart. O Heaven, have mercy! Do not see

The color of the hands I lift to thee!
 Look only on the strait wherein I stand,
 And pity it! Let me not sink—Uphold!
 Support me! Mercy!—Mercy!

[*He stands stupified with terror and exhaustion. Albert enters with his hunting pole, not at first seeing Gesler.*]

Alb. I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind
 Will let me. Ha! a rock to shelter me!
 Thanks to 't—a man! and fainting. Courage, friend!
 Courage.—A stranger that has lost his way—
 Take heart—take heart: you're safe. How feel you now?

Ges. Better.

Alb. You've lost your way upon the hill?

Ges. I have.

Alb. And whither would you go?

Ges. To Altorf.

Alb. I'll guide you thither.

Ges. You're a child.

Alb. I know

The way; the track I've come is harder far
 To find.

Ges. The track you've come! what mean you?
 Sure you have not been still farther in the mountains?

Alb. I've travelled from Mount Faigel.

Ges. No one with thee?

Alb. No one but Him.

Ges. Do you not fear these storms?

Alb. He's in the storm.

Ges. And there are torrents, too,

That must be crossed?

Alb. He's by the torrent, too.

Ges. You're but a child!

Alb. He will be with a child.

Ges. You're sure you know the way?

Alb. 'T is but to keep

The side of yonder stream.

Ges. But guide me safe,

I'll give thee gold.

Alb. I'll guide thee safe without.

Ges. Here's earnest for thee. Here—I'll double that,
 Yea, treble it—but let me see the gate
 Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold?
 Take it.

Alb. No.

Ges. You shall.

Alb. I will not.

Ges. Why?

Alb. Because

I do not covet it;—and though I did,
It would be wrong to take it as the price
Of doing one a kindness.

Ges. Ha!—who taught

Thee that?

Alb. My father.

Ges. Does he live in Altorf?

Alb. No; in the mountains.

Ges. How—a mountaineer?

He should become a tenant of the city:

He 'd gain by 't.

Alb. Not so much as he might lose by 't.

Ges. What might he lose by 't?

Alb. Liberty.

Ges. Indeed!

He also taught thee that?

Alb. He did.

Ges. His name?

Alb. This is the way to Altorf, Sir.

Ges. I 'd know

Thy father's name.

Alb. The day is wasting—we

Have far to go.

Ges. Thy father's name? I say.

Alb. I will not tell it thee.

Ges. Not tell it me!

Why?

Alb. You may be an enemy of his.

Ges. May be a friend.

Alb. May be; but should you be

An enemy—although I would not tell you

My father's name—I 'd guide you safe to Altorf.

Will you follow me?

Ges. Ne'er mind thy father's name.

What would it profit me to know 't? Thy hand;

We are not enemies.

Alb. I never had

An enemy.

Ges. Lead on.

Alb. Advance your staff
 As you descend, and fix it well. Come on.
Ges. What! must we take that step?
Alb. 'Tis nothing! Come,
 I'll go before. Ne'er fear—Come on! come on!



SPEECH OF EPRIUS MARCELLUS, IN THE ROMAN SENATE, AGAINST
 THRASEA.—*Tacitus.*

THE Commonwealth is on the brink of ruin. Certain turbulent spirits rear their crests so high, that no room is left for the milder virtues of the prince.

The senate for sometime past has been negligent, tame, and passive. Your lenity, conscript fathers, your lenity has given encouragement to sedition. It is in consequence of your indulgence, that Thrasea presumes to trample on the laws; that his son-in-law, Helvidius Priscus, adopts the same pernicious principles; that Paconius Agrippinus with the inveterate hatred towards the house of Cæsar, which he inherited from his father, declares open hostility; and that Curtius Montanus, in seditious verses, spreads abroad the venom of his pen.

Where is Thrasea now? I want to see the man of consular rank in his place; I want to see the sacerdotal dignitary offering up vows for the emperor; I want to see the citizens taking the oath of fidelity. Perhaps that haughty spirit towers above the laws and the religion of our ancestors; perhaps he means to throw off the mask, and own himself traitor and an enemy to his country.

Let him appear in this assembly; let the patriot come; let the leader of faction show himself; the man who so often played the orator in this assembly, and took under his patronage the inveterate enemies of the prince. Let us hear his plan of government. What does he wish to change? what abuses does he mean to reform?

If he came every day with objections, the cavilling spirit of the man might tease, perplex, and embarrass us; but now his sullen silence is worse; it condemns everything in the gross. And why all this discontent? A settled peace pre-

vails in every quarter of the empire: does that afflict him? Our armies, without the effusion of human blood, have been victorious: is that the cause of his disaffection?

He sickens in the midst of prosperity; he pines at the flourishing state of his country; he deserts the forum; he threatens to abjure his country, and retire into voluntary banishment; he acknowledges none of your laws; your decrees are to him no better than a mockery; he owns no magistrates, and Rome to him is no longer Rome. Let him therefore be cut off at once from a city, where he has long lived an alien: the love of his country banished from his heart, and the people odious to his sight.



CLAIMS OF GREECE UPON AMERICA

Extract from an Address, delivered in Boston, in behalf of the Greeks, by the
Rev. S. E. DWIGHT.

THOUGH not called to plead the cause of Greece, before my assembled countrymen; yet, at the request of your committee, I am at this time allowed, my friends and fellow citizens, to urge her claims on you. But need I *urge* them? What heart does not throb, what bosom does not heave, at the very thought of Grecian Independence? Have you the feelings of a man, and do you not wish, that the blood of Greece should cease to flow, and that the groans and sighs of centuries should be heard no more? Are you a scholar; and shall the land of the muses ask your help in vain? With the eye of the enthusiast do you often gaze at the triumphs of the arts; and will you do nothing to rescue their choicest relics from worse than Vandal barbarism? Are you a mother, rejoicing in all the charities of domestic life;—are you a daughter, rich and safe in conscious innocence and parental love; and shall thousands more, among the purest and loveliest of your sex, glut the shambles of Smyrna, and be doomed to a capacity inconceivably worse than death? Are you a Christian, and do you cheerfully contribute your property to christianize the heathen world? What you give to Greece is to rescue *a nation of Christians* from extermination, to deliver the ancient churches, to overthrow the Mohammedan imposture, to raise up a standard for the wandering

tribes of Israel, and to gather in the harvest of the world. Are you an American citizen, proud of the liberty and independence of your country? Greece, too, is struggling for these very blessings, which she taught your fathers to purchase with their blood. And when she asks your help, need I urge you to bestow it? Where am I?—in the land of the Pilgrims—in a land of Independence—in a land of Freemen Here, then, I leave their cause.

DEFENCE OF DE WITT CLINTON.

Speech of Mr. CUNNINGHAM in the Legislature of New York, against a resolution to expel De Witt Clinton from the Board of Canal Commissioners.

MR. SPEAKER,—I rise, Sir, with no ordinary feelings of surprise and astonishment at the resolution just read, as coming from the senate. Sir, it ought to arouse the feelings of every honourable man on this floor. Its very approach is marked with black ingratitude and base design. I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of a co-ordinate branch of the legislature, nor to impute their acts to improper motives; but I hope I may be permitted to inquire, for what good and honourable purpose has this resolution been sent here for concurrence, at the very last moment of the session, while we are packing our papers and leaving our seats for our homes.

Is it to create discord amongst us, and to destroy that harmony and good feeling, which ought to prevail at our separation? We have spent more than three months in legislation, and not one word has been dropped, intimating a desire or intention to expel that honourable gentleman from the Board of Canal Commissioners.

Sir, De Witt Clinton was called to a place in that Board, by the united voice and common consent of the people of New York, on account of his peculiar and transcendent fitness to preside there, and by his counsel to stimulate and forward the great undertaking. His labour for years has been arduous and unceasing for the public good. He has endured slander and persecution from every direction like

a Christian martyr; but steadfast in his purpose, he has pursued his course with a firm and steady step, until all is crowned with success, and the most flagrant of his opposers, in this House at least, sit still and in sullen silence.

For what, let me ask, has Mr. Clinton endured all this? Is it for the sake of salary! No, Sir; it is for the honour and welfare of the state. It is from noble and patriotic views, for which he asks nothing, receives nothing, and expects nothing but the gratitude of his countrymen.

Now, Sir, I put the question to this honourable House to decide, upon the oath which they have taken, and upon their sense of propriety and of honour, whether they are ready by their votes to commit the sin of base ingratitude. I hope there is yet a redeeming spirit in this House, that we shall not be guilty of so great an outrage. If we concur in this resolution, we shall take upon ourselves an awful responsibility; ay! a responsibility for which our constituents will call us to strict account.

What, let me ask, shall we answer in excuse for ourselves, when we return to an inquisitive and watchful people? What can we charge to Mr. Clinton? Of what has he been guilty, that he should now be singled out as an object of state persecution? Will some friend of this resolution be kind enough to inform me? Sir, I challenge inquiry. I demand from the supporters of this high-handed measure, that they lay their hands upon their hearts, and answer me truly, for what cause this man is to be removed.

The Senate, it appears, has been actuated by some cruel and malignant passion, unaccounted for, and have made a rush upon this House, and taken us by surprise. The resolution, Sir, may pass; but if it does, my word for it, we are disgraced in the judgment and good sense of an injured and insulted community. Whatever be the fate of this resolution, let it be remembered, and remember I have told you, that De Witt Clinton has acquired a reputation not to be destroyed by the pitiful malice of a few leading partisans of the day.

When the contemptible party strifes of the present crisis shall have passed by, and the political bargainers and jugglers, who now hang round this capitol for subsistence, shall be overwhelmed and forgotten in their own insignificance; when the gentle breeze shall pass over the tomb of that great man, carrying with it the just tribute of honour and praise, which is now withheld; the pen of the future historian, in bet-

ter days and in better times, will do him justice, and erect to his memory a proud monument of fame, as imperishable as the splendid works, which owe their origin to his genius and perseverance.

FREEDOM OF THE ANCIENT ISRAELITES.—*Croly.*

THE state of man in the most unfettered republics of the ancient world was slavery, compared with the magnanimous and secure establishment of the Jewish commonwealth. During the three hundred golden years from Moses to Samuel,—before, for our sins, we were given over to the madness of innovation, and the demand of an earthly diadem,—the Jew was free, in the loftiest sense of freedom; free to do all good; restricted only from evil; every man pursuing the unobstructed course pointed out by his genius or his fortune; every man protected by laws inviolable, or whose violation was instantly visited with punishment, by the Eternal Sovereign alike of ruler and people.

Freedom! twin-sister of Virtue, thou brightest of all the spirits that descended in the train of Religion from the throne of God; thou, that ledest up man again to the early glories of his being; angel, from the circle of whose presence happiness spreads like the sunlight over the darkness of the land! at the waving of whose sceptre, knowledge, and peace, and fortitude, and wisdom, stoop upon the wing; at the voice of whose trumpet the more than grave is broken, and slavery gives up her dead; when shall I see thy coming? When shall I hear thy summons upon the mountains of my country, and rejoice in the regeneration and glory of the sons of Judah?

I have traversed nations; and as I set my foot upon their boundary, I have said, Freedom is not here! I saw the naked hill, the morass steaming with death, the field covered with weedy fallow, the silky thicket encumbering the land;—I saw the still more infallible signs, the downcast visage, the form degraded at once by lathsome indolence and desperate poverty; the peasant cheerless and feeble in his field, the wolfish robber, the population of the cities crowded into huts and cells, with pestilence for their fellow;—I saw the contumely of man to man, the furious vindictiveness of pop-

ular rage; and I pronounced at the moment,—this people is not free.

In the republics of heathen antiquity, the helot, the client, sold for the extortion of the patron, and the born bondsman lingering out life in thankless toil, at once put to flight all conceptions of freedom. In the midst of altars fuming to liberty, of harangues glowing with the most pompous protestations of scorn for servitude, of crowds inflated with the presumption that they disdained a master, the eye was insulted with the perpetual chain. The temple of Liberty was built upon the dungeon.—Rome came, and unconsciously avenged the insulted name of freedom; the master and the slave were bowed together; the dungeon was made the common dwelling of all.

SURVIVING WORTHIES OF THE REVOLUTION

Extract from an Oration delivered at Cambridge, July 4, 1826, by E. EVERETT.

LET us not forget, on the return of this eventful day, the men, who, when the conflict of counsel was over, stood forward in that of arms. Yet let me not, by faintly endeavouring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colours of sublimity and wo, of agony and triumph.

But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us, from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war as well as council, are seen, in Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of Remembrance.

They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honours, they rise

and plead with us, for their brethren who survive; and bid us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity, to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.

EXTRACT FROM MR. RANDOLPH'S SPEECH IN THE CONVENTION OF
VIRGINIA, 1829—1830.

SIR,—I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost anything is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised; and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change* is not *reform*. I am willing that this new constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand, and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old constitution—the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, neither in the design nor the elevation: it is in the *material*—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge that people are changed from what they have been. The 400 men who went out to David were *in debt*. The partisans of Cæsar were *in debt*. The fellow-laborers of Catiline were *in debt*. And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people anywhere, who can bear a regular sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man, who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits—of living by contracting debts that one cannot pay—and above all, of living by office-hunting.

Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts—branded bankrupts—giving great dinners—sending their children to the most expensive schools—giving grand parties—and just as well

received as anybody in society. I say, that in such a state of things the old constitution was too good for them; they could not bear it. No, Sir—they could not bear a freehold suffrage and a property representation.

I have always endeavoured to do the people justice—but I will not flatter them—I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes called amendments to the constitution. They who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the cauldron, and make it bubble—may vote if they please for future changes. But by what spell—by what formula are you going to bind the people to all future time? You may make what entries upon parchment you please. Give me a constitution that will last for half a century—that is all I wish for. No constitution that you can make, will last the one half of half a century.

Sir, I will stake anything short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now, will be more malcontent three years hence than they are at this day. I have no favor for this constitution.—I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces—ay—and their shoulders against it. But if we are to have it—let us not have it with its death-warrant in its very face, with the Sardonic grin of death upon its countenance.

EXTRACT FROM MR. BALDWIN'S SPEECH IN THE CONVENTION OF
VIRGINIA.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I must notice a topic of the gravest character, which has been several times brought to our view, by eastern members, in the course of debate. I mean a separation of the state—at one time gently insinuated—at another wrapped up in beautiful rhetorical language, and finally expressed in what has been emphatically called plain old English. I am not disposed, Sir, to regard such menaces, because I am aware of the extremities of intellectual warfare, and can estimate the effervescence of momentary excitement. They would not be impressed upon my mind, but for a cor-

responding sentiment which, I have reason to believe, prevails amongst the western people. I do not say that, if slave representation should be forced upon them, they will raise the standard of rebellion, or in anywise resist the constituted authorities. Far from it. But within the pale of the constitution and laws, they will carry their opposition to the utmost limit; and the members of this committee can estimate the feelings of hostility by which it will be accompanied. The final result will be a separation of the state. No one can doubt that, if such an event should be perseveringly, though peaceably sought, by a large portion of the state, it would be ultimately conceded.

I beg, Sir, to be distinctly understood. There is no one in this committee to whom the idea of such a separation is more abhorrent than myself. I believe there is no man here who wishes separation for its own sake, or who could contemplate it for a moment, except as a refuge from greater evils.

We should look forward to such a calamity, only to deprecate and avoid it. Surely, it will not,—must not be.—Separate Virginia! Shall she be shorn of her strength, her influence, and her glory? Shall her voice of command, of persuasion and reproof, be no longer heard in the national councils? Shall she no more be looked up to as the guide of the strong, the guardian of the weak, and the protector of the oppressed? Break in twain the most precious jewel, and the separated parts are comparatively worthless. Divide Virginia, and both the East and the West will sink into insignificance, neglect and contempt.

I would to God, that for this single occasion only, I could utter my feelings in

‘Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.’

I would kindle a flame, which should find an altar in every heart—which should burn to ashes the prejudices of the hour, and the petty interests of the day,—and throw upon our path of duty a strong and steady light, directing us forward to the permanent welfare, safety, and honour of Virginia.

THE CURTIUS AND THE RUSSELL.—*Barton.*

IN the proud Forum's central space
Earth yawned—a gulf profound!
And there, with awe on every face,
Rome's bravest gathered round;
Each seeming, yet with startled ear,
The Oracle's dread voice to hear.

Young CURTIUS on his war-horse sprung
'Mid plaudits deep—not loud,
For admiration checked each tongue
In all the circling crowd:—
He gave his noble steed the rein!
Earth's closing gulf entombed the twain!

Grant that the deed, if ever done,
Was chivalrous and bold;
A loftier and a nobler one
Our history can unfold;
Nor shall our heroine, meekly calm,
To Rome's proud hero yield the palm.

The RUSSELL stood beside her lord
When evil tongues were rife;
And perjury, with voice abhorred,
Assailed his fame and life:—
She stood there in the darkest hour
Of Tyranny's and Faction's power.

No stern oracular behest
Her gentle courage gave;
No plaudits, uttered or suppressed,
Could she expect or crave;
Duty, alone, her Delphic shrine,
The only praise she sought—divine.

She sat at Guilt's tribunal bar
In virtue's noblest guise:
Like a sweet, brightly shining star
In night's o'erclouded skies:

common name of breast, and that of thorax in science, from the Latin thorax, (*breast*) contains the seat of action on which human life directly depends. Here are the lungs, which by the avenue of the wind-pipe receive about 48000 cubic inches of air every hour in successive respirations. In the lungs the air comes immediately in contact with the blood ; and it is computed that the whole mass of blood, which may be 50 pounds, or five gallons, receives, fourteen times within the hour, the life-giving impulse of the air. It is supposed that the whole mass of blood passes through the heart once in every four minutes. From this fact some conception may be formed of the strength of the mechanical action of the heart, which must be sufficient to impel this mass through all the arteries and veins of the system, within that space of time.

There also, is that indescribable power contained in the stomach (an oblong globular sack of eight or ten inches in length, and five or six in depth, which is capable of contraction and expansion) whereby the process is continually going on, to convert the foreign substances passed into it, into living, active, sensitive and perceptive being. In this small cavity, of the breast everything has its appropriate place, and its precise duty, and upon the harmonious action of each and every one, and unceasingly, that which we call life, depends ; and that, which is the most admirable of all is, that the vital action of the whole system goes on independently of man's will ; and entirely beyond its control. All who have read *Paley* will remember his striking remark, that the action of the vital organs is not confided to man's care. His ignorance, or improvidence, if it were so, might soon, and easily, close his career.

64. We have no room to follow out the consequences of this mechanical action. But as there will be occasion to refer to human form and movement in other places, for other purposes, we must notice the craving want of the stomach that daily returns upon it ; that it can and does receive with pleasure, and impu-

nity, a given quantity of food in a given time ; that the system is known to lose more than half of all it takes in as food, through its three hundred thousand millions of pores of the skin in every twenty-four hours : that continued excess in quantity is the parent of pain, suffering, disease and death : that certain substances, are certain and immediate death ; and that certain others, though received through habit, and from craving desire, will occasion a slow, though certain death, involving the gradual destruction of the intellectual power, the moral sense, and of all that distinguishes men from brutes. This criminal indulgence places man far below the brutes, since they are incapable of such depravity.

CHAPTER XII.

Proofs drawn from the Senses.

65. It is to the senses of man that we come, with pleasure, in contemplating the power and goodness of the Creator. The eye is commonly selected as the most striking evidence of design, and is emphatically so, as a part of the human system. We cannot undertake to describe this delicate organ for any other purpose than the general one of rendering just homage to the Creator, and of warning all of the interest which they have in knowing its delicacy and of preserving it in a sound condition ; and because its action is open in some degree to common observation. It is first to be noticed that the bones which project around the eye, seem to be intended to preserve it from exterior injury. *The eyelids are given to close at every intimation of danger, and to guard the eye while we sleep. Between the eyelids, in the open eye, in the exterior front, the first thing we see is the cornea. This word

is taken from the Latin *cornu*, (*horn*,) because this part of the eye resembles horn. This is a transparent substance through which light passes into the eye. The cornea is continued all around the globe of the eye; it is only in the front part that it is so called; the continuation around the eye is known by the name of *sclerotica*, from a Greek word which signifies hardness. As all the coats of the eye but this are soft, and might lose their form, this hardness seems necessary to preserve it.

66. Immediately behind the cornea is a distinct separate part called the aqueous humor, from the Latin *aqua* (*water*), which means, merely, a watery liquid. Immediately behind this humor is the pupil, (commonly called apple of the eye) which is a round dark spot which every one can see with the help of a mirror. The word pupil has no descriptive meaning. It is through this dark spot that the light which comes in at the cornea passes still further into the eye.

67. That colored circle which surrounds the pupil (or apple) and which is either black, hazle, grey, or blue, and from which the eye has its color, is called the iris, which word is the Latin for rainbow. The iris is supposed to have the power of compressing the pupil of the eye by means of minute muscles, or permitting its expansion by relaxing these muscles so as to adapt the pupil to receive more or less light, as may be necessary; this action of the iris seems to go on mechanically, and without any operation of the will, as any one may know who goes from a lighted room into a dark one. In such case one sees better in a few moments, which is occasioned by the spontaneous action of the iris in providing for the expansion of the pupil. The iris extends also, all around the globe of the eye, inside the *sclerotica*, but it loses its name after it leaves the front of the eye, and is called *choroides*, which name is from two Greek words which mean a membrane enclosing something..

68. Immediately behind the pupil lies the crystalline lens; a common burning glass or magnifying

glass, is a lens, from the Latin word *lens*. Chrysaline (nearly the same word in Latin, Greek, and English) means transparent or clear. This lens in the human eye is a remarkable substance; it is much easier to say what sort of substance it is not, than to say what it is. Its place is in the front centre of the vitreous humor, which is so named from the word *vitrum*, (*glass*,) because it resembles melted glass. This humor or liquid fills all the residue of the ball, until it comes in contact with the nerve, called the optic nerve, from a Greek word meaning vision.

69. This nerve is also called the retina, from *reta*, (*a net*.) The retina is the seat of vision; that is, it is the part of the eye on which the figure of the objects seen is pictured. The retina is the expansion of the nerve which comes from the brain in a round form about the size of a wheat straw, and as soon as it enters the eye through the opening made for it in the back part of the eye, it expands into this minutely delicate net-work and encloses the vitreous humor, precisely as a globular bottle with a solid neck to it, expands from the neck. To see an object there must be the cornea, the aqueous humor, the pupil, the chrysaline lens, the vitreous humor, and the retina, and all of them must be in a condition to perform their several offices. All of them are of such indescribable delicacy that it is astonishing that they can be preserved for a single day: how much more so is it that they are so generally preserved through all the vicissitudes of life, even to old age. This description of the eye is very general, and very simple. No attempt is made to describe the more minute parts, their nerves, blood-vessels, connexion of parts, general sympathy of the parts; even so far as is known by anatomists. By the most skilful of them, many parts of the eye are very imperfectly understood.

70. Thus far human knowledge goes, and no farther. By what law is it that the eye is so formed that it can see? What is seeing? How is it that the impression

of a figure on the retina conveys a clear and distinct perception to the mind, and makes the object so perceived a subject of memory, and of thought. Who but that Being who framed and preserves the eye, can answer this?

71. The rapid, easy and unfelt motion of the eye, is also a matter of grateful wonder. In the strong and sound, the eye is kept in front, and in its proper place by soft substances, which yield the liquid matter necessary to its action ; and the motion depends on muscles which turn the eye in every direction. When these muscles are disproportioned in length, that defect is occasioned which is called cross-eyed. When disease overtakes us, and the waste of the body cannot be supplied, this is felt in the eye, as elsewhere, and the globe of the eye sinks within the socket.

72. The philosophical theory of vision as now received in the world is this : Every object seen, reflects or emits rays of light. These rays, passing through the several departments of the eye, make the figure of the object seen to fall on the retina in an inverted form. In all representations of vision, the rays of light are drawn from the object to the retina. Color too is said to depend on the manner in which rays of light act on the objects which appear colored to our eye. There is no doubt that light is necessary to see the figure and the color of objects. But some one may hereafter be bold enough to doubt, whether this theory of vision is satisfactory. May not the eye have a power of vision to which light is necessary to be sure, but of which light is not the cause? When one is watching the coming on of the morning, or the gradual return of night, there is no gradual change in the coloring of objects. It is not satisfactory to common sense, that objects and persons well known to us, are not the same *even in color* in the night, and in the day time. We are certain of this, that when there is light from the sun, or light from artificial means, the eye can and does take impressions on the retina of external objects, and that they go thence into the mind. What is

doubted is this, that rays of light are reflected from, or emitted by every object that is seen ; and that *their* rays must fall on the retina to make it seen.

73. It is said by an eminent modern philosopher, who is still living, that particles of light pass by any fixed point at the rate of 500 millions of millions of times in a single second ; and that it is by such movements of light, communicated to the eye, that vision is effected. That motion of light at the rate of 482 millions of millions of times produces the sensation of redness ; 542 millions of millions of times in a second produces the sensation of yellowness ; and that motion of light at the rate of 707 millions of millions of times in a second produces that of violet.

If it be proved, or must be admitted, that the action of light does make color, is there not a picture of every object seen, on the retina ; and how can rays of light passing from that object, make that picture ? May it not be that the eye had a power somewhat analogous to the reflection of a mirror ; and that external objects pictured on the retina, are, in some incomprehensible manner, reflected to the mind.

750

CHAPTER XIII.

Further Proofs from the Senses.

74. The sense of hearing is even less understood than that of vision ; the uses of the organs of this sense are more difficult to comprehend ; and it is less easy to make known the little that we do comprehend, by words, or illustrations by drawings. It will be sufficient for the present purpose, that is to prove the certainty of design, or of means used to an end, to advert to a quality of the common air which every one is familiar with, that by exerting the human voice

through a common trumpet, it can be sent to a far greater distance than when committed to the air without using such an instrument. The ear has some, but a very slight resemblance to a trumpet inverted. That part which is visible seems to be intended in men, and animals to collect sound, and conduct it inward, until it strikes on a thin membrane, called the tympanum, drawn across the outward end of the barrel or drum of the ear; *tympanum* is from a Latin word meaning drum. Between this membrane and an interior one in the hollow of the ear, there are four very small bones which seem to connect the two membranes. The use of these bones, in conducting sound is not known; one of them is connected by one end with the tympanum, and with the second at the other end, and this with the third, and that with the fourth and this with the inner membrane, drawn across another space, and within or behind this membrane is a cavity deeply encompassed with the bone of the skull, containing a liquid, wherein the auditory nerve, (from *audire*, to *hear*,) proceeding from the brain, develops itself, much in the same way as does the optic nerve in the eye.

75. To have the perception of hearing sound it must pass through the ear to this nerve, and through it the effect is made on the mind. When we consider what the variety and the number of sounds are, which must affect this organ, in the ordinary purposes of life, and its distinguishing power, and its nice adaptation to the end designed, we are left in no doubt as to the intelligence which its mere contrivance required. But however faithfully anatomical investigation may disclose the component parts of the ear, it does not nor can any investigation which art or science has hitherto made, bring the least conception of the nature of hearing to our minds. How sound affects that organization, and how it communicates with the mind is incomprehensible.

76. The commonly received theory of hearing is very unsatisfactory. Particles of air, it is said, being affected by some impulse given by the organs used in speaking, or any other sound-making agent, communi-

cate that impulse to adjoining particles of air, and they to others, and so on, until those which are in contact with the tympanum affect it, and thus sound goes to the brain. That air is necessary to the conveyance of sound every where, above the surface of water; and that water is necessary to the conveyance of sound made in water, and that sound glides along the smooth surface of water to a greater distance than it can on the surface of the ground, every body knows. But that sound is nothing but an agitation of the air it is difficult to believe. When one is speaking to a numerous assembly in a large apartment, he may make himself distinctly heard, and understood, even in the most rapid and minute articulation of which he is capable, by those persons who are most remote from him. But no effort of his lungs would affect in the least degree the lightest substance which floats in the air, at one half, or perhaps one quarter, of that distance. So one may make a violent agitation of all the air in a large apartment by swinging a door backwards and forwards, but he will make thereby no sound. Sound can be made to pass from one apartment to another, through a solid wall, and when the air on one side of it cannot receive any impulse from the air on the other. Sound passes through wood, metals, and other substances, with far greater rapidity than through air or water. And through some it cannot pass.

77. Is there then something in nature, hitherto unknown, which is sound; as there may be something, which is vision? That human ingenuity has gone no further as yet, in the philosophy of sound and vision, is no reproach to it. Looking back on its inventions and discoveries, it would be some reproach to it to assume, that it has attained its utmost limits on these subjects.

78. The other senses must be passed over with a few words. That of feeling seems to be diffused throughout the system. The sensation is always local, whether in the extremities, in the organs of sense, or in the brain itself. So also tasting and smelling are local. The connexion between these and the mind is

alike hidden from us. The only peculiarity between these three senses, and those of seeing and hearing is, that as to the three former, perception has a locality in the system, that is, feeling is every where, tasting is in the organs of taste, smelling is in the organs assigned to give that perception, but the organs of seeing and hearing give no organic sensation, and we only learn from experience that it is the eye that sees, and the ear that hears. In these truths we have one more proof of the Intelligence which framed us. The action of the eye and of the ear depends upon no volitions of our own. If they were *physically touched* by the objects which they convey notice of to the mind, as the other senses seem to be, would they not from their wonderful complication and delicacy of structure, soon wear out, and become unfit for their offices? Is there not something which may be called intellectual in the action of these two senses? But these are inquiries not necessary to the present purposes, if they are deserving of any notice.

79. If the purpose in view thus far has been sufficiently accomplished, to make that purpose understood, it has been shown, that there is a created material universe, of which man constitutes a part. That he is curiously and wonderfully prepared and designed to act on this universe, and that it is in like manner prepared and designed to act on him. There is reason to believe from what we know him to have been able to do in relation to this material system, that there is no part of it with which he cannot connect himself to some useful purpose. Surely this is true as to all things and beings on earth to which he has access. It is even true as to the far distant luminaries of the firmament. He has made himself acquainted with the laws which govern them. He has made them, millions of miles from him as they are, minister to his necessities, his wants, and his pleasures. They make known to him the precise point on which he happens to be on the surface of his own little globe, the existence of which is perhaps unnoticed and unknown to the intelli-

gent beings who may inhabit them. They have served him to enlarge his mind, to invent rules of science, and they have served him to elevate his conceptions, and to raise himself to that high station in the scale of being, mortal as he is, which permits him to know and to adore and to render his humble tribute to the infinite and awful Mind, of whom, and through whom, all things are ordained.

CHAPTER XIV.

Proofs from Human Intellect.

80. We have endeavored to find man's place in the material world. We have next to consider him in his intellectual character. In this respect it will appear that his material formation, and that of his mind, have an intimate and necessary connexion. Whatever the mind may be, and in whatsoever manner it is connected with its material dwelling place, it does not display its powers until it has been acted upon by the senses. This fact has led to the belief of the materiality of the mind, and has been the subject of many refined discussions. It is certain that the physical and mental action of one human being, is known to any other by and through the senses only. These truths force on us the necessity of considering the action of the senses in connexion with, and inseparably from, what is known of the qualities of the mind. This will be found to be at best a very limited knowledge.

81. The human mind has been the subject of many learned works. These have been given to the world at different periods. Each successive author has had the opportunity of studying the theories of his predecessors, and of adopting, modifying, disproving or rejecting them, and of attempting to establish his own.

It is not intended to compare different systems, if the ability to do this could be assumed, nor to pronounce which of them should be received, nor which of them should be rejected. All of them are far too learned, and refined for elementary instruction. It is proposed, as sufficient for the present object, to invite those who are of competent years to do it, to examine their own intellectual acts as the simplest and easiest, and perhaps, the most satisfactory mode of instruction.

82. No one knows how his earliest steps in the acquirement of knowledge were taken ; but he knows what the fact is with his juniors, and he infers truly that his own course must have been similar. It is thus known to every one, that in earliest infancy the human being is of all animals the most helpless : that months elapse before there is any apparent sensation, but that which arises from the want of food, or a sense of suffering. The eye and the ear are for a long time insensible, and when age enough is obtained to put these organs to use, they have every thing apparently to learn. The discrimination between different sounds, and the knowledge of figure, magnitude, color and distance of external objects, are very slowly obtained, and only by experiments often repeated. Less is known of the acquirements of the other senses, excepting that the sense of feeling appears to be always on the alert, and its disagreeable effect is frequently manifested.

83. After some few years, all the senses appear to have undergone the discipline of experience to the effect of answering the common purposes of life. What the senses have attained to by experience, must depend on the sort of experience, or on the employment in which they have been engaged. The senses of a number of young persons who are equally gifted by nature in this respect, will acquire different habits, according to the accidental circumstances, in which they are placed. Children brought up in a city, those who have been only in a small village, those who have been at school, and those who have been employed in manual labor, will have their senses very differently disciplin-

ed. If each of these were brought together, and acted upon at the same time, by the same causes, each class would be differently affected, and the individuals of the same class would be affected in different degrees. The senses therefore may be said to be subjects of instruction from experience, from early infancy.

84. The only proposition which it is necessary to establish is, that the senses are subjects of discipline and of habit in every person, whatever his vocations in life may be. Another proposition which is self-evident is that all knowledge of external objects and substances must be obtained through the senses. Those who are blind from birth, cannot have any knowledge of forms, of comparative distances, except the imperfect knowledge which the other senses give; and they must be entirely ignorant of color, and of all other acquirements to which the use of the eye is indispensable. The deaf, from birth, must be entirely ignorant of all knowledge of sounds. The senses are therefore necessary avenues of knowledge to the mind.

85. It must be admitted, therefore, that the action of the senses is indispensable to the development of the mind. It does not follow from this well known fact, that the mind is not independent in itself, of material organization. We are apt to suppose that the mind is a perfect independent being, and is so from the commencement of life. It is quite as reasonable to suppose that the mind expands, and is progressive in conformity to the action made on it first through the senses, and then by its own operation.

86. It is not improbable that the soul, or mind, or spirit (meaning by these terms the same thing, that is, the immortal part of our being) is generally taken to be something perfect in its own nature, which takes up its residence in the human frame when life begins, and continues that residence while life remains.

It is not inconsistent with some analogies in nature, that the principle of the soul is originally given to every human being, and that the action of life develops and makes it whatsoever it becomes. It is not more dif-

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the fire already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

And, when she fired her altar, high
It flashed into the reddening air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leaped at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'T was quenched—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—not quenched—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light looked forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

Who next received the flame? alas!
Unworthy Naples.—Shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touched the torch,
When, frightened by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,
She dropped it to the earth—and fled.

And fallen it might have long remained;
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stained.
And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,
 Fair laureled spirits seemed to soar,
 Who thus in song their voices blended:—

‘Shine, shine forever, glorious flame,
 Divinest gift of God’s to men!
 From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
 To Greece thy ray returns again.

‘Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round;
 When dimmed, revive, when lost, return,
 Till not a shrine through earth be found,
 On which thy glories shall not burn!’

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Extracted from the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH’s Speech before an Assembly of Clergymen.

[It was spoken at a meeting of the clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire, (England) held at the Tiger Inn, at Beverly, for the purpose of adopting a petition against the Catholic claims. The meeting was numerous and attended by clergymen hostile to the bill. The Rev. S. Smith stood alone in his opposition.]

WE preach to our congregations, Sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging—Otaheite is emerging—Ireland is not emerging—she is still veiled in darkness—her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death.

Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floors of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty, when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history anything but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hanging,

famine and disease, as never existed before in the annals of the world?

This is the system which, I am sure, with very different intentions and very different views of its effects, you are met this day to uphold. These are the dreadful consequences which those laws, your petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart, to that memorable proclamation, which the Head of our Church, the present monarch of these realms, has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover—*That no man should be subjected to civil incapacities, on account of his religious opinions.* Sir, there have been many memorable things done in this reign.—Hostile armies have been destroyed; fleets have been captured; formidable combinations have been broken to pieces—but *this sentiment in the mouth of a king* deserves, more than all glories and victories, the notice of that historian, who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the diadem of genius, and so uphold it to the world, that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man.

Great as it is, Sir, this is not the only pleasure I have received in these latter days. I have seen, within these few weeks, a degree of wisdom in our mercantile law, such superiority to vulgar prejudice, views so just and so profound, that it seemed to me as if I were reading the works of a speculative economist, rather than the improvements of a practical politician, agreed to by a legislative assembly, and upon the eve of being carried into execution, for the benefit of a great people. Let who will be their master, I honour and praise the ministers who have learned such a lesson. I rejoice that I have lived to see such an improvement in English affairs—that the stubborn resistance to all improvement—the contempt of all scientific reasoning, and the rigid adhesion to every stupid error, which so long characterised the proceedings of this country, is fast giving way to better things, under better men, placed in better circumstances.

I confess it is not without severe pain, that in the midst of all this expansion and improvement, I perceive that in our profession we are still calling for the same exclusion—still asking, that the same fetters may be rivetted on our fellow creatures—still mistaking what constitutes the weakness

and misfortune of the church, for that which contributes to its glory, its dignity, and its strength.

Sir, there are two petitions at this moment in this House, against two of the wisest and best measures which ever came into the British Parliament—against the impending corn law, and against the Catholic emancipation; the one bill intended to increase the comforts, and the other to allay the bad passions of man. Sir, I am not in a situation of life to do much good, but I will take care that I will not willingly do any evil. The wealth of the Riding would not tempt me to petition against either of those bills. With the corn bill I have nothing to do at this time. Of the Catholic emancipation bill, I shall say, that it will be the foundation stone of a lasting religious peace; that it will give to Ireland, not all that it wants, but what it most wants, and without which, no other boon will be of any avail.

When this bill passes, it will be a signal to all the religious sects of that unhappy country to lay aside their mutual hatred, and to live in peace, as equal men should live under equal law. When this bill passes, the Orange flag will fall. When this bill passes, the green flag of the rebel will fall. When this bill passes, no other flag will fly in the land of Erin, than that flag which blends the Lion with the Harp—that flag which, wherever it does fly, is the sign of Freedom and of Joy—the only banner in Europe which floats over a limited King and a free people.

EXTRACT FROM MADAME ROLAND'S DEFENCE, INTENDED TO HAVE
BEEN READ BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF FRANCE.

MINDS, which have any claim to greatness, are capable of divesting themselves of selfish considerations: they feel that they belong to the whole human race; and, their views are directed to posterity alone. I was the friend of men who have been proscribed and immolated by delusion, and the hatred of jealous mediocrity. It is necessary that I should perish in my turn, because it is a rule with tyranny to sacrifice those whom it has grievously oppressed, and to annihilate the very witnesses of its misdeeds. I have this double claim to death from your hands, and I expect it. When innocence

walks to the scaffold, at the command of error and perversity, every step she takes is an advance towards glory. May I be the last victim sacrificed to the furious spirit of party! I shall quit with joy this unfortunate earth, which swallows up the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the just.

Truth! friendship! my country! sacred objects, sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice. My life was devoted to you, and you will render my death easy and glorious.

Just heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I desire liberty . . . Liberty!—It is for noble minds. It is not for weak beings, who enter into a composition with guilt, and cover selfishness and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches, who rise from the bed of debauchery, or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes on the blood that streams from the scaffold. It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practise justice, despise their flatterers, and respect the truth. While you are not such a people, O my fellow citizens! you will talk in vain of liberty: instead of liberty you will have licentiousness, of which you will all fall victims in your turns: you will ask for bread; and dead bodies will be given you; and you will at last bow down your necks to the yoke.

I have neither concealed my sentiments nor my opinions. I know that a Roman lady was sent to the scaffold for lamenting the death of her son. I know that in times of delusion and party rage, he, who dares avow himself the friend of the proscribed, exposes himself to their fate. But I despise death; I never feared anything but guilt, and I will not purchase life at the expense of a base subterfuge. Wo to the times! wo to the people among whom doing homage to disregarded truth can be attended with danger; and happy he who in such circumstances is bold enough to brave it!

CHARACTER AND FATE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

Extract from JUDGE STORY'S Discourse, before the Essex Historical Society,
September 18, 1828.

In the fate of the aborigines of our country—the American Indians—there is, my friends, much to awaken our

sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgments; much which may be urged to excuse their ~~many~~ atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams, and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the Lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment startled the wild beast in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home, prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already, the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, 'few and faint, yet fearless still.' The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, un-

steady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which choaks all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them, an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them, still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.

MARULLUS TO THE MOB.—*Shakespeare.*

WHEREFORE rejoice, that Cæsar comes in triumph?
 What conquest brings he home?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
 O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
 Knew you not Pompey? many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
 To towers, and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath his bands,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now call out a holyday?
 And do you now strew flowers in *his* way,
 That comes in triumph over *Pompey's blood*?

Be gone——

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

SPEECH OF ARMINIUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Knight.*

SOLDIERS and friends! we soon shall reach the ground,
Where your poor country waits the sacrifice,
The holiest offering of her children's blood!
Here have we come, not for the lust of conquest,
Not for the booty of the lawless plunderer;
No, friends, we come to tell our proud invaders,
That we will use our strength to purchase freedom!
Freedom, prime blessing of this fleeting life,
Is there a man that hears thy sacred name,
And thrills not to the sound with loftiest hope,
With proud disdain of tyrant whips and chains?
Much-injured friends, your slavish hours are past!
Conquest is ours! not that your German swords
Have keener edges than the Roman falchions,—
Not that your shields are stouter, nor your armour
Impervious to the swift and deadly lance,—
Not that your ranks are thicker than the Roman;
No, no, they will outnumber you, my soldiers;—
But that your cause is good! they are poor slaves
Who fight for hire and plunder,—pampered ruffians,
Who have no souls for glory. We are Germans;
Who here are bound, by oaths indissoluble,
To keep your glorious birthrights or to die!
This is a field where beardless boys might fight,
And looking on the angel Liberty,
Might put such mettle in their baby-arms,
That veteran chiefs would ill ward off their blows.
I say no more, my dear and trusty friends!
Your glorious rallying-cry has music in it,
To rouse the sleepest spirit from his trance,—
For Freedom and Germania!

DIALOGUE.

From the Tragedy of Arminius.—*Knight.*

SIEGMAR, ARMINIUS, BRENNO, AND GISMAR.

Sieg. My brave and reverend warriors! I am here
To counsel with you on the public safety;
I yet may speak with all the honest freedom
That best becomes the leader of the free;
I yet may feel as one who has a country,
Nor own my conscience in a Roman's keeping.
How long this blameless pride may still be mine
I know not. On the Weser's farther bank,
Where once our German neighbors built their huts,
Tilled their poor fields in unobtrusive peace,
And found their wealth in many a simple joy;
In woods, where once the God of the Suevi
Received the incense of a virtuous nation,
There, even there, now stands a Roman camp,
Hemmed in with vice, oppression, fraud and ruin.
You know, my people, that the King Segesthes
Courts these destroyers, calls their yoke an honour,
Yields his poor country to the plunderer,
And asks of me to join this high alliance.
I understand the issue,—shame or war.

Which do you choose, my people? *Gismar, speak.*

Gismar. Two moons are past, since to the Suevian camp
I bore the solemn message of my king.
There did I see a tyrant in authority
Rob a poor German of his lowly meal
There did I see a heartless Roman ruffian
Strike a defenceless German to the earth.
Rather than feel such outrage, I would die.
My counsel is for battle, brave Cheruski.

Brenno. I am a Suevian, and that bare avowal
Will tell you why I sit in your assembly:
Rank and command were mine, but they were worthless
Whilst Rome was arbitress of my deserving.
Doubt ye of peace or war? oh! know ye not
The pangs, which yielding honesty must prove,
When vice and tyranny demand its homage?
Gods! could I smile with Varus? smile when Germans

Dragged the triumphal car of their disgrace—
 Gaped on his trappings, and believed the name
 Their fathers gave them was a rank dishonour!
 True, my king smiled!—

I could have torn him from his throne for smiling.

Mine was a barren loyalty, and hateful.

Here then I came and proffered my allegiance,
 Where, with obedience, I might give my conscience,
 Where right and wrong retained their ancient meanings,
 Where 't was no shame to call myself a German.

I would not hold my life on such a tenure

As Rome would ask me as the price of living;

Much less put on the baubles she would give,

And barter with me as the price of virtue.

Friends! there are none of you but think as I do!

Arm. Chieftains and friends! the awful time is come
 When tyranny has bared his shameless front,
 Stripped the thin gilding from his iron sceptre,
 And scared immortal Justice from the earth!

Ye have been wont, my friends, to give your homage

Where right and mercy mingled with authority;

If that the conqueror's law, the sway of passion,

The proud, remorseless swoop of fell ambition,

If these be worthier than a lawful rule,

The change is easy. Bow to Roman Varus!—

I know your hearts!

I would but move their sweet responsive chords,

With the bold breath of truth.—When loss of life

And base inglorious chains are weighed together,

Who would not rush upon the certain freedom?

Chains! were they made for Germans? Gods! what chains

Shall bind the towering spirit in the dust,

For Roman slaves to tread upon your necks?

They ask your friendship, 't is no trifling boon;

Eternal war were better than such concord;—

Go, give it, my Cherusci, if with peace

You think it light to yield your rugged freedom,

Your claim to feel, and think, and act as men,

Your privilege to eat the bread you 've toiled for!—

Oh! I have lived among these showy robbers,

Learned much that noble natures have unfolded,

And stored up something to improve my country;

But I have seen, in Rome, unholy power

Set up the pageants of its proud ambition,

And spread around its maddening dreams of conquest,
 For starving, brawling citizens to feed on—
 They call you barbarous, and think it kindness
 To send their legions to improve your natures,
 And teach you how a slave may be polite.
 Germans! what answer will ye send to Rome? ▸

Gismar. The heads of our invaders!

Arm.

Nobly spoken!

And should Rome wonder at your German language,
 Arminius will interpret for her,—thus:
 Romans! your country hath an inward greatness
 Might satisfy whate'er an honest pride
 Would treasure for its birthright. Yours is wealth
 To minister to every just desire;
 Yours is an uncontested, lawful power
 To build the walls of your security;
 Yours are the arts, the blameless luxuries,
 The pomp, the grace, the wisdom of refinement.
 Think ye the gods bestowed these gifts upon you
 To poison all your cup of happiness,
 And make your boasted greatness your disgrace?
 Think ye they sent them that your bloated pride
 Might lead you forth to range the untrod wilds
 And solemn woods of rude Germania?
 To strip the rugged freeman of his meal,
 Devour his fields and plunder his poor hovel?
 Oh senseless Romans! you mistake your glory;
 Let Germans teach you that a nation's safeguards
 Are liberty, content, and principle:—
 Should these be lessons that ye cannot brook,
 Our swords, at least, may tell you what it is
 To tempt the energies of native virtue!
 Cherusci, do I speak your German feelings?

Gismar. Yes, brave Arminius! battle, instant battle

Sieg.

Then, my people,

I have a solemn purpose to disclose.
 The cause, the glorious cause ye have espoused,
 Demands a champion fit for noble deeds.
 It is no light thing, Sirs, to hurl the bolt
 Of justice at a tyrant's guarded head;
 To guide the risings of indignant nature:
 To make the wavering firm, the timid strong,
 The incautious prudent; 't is no easy thing,
 To mould a people to new warlike arts,

Such as triumphant enemies may teach;
 It is a solemn charge to count one's self
 The last avenger of insulted freedom;—
 To stand upon a solitary shoal,
 Whilst all around is one dark, cheerless waste,
 And there to buffet with the tyrannous waves.
 Cherusci! I am old, unskilled in arts
 To turn this power upon the conqueror;
 I can but lead you as my German fathers,
 And set your strength against the Roman cunning;
 I would, my people, that some bolder spirit,
 Rich in the honours of a well-tried virtue,
 Warm in the generous might of youthful daring
 Schooled in the lessons by which Rome has conquered—
 I would that such a man might be your leader.
 Choose such a chief; my father's sword is his.

Gismar. We know him! he is with us! 'Tis *Arminius*.

Sieg. *Arminius* will be faithful to your trust.—
 Take, then, my son, this sword of well-tried strength;
 'Tis what your great progenitors have worn;
 With this did *Ariovistus*, the Suevian,
 Dash back the legions of insulting *Cæsar*;
 Dying he gave it to your ancestor;
 Heroes and kings have wielded it with glory;
 Your father never sheathed it in dishonour.

(delivers the sword to Arm.)

Arm. My sire! I vow—be witness, fellow-soldiers,
Arminius here receives this honoured pledge,
 Not as a bauble to command obedience,
 To cut the check-strings of his blind ambition
 Or wanton with the life-blood of his country!
 O sacred weapon, grow to my firm arm,
 Till not a Roman shall pollute *Germania*.
 Germans, we stand upon an eminence
 Which puny souls below will gaze upon
 With fear and admiration. O'er the world,
 In climes as far as venturous men have ranged,
 Rome holds an undivided, awful sway;
 'Tis a rule of terror and oppression,—
 The lust of empire struggling with the fears,
 And jealousies, and vices of mankind.
 Rome once was free, ennobled and ennobling;
 Queen of the nations, favored of the gods;
 The nurse of mighty deeds, the kindling soil

Of heroes and of poets. She is fallen.
Her empire stands upon a mouldering base;
The will of despots, the proud pampered rule
Of heartless tyrants blots out all her virtues,
And makes her wisdom worthless. Here her legions
Come to instruct us in her Cæsar's humours.—
Germans! the law of one inflated man,
Was never meant to stand instead of reason,
To trample on his own submissive land,
Much less, to lord it over distant nations.
Or wherefore is this holy spark within us,
Which lights up all the soul against oppression;
Or whence this honest pride of untaught nature,
Which binds us to the circle of our country!
Gods! ye have planted in these lonely wilds
Souls that will vindicate your injured justice!
Strike we one honest blow of German vengeance,
And Rome's proud empire crumbles into ruin!

THE WORLD PURIFIED BY THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD.—*Tzschirner*.

WE should preserve the belief that the world is purified through God's judgments; because it gives us a grand and solemn, and at the same time a consolatory view of the history of the world.

If you see nothing in the actions and destinies of nations, but a succession of bloody wars and quickly broken treaties of peace, of kingdoms rising and passing away, of countries separating and uniting; a multifarious picture worthy of contemplation, is certainly exhibited before you, but not a great and imposing spectacle. For then it is nothing more than a long line of common appearances, a long continued play of the passions, incidentally varying, but essentially always the same. The history of the world, then, only becomes grand and sublime, when we perceive the spirit of God moving over the depths of the stream of time, and behold the reflection of the divine glory in the mirror of its waves.

He only, who finds the manifestation of God in the history of the world, and in declining and rising kingdoms, discerns

Him, who 'bringeth low and lifteth up,' who 'puts down the mighty from their seats, and exalts them of low degree;' he only can look with awe and high conception at the great spectacle of migrating nations, smoking cities, falling thrones, contending armies, and ruined empires.

Solemn, indeed, and more than solemn,—dreadful and terrific is the Lord, passing in judgment through the world; who destroys kingdoms that have become great, only by conquest and plunder; delivers up enervated and effeminate nations to the disgrace of slavery; sends discord, tumult and rebellion into countries, that turn from him and mock at his holy laws; who punishes the injustice of kings by the rage of their revolted people, and the degeneracy of the people by the scourge of tyrants; and holy awe fills our souls, when we view in the flames consuming Jerusalem, in Rome's falling ruins, and in the horrible discords of France, the avenging arm of the Judge.

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.—*Sheridan.*

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No!—You have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea, by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate:—we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—yes:—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call

on us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF G. MORRIS, IN CONGRESS, ON THE
NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

MR. PRESIDENT,—My object is peace. I could assign many reasons to show, that this declaration is sincere. But can it be necessary to give this senate any other assurance than my word? Notwithstanding the acerbity of temper which results from party strife, gentlemen will believe me on my word. I will not pretend, like my honourable colleague, to describe to you the waste, the ravages, and the horrors of war. I have not the same harmonious periods, nor the same musical tones; neither shall I boast of christian charity, nor attempt to display that ingenuous glow of benevolence, so decorous to the cheek of youth, which gave a vivid tint to every sentence he uttered; and was, if possible, as impressive even as his eloquence. But, though we possess not the same pomp of words, our hearts are not insensible to the woes of humanity. We can feel for the misery of plundered towns, the conflagration of defenceless villages, and the devastation of cultured fields.

Turning from these features of general distress, we can enter the abodes of private affliction, and behold the widow weeping, as she traces, in the pledges of connubial affection, the resemblance of him whom she has lost forever. We see the aged matron bending over the ashes of her son. He was her darling; for he was generous and brave; and therefore his spirit led him to the field in defence of his country. We can observe another oppressed with unutterable anguish; condemned to conceal her affection; forced to hide that passion, which is at once the torment and delight

of life: she learns, that those eyes, which beamed with sentiment, are closed in death; and his lip, the ruby harbinger of joy, lies pale and cold, the miserable appendage of a mangled corse. Hard, hard indeed, must be that heart, which can be insensible to scenes like these; and bold the man, who dares present to the Almighty Father a conscience crimsoned with the blood of his children!

SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

SIR,—I wish for peace; I wish the negotiation may succeed, and therefore I strongly urge you to adopt these resolutions. But though you should adopt them, they alone will not insure success. I have no hesitation in saying, that you ought to have taken possession of New Orleans and the Floridas, the instant your treaty was violated. You ought to do it now. Your rights are invaded, confidence in negotiation is vain: there is, therefore, no alternative but force. You are exposed to imminent present danger: you have the prospect of great future advantage: you are justified by the clearest principles of right: you are urged by the strongest motives of policy: you are commanded by every sentiment of national dignity.

Look at the conduct of America in her infant years. When there was no actual invasion of right, but only a claim to invade, she resisted the claim; she spurned the insult. Did we then hesitate? Did we then wait for foreign alliance? No—animated with the spirit, warmed with the soul of freedom, we threw our oaths of allegiance in the face of our sovereign, and committed our fortunes and our fate to the God of battles. We then were subjects. We had not then attained to the dignity of an independent republic. We then had no rank among the nations of the earth. But we had the spirit which deserved that elevated station. And now that we have gained it, shall we fall from our honour?

Sir, I repeat to you that I wish for peace: real, lasting, honourable peace. To obtain and secure this blessing, let us, by a bold and decisive conduct, convince the powers of Europe that we are determined to defend our rights;

that we will not submit to insult; that we will not bear degradation. This is the conduct which becomes a generous people. This conduct will command the respect of the world. Nay, Sir, it may rouse all Europe to a proper sense of their situation. They see, that the balance of power, on which their liberties depend, is, if not destroyed, in extreme danger. They know that the dominion of France has been extended by the sword over millions who groan in the servitude of their new masters. These unwilling subjects are ripe for revolt.

The empire of the Gauls is not, like that of Rome, secured by political institutions. It may yet be broken. But whatever may be the conduct of others, let us act as becomes ourselves. I cannot believe, with my honourable colleague, that three-fourths of America are opposed to vigorous measures. I cannot believe, that they will meanly refuse to pay the sums needful to vindicate their honour, and support their independence.

Sir, this is a libel on the people of America. They will disdain submission to the proudest sovereign on earth. They have not lost the spirit of '76. But, Sir, if they are so base as to barter their rights for gold, if they are so vile that they will not defend their honour, they are unworthy of the rank they enjoy, and it is no matter how soon they are parcelled out among better masters.

My honourable friend from Pennsylvania, in opening this debate, pledged himself and his friends to support the executive government, if they would adopt a manly conduct. I have no hesitation to renew that pledge. Act as becomes America, and all America will be united in your support.

What is our conduct? Do we endeavour to fetter and trammel the executive authority? Do we oppose obstacles? Do we raise difficulties? No. We are willing to commit into the hands of the chief magistrate the treasure, the power, and the energies of the country. We ask for ourselves nothing. We expect nothing. All we ask is for our country. And although we do not believe in the success of treaty, yet the resolutions we move, and the language we hold, are calculated to promote it.

EXTRACT FROM MR. JEFFREY'S SPEECH AT A PUBLIC DINNER IN
EDINBURGH.

How absurd are the sophisms and predictions, by which the advocates of existing abuses have at all times endeavoured to create a jealousy and apprehension of reform? You cannot touch the most corrupt and imbecile government, without unsettling the principles and unhinging the frame of society—you cannot give the people political rights, without encouraging them to be disobedient to lawful authority, and sowing the seeds of continual rebellion and perpetual discontent; nor recognize popular pretensions in any shape, without coming ultimately to the abolition of all distinctions, and the division and destruction of all property—without involving society, in short, in disorders at once frightful and contemptible, and reducing all things to the level of an insecure, and ignoble, and bloody equality.

Such are the reasonings by which we are now to be persuaded, that liberty is incompatible with private happiness or national prosperity, and that the despotic governments of the world ought to be maintained, if it were only to protect the people from the consequences, of allowing them any control over the conduct of their rulers! To these we need not now answer in words, or by reference to past and questionable examples, but we put them down at once, and trample them contemptuously to the earth, by a short appeal to the *existence and condition of America!*

What is the country of the universe, I would now ask, in which property is most sacred, or industry most sure of its reward? Where is the authority of law most omnipotent? Where is intelligence and wealth most widely diffused, and most rapidly progressive? Where is society, in its general description, most peaceable, and orderly, and moral, and contented? Where are popular tumults least known, and the spirit and existence, and almost the name of a mob, least heard of? Where, in short, is political animosity least prevalent, faction subdued, and, at this moment, even party nearly extinguished, in a prevailing feeling of national pride and satisfaction? Where, but in America?

America, that laid the foundation of her republican constitution in a violent, radical, sanguinary revolution,—America, with her fundamental democracy, made more un-

manageable, and apparently more hazardous, by being broken up into I do not know how many confederated and independent democracies,—America, with universal suffrage, and yearly elections—with a free and unlicensed press—without an established priesthood, an hereditary nobility, or a permanent executive—with, in short, all that is combustible and pregnant with danger, on the hypothesis of tyranny, and without one of the checks or safeguards, by which alone they contend, the benefits or the very being of society can be maintained!

There is something at once audacious and ridiculous, in maintaining such doctrines in the face of such experience. Nor can anything be founded on the novelty of these institutions, on the pretence that they have not yet been put fairly on their trial. America has gone on prospering under them for forty years, and has exhibited a picture of uninterrupted, rapid, unprecedented advances in wealth, population, intelligence, and concord; while all the arbitrary governments of the old world have been overrun with bankruptcies, conspiracies, rebellions, and revolutions; and are, at this moment, trembling in the consciousness of their insecurity, and vainly endeavouring to repress irrepressible discontents, by confederated violence and terror.



THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

The stately Homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand!
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land.
 The deer across their greensward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with a sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet, in the ruddy light!
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told,

Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness,
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—*Pierpont.*

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-flower* moored below,

* The May-flower was the name of the vessel in which the pilgrims came.

When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

EXTRACT FROM MR. HAYNE'S SPEECH IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1830.

IF there be one state in the union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit) that may challenge comparison with any other for an uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity, she has clung to you, with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound, every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, Sir, was the conduct of the south during the revolution? Sir, I honour New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honour is due to the south. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never was there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The 'plains of Carolina,' drank up the most precious blood of her citizens!

Black and smoking ruins marked the places, which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

EXTRACT FROM MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1830.

THE eulogium, pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina by the honourable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge, that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honour: I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurens, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honoured the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honoured name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, Sir,—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit, which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state

or neighbourhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the south—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you, that in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God, that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, Sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

CONCLUSION OF THE SAME SPEECH.

I PROFESS, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honour of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union, that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached, only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all, a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first, and Union afterwards*—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*

FOX ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS

Extract from a Speech of Mr. Fox in the British Parliament, 1778.

You have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one, for both you cannot support. The war against America has hitherto been carried on against her alone, unassisted by any ally whatever. Notwithstanding she stood alone, you have been obliged uniformly to increase your exertions, and to push your efforts to the extent of your power, without being able to bring it to an issue. You have exerted all your force hitherto without effect, and you cannot now divide a force, found already inadequate to its object.

My opinion is for withdrawing your forces from America entirely; for a defensive war you can never think of there. A defensive war would ruin this nation at any time; and in any circumstances, offensive war is pointed out as proper for this country; our situation points it out; and the spirit of the nation impels us to attack rather than defend. Attack France, then, for she is your object. The nature of the wars is quite different: the war against America is against your own countrymen; you have stopped me from saying against your fellow subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against

all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will be, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you: America must be conquered in France; France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man; the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them; of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them; and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Every thing combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy, enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find in America. No matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm; whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit which is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship; and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field.

The war of France is a war of another sort; the war of France is a war of interest: it was her interest which first induced her to engage in it, and it is by that interest that she will measure its continuance. Turn your face at once against her; attack her wherever she is exposed; crush her commerce wherever you can; make her feel heavy and immediate distress throughout the nation: the people will soon cry out to their government. Whilst the advantages she promises herself are remote and uncertain, inflict present evils and distresses upon her subjects: the people will become discontented and clamorous; she will find it a bad bargain, having entered into this business; and you will force her to desert any ally, that brings so much trouble and distress upon her.

BONAPARTE TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

SOLDIERS,—You are precipitated like a torrent from the heights of the Appennines; you have overthrown and dispersed all that dared to oppose your march. Piedmont, rescued from Austrian tyranny, is left to its natural sentiments of regard and friendship to the French. Milan is yours; and the republican standard is displayed throughout all Lombardy. The dukes of Parma and Modena, are indebted for their political existence only to your generosity.

The army, which so proudly menaced you, has had no other barrier than its dissolution to oppose your invincible courage. The Po, the Tessen, the Adda, could not retard you a single day. The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were insufficient. You swept them with the same rapidity that you did the Appennines. Those successes have carried joy into the bosom of your country. Your representatives decreed a festival dedicated to your victories, and to be celebrated throughout all the communes of the republic. Now your fathers, your mothers, your wives, and your sisters, will rejoice in your success, and take pride in their relation to you.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but more still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us, that we know how to conquer, but not to profit by our victories? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? But already I see you fly to arms. You are fatigued with an inactive repose. You lament the days that are lost to your glory! Well, then, let us proceed; we have other forced marches to make, other enemies to subdue; more laurels to acquire, and more injuries to avenge.

Let those who have unsheathed the daggers of civil war in France; who have basely assassinated our ministers, who have burnt our ships at Toulon; let them tremble, the knell of vengeance has already tolled!

But to quiet the apprehensions of the people, we declare ourselves the friends of all, and particularly of those who are the descendants of Brutus, of Scipio, and those other great men whom we have taken for our models.

To re-establish the capital; to replace the statues of those heroes who have rendered it immortal; to rouse the Roman people entranced in so many ages of slavery; this

shall be the fruit of your victories. It will be an epoch for the admiration of posterity; you will enjoy the immortal glory of changing the aspect of affairs in the finest part of Europe. The free people of France, not regardless of moderation, shall accord to Europe a glorious peace; but it will indemnify itself for the sacrifices of every kind which it has been making for six years past. You will again be restored to your fire-sides and homes; and your fellow-citizens, pointing you out, shall say, 'There goes one who belonged to the army of Italy!'



CHARACTER OF MICHAEL ANGELO.—*Fuseli.*

SUBLIMITY of conception, grandeur of form and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's style. By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted, and above any other man succeeded, in uniting magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts with the utmost simplicity and breadth.

His line is uniformly grand. Character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants.

To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo. He is the inventor of epic painting, in that sublime circle of the Sistine Chapel, which exhibits the origin, the progress, and the final dispensations of theocracy. He has personified motion in the groups of the cartoon of Pisa; embodied sentiment on the monuments of St. Lorenzo, unravelled the features of meditation in the prophets and sibyls of the chapel of Sixtus; and, in the last judgment, with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the master trait of every passion that sways the human heart.

Though as sculptor, he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him,

yet he never submitted to copy an individual, Julio the second only excepted; and in him he represented the reigning passion rather than the man.

In painting, he contented himself with a negative colour, and, as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament. The fabric of St. Peter, scattered into infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his successors, he concentrated; suspended the cupola, and, to the most complex, gave the air of the most simple of edifices.

Such was Michael Angelo, the salt of art: sometimes he, no doubt, had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner, or perplexed the grandeur of his forms with futile and ostentatious anatomy. These faults met with armies of copyists, whilst his grandeur had no rival.

MARCO BOZZARIS.—*Halleck.*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
 'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast,
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band;
 'Strike—till the last armed foe expires,

Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!’

They fought—like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death!
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her first-born’s breath;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crouded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption’s ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet’s word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory’s time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom’s now, and Fame’s—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

MOONLIGHT—AND A FIELD OF BATTLE—*Shelley*

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which Love had spread,
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
 Where musing Solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still!

The orb of day,
 In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
 Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
 Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
 Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
 And Vesper's image on the western main
 Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
 Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
 Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
 Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
 Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
 That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
 With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
 The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
 Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
 That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke,
 Bloating the silver moon? The stars are quenched
 In darkness, and the pure spangling snow
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals

In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage!—loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And, o'er the conqueror and the conquered, draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health—of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there—
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapped round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors: far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

DIALOGUE.—*Sheridan.*

PUFF, DANGLE AND SNEER.

*(Enter Puff.)**Puff.* My dear Dangle, how is it with you?*Dang.* Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.*Puff.* Mr. Sneer is this? Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment—*Sneer.* Dear sir—*Dang.* Nay, don't be modest, Sneer; my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.*Sneer.* His profession!*Puff.* Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow—among friends and brother authors, Dangle knows I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself viva voce.—I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or, to speak more plainly—a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or any body else's.*Sneer.* Sir, you are very obliging!—I believe, Mr. Puff, I have often admired your talents in the daily prints.*Puff.* Yes, sir, I flatter myself I do as much business in that way as any six of the fraternity in town—hard work all the summer—Friend Dangle! never worked harder!—But, hark ye,—the winter managers were a little sore, I believe.*Dang.* No—I believe they took it all in good part.*Puff.* Ay!—Then that must have been affectation in them; for, there were some of the attacks which there was no laughing at!*Sneer.* Ay, the humorous ones.—But I should think, Mr. Puff, that authors would in general be able to do this sort of work for themselves.*Puff.* Why, yes—but in a clumsy way.—Besides, we look on that as an encroachment, and so take the opposite side.—I dare say now you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends.—No such thing—nine out of ten, manufactured by me in the way of business.

Sneer. Indeed!

Puff. Even the auctioneers now—the auctioneers, I say, though the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—Take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as catalogues!—No, sir;—'t was I first enriched their style—'t was I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the bidders in their own auction rooms! From me they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by me, too, their inventive faculties were called forth.—Yes, sir, by me they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach cautious shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn,—to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire!

Dang. I am sure you have done them infinite service; for now, when a gentleman is ruined, he parts with his house with some credit.

Sneer. But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

Puff. Sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention: you must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for sometime after, I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

Sneer. How, pray?

Puff. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes?

Puff. Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness, and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From sickness and misfortunes?

Puff. Hark ye! By advertisements, 'To the charitable and humane!' and 'To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!'

Sneer. Oh,—I understand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a

bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortune! then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all both times!—I lived upon those fires a month.—I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs!—That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about collecting the subscriptions myself.

Dang. I believe that was when you first called on me—

Puff. What—in November last?—O no!—I was, when I called on you, a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend!—I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption!—I was then reduced to—O no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children,—after having had eleven husbands pressed.

Sneer. And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

Puff. Why, yes,—though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se*; but, as I did not find those rash actions answer, I left off killing myself very soon.—Well, sir,—at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, through my favorite channels of diurnal communication—and so, sir, you have my history.

Sneer. Most obligingly communicative, indeed; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by rescuing the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition.—But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great mystery in your present profession?

Puff. Mystery! sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

Sneer. Reduced to rule?

Puff. O sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes, sir,—Puffing is of various sorts:—the principal are, the Puff direct—the Puff preliminary—the Puff collateral—the Puff collusive—and the Puff oblique, or Puff by implication.—These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of Letter to the Editor—Occasional Anecdote—Im-

partial Critique—Observation from Correspondent,—or Advertisement from the Party.

Sneer. The Puff direct I can conceive.

Puff. O yes, that's simple enough,—for instance—A new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though by-the-by they don't bring out half what they ought to do:) the author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper—or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author,—and only add—Characters strongly drawn—highly colored—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! Then for the performance—Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King!—Indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause, which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! As to the scenery—The miraculous powers of Mr. De Louthburgh's pencil are universally acknowledged!—In short, we are at a loss which to admire most,—the unrivalled genius of the author the great attention and liberality of the managers—the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!—

Sneer. That's pretty well, indeed, sir.

Puff. O cool—quite cool—to what I sometimes do.

Sneer. And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Puff. O yes, sir;—the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed!

Sneer. Well, sir—the Puff preliminary?

Puff. O that, sir, does well in the form of a caution.—In a matter of gallantry now—Sir Flimsy Gossimer wishes to be well with lady Fanny Fête—He applies to me—I open trenches for him with a paragraph in the Morning Post.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished lady F four stars, F dash E, to be on her guard against that dangerous character, Sir F dash G; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments!*—in *Italics.*—Here you see, Sir Flimsy Gossimer is introduced to the particular notice of lady Fanny—who perhaps never

thought of him before.—She finds herself publicly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him;—the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment: this produces a sort of sympathy of interest—which, if Sir Flimsy is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way,—which, nine times out of ten, is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

Dang. Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

Puff. Now, sir, the Puff collateral is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—Yesterday, as the celebrated George Bon-Mot was sauntering down St. James's-street, he met the lively lady Mary Myrtle, coming out of the Park.—‘Good Heaven! lady Mary, I am surprised to meet you in a white jacket,—for I expected never to have seen you, but in a full-trimmed uniform and a light-horseman’s cap!’—‘Heavens, George, where could you have learned that?’—‘Why,’ replied the wit, ‘I just saw a print of you in a new publication called the Camp Magazine, which by-the-by is a very clever thing,—and is sold at No. 3, on the right-hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, price only one shilling.’

Sneer. Very ingenious, indeed!

Puff. But the Puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility.—It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets.—An indignant correspondent observes—that the new poem called Beelzebub’s Cotillion, or Proserpine’s Fête Champêtre, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!—Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth:—First, that nobody ought to read it;—and, secondly, that everybody buys it: on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first; and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely indicting himself for scan. mag.!

Dang. Ha! ha! ha!—I know it is so.

Puff. As to the Puff oblique, or Puff by implication, it branches into so many varieties, that it is the last principal class of the art of puffing—An art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity.

Sneer. Sir, I am completely a convert, both to the importance and ingenuity of your profession.

NATIONAL GLORY.—*Clay.*

We are asked, What have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honour; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war? What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land,—is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes; there were humiliating events, which the patriot cannot review without deep regret—but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favour. Is there a man, who would obliterate from the ~~pages~~ pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man, who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, *national glory*, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? Whilst the

Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen, in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers—they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height to which God and nature have destined it.

SPEECH OF VINDEX AGAINST THE TYRANT NERO.—*Tacitus.*

We live not under laws and civil government, but under the will of a single tyrant. Vice and cruelty lord it over mankind. The provinces groan under the yoke of oppression: our houses are pillaged; and our relations basely murdered. Of all our misery Nero is the author. What crime so great that he has not dared to perpetrate? his mother died by his murderous hand. That horrible parricide makes the heart recoil. But Agrippina deserved her fate; she brought a monster into the world.

At length the measure of his guilt is full. The East is up in arms; Britain in commotion; and the legions in Spain and Germany are on the eve of a revolt: and shall the nations of Gaul stand lingering in suspense? What consideration is there to restrain your ardour? Shall the title of Cæsar, of Augustus, of Prince, and Imperator, throw a false lustre round a man, who has disgraced his rank, and made majesty ridiculous? These eyes, my friends, these eyes have seen him a fiddler, a mountebank, and a pantomime

actor. Instead of his imperial titles, call him Thyestes, Œdipus, Alcæon, and Orestes. These names are suited to his crimes.

How long are we to submit to such a master? Our forefathers took the city of Rome by storm, and what was their motive? In those days the love of plunder was sufficient to provoke a war. We have a nobler cause: the cause of public liberty. It is that, my friends, it is that glorious cause, that now invites us. Let us obey the call, and draw the avenging sword. The nations around us, fired with indignation, are ready to assert their rights. Let them not be the first to prove themselves men. The enterprise has in it all that is dear to man, all that is great in human nature; and shall we not be the first to seize the glorious opportunity? Let us go forth at once, and be the deliverers of the world.

SALATHIEL TO TITUS.—*Croly.*

SON of Vespasian, I am at this hour a poor man, as I may in the next be an exile or a slave: I have ties to life as strong as ever were bound round the heart of man: I stand here a suppliant for the life of one whose loss would embitter mine! Yet, not for wealth unlimited, for the safety of my family, for the life of the noble victim that is now standing at the place of torture, dare I abandon, dare I think the impious thought of abandoning the cause of the City of Holiness.

Titus! in the name of that Being, to whom the wisdom of the earth is folly, I adjure you to beware. Jerusalem is sacred. Her crimes have often wrought her misery—often has she been trampled by the armies of the stranger. But she is still the City of the Omnipotent; and never was blow inflicted on her by man, that was not terribly repaid.

The Assyrian came, the mightiest power of the world: he plundered her temple, and led her people into captivity. How long was it before his empire was a dream, his dynasty extinguished in blood, and an enemy on his throne?—The Persian came: from her protector, he turned into her oppressor; and his empire was swept away like the dust of the

desert!—The Syrian smote her: the smiter died in agonies of remorse; and where is his kingdom now?—The Egyptian smote her; and who now sits on the throne of the Ptolemies?

Pompey came; the invincible, the conqueror of a thousand cities; the light of Rome; the lord of Asia, riding on the very wings of victory. But he profaned her Temple; and from that hour he went down—down, like a mill stone plunged into the ocean! Blind counsel, rash ambition, womanish fears, were upon the great statesman and warrior of Rome. Where does he sleep? What sands were coloured with his blood? The universal conqueror died a slave, by the hands of a slave!—Crassus came at the head of the legions: he plundered the sacred vessels of the sanctuary. Vengeance followed him, and he was cursed by the curse of God. Where are the bones of the robber and his host? Go, tear them from the jaws of the lion and the wolf of Parthia,—their fitting tomb!

You, too, son of Vespasian, may be commissioned for the punishment of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. You may scourge our naked vice by the force of arms; and then you may return to your own land exulting in the conquest of the fiercest enemy of Rome. But shall you escape the common fate of the instrument of evil?—Shall you see a peaceful old age?—Shall a son of yours ever sit upon the throne?—Shall not rather some monster of your blood efface the memory of your virtues, and make Rome, in bitterness of soul, curse the Flavian name?



CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PENN.—*Duponceau.*

WILLIAM PENN stands the first among the lawgivers, whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the

mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe.

But see William Penn, with weaponless hand, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks in his presence so deep, that man shall never be able to find them again. See them, under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquan-nock, extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him then with his companions, establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxim of his government, the rule handed down to us from heaven, Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will to all men.

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight: they did not hear, or if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice, which called out to them from the wilderness.

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere Divos.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-fading lustre on our history.



SPEECH OF RINGAN GILHAIZE, IN A COUNCIL OF THE SCOTCH REBELS.—Galt.

MODERATION! You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation—you recommend the door of peace to be still kept open—you doubt if the Scriptures warrant us to undertake revenge; and you hope that our forbearance may work repentance among our enemies.

You have hitherto been a preacher, not a sufferer; with you, resistance to Charles Stuart's government has been a

thing of doctrine—of no more than doctrine,—with us it is a consideration of facts. Judge ye therefore between yourself and us,—I say between yourself and us; for I ask no other judge to decide, whether we are not, by all the laws of God and man, justified in avowing, that we mean to do as we are done by.

And, you will call to mind, that in this sore controversy, the cause of debate came not from us. We were peaceable Christians, enjoying the shade of the vine and the fig-tree of the Gospel, planted by the care and cherished by the blood of our forefathers, protected by the laws, and gladdened in our protection by the oaths and the covenants which the king had sworn to maintain. The Presbyterian freedom of worship was our property.—We were in possession and enjoyment. No man could call our right to it in question. The king had vowed, as a condition before he was allowed to receive the crown, that he would preserve it. Yet, for more than twenty years, there has been a most cruel, fraudulent, and outrageous endeavour instituted and carried on, to deprive us of that freedom and birth-right.

We were asking no new thing from Government; we were taking no step to disturb Government; we were in peace with all men, when Government, with the principles of a robber, and the cruelty of a tyrant, demanded of us to surrender those immunities of conscience which our fathers had earned and defended; to deny the Gospel as it is written in the Evangelists, and to accept the commentary of Charles Stewart, a man who has had no respect to the most solemn oaths, and of James Sharp, the Apostate of St. Andrews, whose crimes provoked a deed, that, but for their crimson hue, no man could have doubted to call a most foul murder. The king and his crew are, to the indubitable judgment of all just men, the causers and the aggressors in the existing difference between his subjects and him. In so far, therefore, if blame there be, it lieth not with us, nor in our cause.

But, sir, not content with attempting to wrest from us our inherited freedom of religious worship, Charles Stuart and his abettors have pursued the courageous constancy, with which we have defended the same, with more animosity than they did any crime. I speak not to you, sir, of your own outcast condition,—perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom; I speak not to those around us, who,

in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonour,—they may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure.

But I call to mind what I am and was myself. I think of my quiet home,—it is all ashes. I remember my brave first-born,—he was slain at Bothwell-brigg. Why need I speak of my honest brother; the waves of the ocean, commissioned by our persecutors, have triumphed over him in the cold seas of the Orkneys; and as for my wife, what was she to you? Ye cannot be greatly disturbed that she is in her grave. No, ye are quiet, calm, and prudent persons; it would be a most indiscreet thing of you, you who have suffered no wrongs yourselves, to stir on her account; and then how unreasonable I should be, were I to speak of two fair and innocent maidens.—It is weak of me to weep, though they were my daughters.

O men and Christians, brothers, fathers! but ye are content to bear with such wrongs; and I alone of all here may go to the gates of the cities, and try to discover which of the martyred heads mouldering there belongs to a son or a friend. Nor is it of any account whether the bones of those who were so dear to us, be exposed with the remains of malefactors, or laid in the sacred grave. To the dead all places are alike; and to the slave what signifies who is master. Let us therefore forget the past,—let us keep open the door of reconciliation,—smother all the wrongs we have endured, and kiss the proud foot of the trampler. We have our lives; we have been spared; the merciless blood-hounds have not yet reached us. Let us therefore be humble and thankful, and cry to Charles Stuart, O King, live forever; for he has but cast us into a fiery furnace and a lion's den.

In truth, friends, Mr. Renwick is quite right. This feeling indignation against our oppressors is a most imprudent thing. If we desire to enjoy our own contempt, and to deserve the derision of men, and to merit the abhorrence of Heaven, let us yield ourselves to all that Charles Stuart and his sect require. We can do nothing better, nothing so meritorious, nothing by which we can so reasonably hope for punishment here and condemnation hereafter. But if there is one man at this meeting (I am speaking not of shapes and forms, but of feelings) if there is one here

that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword,
and say with me, Wo to the house of Stuart! Wo to the
oppressors! Blood for blood!

MANFRED TO THE SORCERESS.—*Byron.*

—From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes:
The thirst of their ambition was not mine;
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor 'midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one, who—but of her anon,
I said, with men and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developement; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, listening, on the scattered leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—crossed me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From withered bones, and skulls, and heaped up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I passed

The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the people infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He, who from out their fountain dwellings, raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence.

THE SWORD.—*Miss London.*

'T WAS the battle field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red, right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his noble heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honoured the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.

' A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
 A soldier's grave won by it;
 Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
 My own life's blood should dye it.

' Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
 Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
 Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
 Who in life had trembled before thee.'

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
 Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
 And he laid him there, in honour and rest,
 With his sword in his own brave keeping.

SPEECH OF MIRABEAU,

Delivered in the National Convention of France.

[His object was to recommend the adoption without examination of a scheme proposed by Necker, then minister of the finances, and embracing several measures of a very desperate character, one of which was a property tax of twenty-five per cent. His principal topic is the danger of immediate national bankruptcy.]

GENTLEMEN, — We have heard a great many violent speeches. I shall endeavour to direct your attention to a few simple questions, and earnestly entreat you to listen to them.

Has not the minister of finances drawn a most alarming picture of our present situation? Has he not told you that delay must aggravate the evil?—that a day—an hour—a moment—may render it irremediable? Have we any other plan to substitute for the one he proposes? One of this assembly answers, Yes! I conjure that member to recollect that his plan is unknown; that it would require time to explain and examine it; that, were it now in discussion, its author may, perhaps, be mistaken:—or if not, that we may think he is, and that, without the concurrence of public opinion, the greatest possible talents would be of no avail in the present circumstances.

I, too, am far from thinking that Mr. Necker has proposed the best possible way and means; but, God forbid that at

this critical moment I should place my views in opposition to his. However preferable I may think them, I know that it is in vain for me to pretend to his prodigious popularity, the reward of such distinguished services; to his long experience; to his reputation of the first financier in Europe; or to the singular and unprecedented good fortune, which has marked his career, more, perhaps, than that of any former statesman.

We must therefore come back to the plan of Mr. Necker. But, why adopt it without deliberation? Do you think, then, that we have time to examine it in detail, to discuss the principles, and go over all the calculations? No! no! a thousand times, no! We can only propose insignificant questions and superficial conjectures. What, then, shall we do by deliberating? Lose the decisive moment, involve ourselves in disputes about the details of a scheme, which we really do not understand, diminish by our idle meddlings the minister's credit, which is and ought to be greater than our own.

Gentlemen, this course is very impolitic. Is there even common honesty in it? Gentlemen, if we had not proved our respect for the public faith, and our horror of bankruptcy by the most solemn declarations, I could almost venture to scrutinize the secret motives, secret perhaps even to themselves, of those who talk of deliberating upon this great sacrifice, when they must know, that unless made at once, it will be utterly ineffectual. And I would ask those, who seem to be accustoming themselves to the idea of bankruptcy, in preference to excessive taxes, whether a national bankruptcy is not itself the most cruel, the most unjust, the most ruinous of all possible taxes?

THE SAME CONTINUED.

GENTLEMEN, one word more, a single word. Two centuries of misgovernment have opened a gulf of ruin which threatens immediate destruction to the monarchy. This gulf must be closed. Take, then, the list of the proprietors of the country; and select a certain number, whose property shall be sacrificed to pay the public debt. Choose

the richest, that as few citizens as possible may be ruined; but be sure to choose enough.

Come on, then; here are two thousand individuals, who have sufficient property among them to make up the deficit. Strike! exterminate the whole! plunge them into the abyss! It will then close; the finances will then be restored to order, and the kingdom to peace and prosperity.

You recoil with horror from this idea. And yet, inconsistent and pusillanimous souls that you are, you do not perceive, that in decreeing a national bankruptcy, or, what is still worse, in making it inevitable without decreeing it, you disgrace yourselves by an act a thousand times more criminal; and, incredible as it may seem, criminal to no purpose. The other sacrifice, however horrible, would at last relieve you from your embarrassments.

But do you think that when you have declared yourselves bankrupt, you shall thereby be clear of debt? Will the thousands and millions, who lose in one moment, by this terrible blow and its consequences, all the comforts, perhaps the necessities of life, allow you to enjoy quietly the advantages of your crime?

Ye cool observers of the incalculable misery, that such a consummation would bring upon France; ye selfish souls, who imagine that such convulsions of despair would pass off like the rest, and be only the shorter for their violence, are you very sure, that so many millions of starving men will permit you to cover your tables with all the usual delicacies? No! you must perish; and when you have lighted up this tremendous conflagration, you will find that you have sacrificed all your personal enjoyments, as well as your honour. This then is the point to which we are advancing.



THE SAME CONCLUDED.

I HEAR much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism. Gentlemen, why prostitute this noble word? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income, in order to save your whole property? This is very simple arithmetic; and he that hesitates, deserves contempt rather than indignation.

Yes, gentlemen, it is to your immediate self-interest, to your most familiar notions of prudence and policy that I now appeal. I say not to you now, as heretofore, beware how you give the world the first example of an assembled nation untrue to the public faith. I ask you not, as heretofore, what right you have to freedom, or what means of maintaining it, if, at your first step in administration, you outdo in baseness all the old and corrupt governments.

I tell you, that unless you prevent this catastrophe, you will all be involved in the general ruin; and that you are yourselves the persons most deeply interested in making the sacrifice which the government demands of you.

I exhort you, then, most earnestly, to vote these extraordinary supplies; and God grant they may prove sufficient. Vote them, I beseech you; for, even if you doubt the expediency of the means, you know perfectly well that the supplies are necessary, and that you are incapable of raising them in any other way. Vote them at once; for the crisis does not admit of delay; and if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences.

Beware of asking for time. While you are lingering, the evil day will come upon you. Why, gentlemen, it is but a few days since, that upon occasion of some foolish bustle in the *Palais Royal*, some ridiculous insurrection that existed nowhere but in the heads of a few weak or designing individuals, we were told with emphasis, *Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet we deliberate*. We know, gentlemen, that this was all imagination. We are far from being at Rome; nor is there any Catiline at the gates of Paris. But now we are threatened with a real danger; bankruptcy, national bankruptcy is before you; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honour,—and yet you deliberate.

PITT ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our army

abroad is in part known: no man thinks more highly of it than I do. I love and honour the English troops. I know their virtues and their valour. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America.

Your armies last war effected every thing that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Beside the sufferings, perhaps *total loss*, of the northern force; the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. *He was obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant plan of operations.

We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign despot; your efforts are forever vain and impotent: doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty!—If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

command the lightnings of the tempest without philosophy, as without philosophy to wield the lightnings of eloquence. They ought not to have this power without laboring for it, without waiting patiently at the shrine of that divinity,—the industry, which alone can give it. The gift is too great, too high, to cost them little.

But this is a point, which deserves to be considered by itself,—the greatness of the art. To give the noblest thoughts the noblest expression; to stand up in the pure light of reason, or to create a new atmosphere, as it were, for intellectual vision; to put on all the glories of imagination as a garment; to penetrate the soul, and to make men feel as if they were themselves new creatures; to make them conscious of new powers and a new being; to exercise, in the loftiest measure, the only glorious and godlike sway, that which is exercised over willing minds; to fill the ear, the eye, the inmost soul, with sounds, and images, and holy visions of beauty and grandeur; to make truth and justice, to make wisdom, and virtue, and religion, more lovely and majestic things, than men had ever thought them before; to delight, as well as to convince; to charm, to fascinate, to win, to arouse, to calm, to terrify, to overwhelm,—this is the work of eloquence; and it is a glorious work.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

The great object of all the liberal arts is to exhibit the mind; to exhibit character, thought, feeling, in their various aspects. In this consists all their power and sublimity. For this, the painter spreads upon the dull canvass the breathing forms of life; the sculptor causes the marble to speak; the architect models the fair and majestic structure, with sublimity enthroned in its dome, with beauty shaped in its columns, and glory written upon its walls; and the poet builds his lofty rhyme; and the eloquent in music, orders his movement and combination of sweet sounds.

But, of this mind, the human frame is the appointed instrument. It was designed for this end. For it could have answered all the purposes of physical existence, without any of its present grace and beauty. It was made with no

more obvious intent, than to be the expression of mind, the organ of the soul, the vehicle of thought. And when all its powers are put in requisition for this purpose,—the voice with all its thrilling tones; the eye, ‘through which, as a window, the soul darts forth its light;’ the lips, on which ‘grace is poured;’ the whole glowing countenance, the whole breathing frame, which, in their ordinary forms, can express more than the majesty of an Apollo, more than the agony of a Laocoon;—when every motion speaks, every lineament is more than the written line of genius, every muscle swells with the inspiration of high thoughts, every nerve is swayed to the movings of some mighty theme;—what instrument of music, what glories of the canvass, can equal it?



THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

ELOQUENCE is the combination of all arts, and it excels them all in their separate powers. Nor is it confined to the mere gratification of taste. The great and ultimate object of social existence, is for man to act on man; and eloquence is the grandest medium of this action. It is not only the highest perfection of a human being (for ‘the orator must be a good man’) but it is that perfection in act. It is sublimity, beauty, genius, power, in their most glorious exercise.

Eloquence, it is often said, is the peculiar attribute of man. But more than this is true. It belongs to humanity. The human soul is eloquent, whenever and wherever it has a full developement. Its signatures are divine; and where they are seen, they cannot fail to leave their impression.

It is one of the maxims with which we have no patience, that the English character is not fitted for an earnest delivery; that eloquence will not flourish on this stock; that there is something in our temperament or taste that forbids it. The English mind not eloquent! We might as well say, that it is possessed of no strong feelings or noble thoughts. For if it has these, and has them, in fact, in uncommon strength, has it not a language, a voice, a countenance, a free and unfettered arm, ‘the weapon of the orator,’ to express them?

It is true, that our taste may not be altogether so favorable as it ought to be; a dull, prudish, perverse taste. It is true that our ordinary manners in this country have not the desirable ease and freedom; there is newness, embarrassment, awkwardness, constraint in them; they are not so free and forcible, and not so indicative of the free workings of the mind, as they ought to be. But these, after all, are rather the manners of ceremony and of formal society.

Go to the exchange, the market, the public street, the municipal meeting, and you shall see, that the men, in whose veins English blood is flowing, can be ardent and earnest, and can use action, though they do not know it; and that is the right action. Go up to the greater occasions of life, to the crowded and grave assembly, and our Burke, and Sheridan, and Chatham, and our own Ames, and Hamilton, and Emmet, and the names of the living among us, that rise to our thoughts, are sufficient to wipe away the stigma that we are so willing to fasten upon ourselves; sufficient to show, that our court-room and our debating-hall are not always tedious, and that our pupil is not always dull.

We look for future orators in this land, whose words of might shall shake its wide and utmost borders, shall resound from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas; and whose renown shall be the heritage of distant generations. We trust that a voice is to arise in this Western world, which shall echo to the glorious eloquence of ancient times.

MR. HOBHOUSE'S CASTIGATION OF THE MEMBER FROM ORFORD.

Extract from a Speech in Parliament on Parliamentary Reform.

I MUST be permitted to notice a most extraordinary position taken up by the member for Orford. He contended, that a reform of Parliament would throw the elections out of the hands of the real proprietors of England, into those possessed of no respectable means of subsistence. Strange, indeed, to be said by any one, and stranger still to be said by a member for Orford, in the face of so many county and city representatives who have constituents.

Did the honourable member never happen to hear, that the complaint of the reformers points exactly to the fact, which he has perverted and enlisted into his singular argument? The great complaint of the reformers is, that the body of electors—that is, the body that votes for the majority of this House, are persons of no property, are persons whose abode is, or ought to be, the work-house; who have no will, no power, no voice of their own; who, when they solemnly declare that they give their vote, that is, their wish, for the candidate whom they choose, are guilty of the basest and most pernicious perjury; who are the mere organs of others, and depending upon their masters for the rags they wear, and the scanty food they eat, and the wretched cabin that shelters them—have no opportunity, and scarcely, perhaps, feel an inclination, to perform the sacred duty imposed upon the real independent elector.

The complaint of the reformers is, that, whilst such an unhappy, miserable part of the population hold the elective franchise, and use it not for themselves, but under the control, and for the benefit of others, the real respectable citizens, the contributors to the exigencies of the state, the most valuable members of the community, who have given pledges of fidelity to the government and to the country, are not partakers of the privilege which alone can give them the means of protecting their property; namely, a share in the choice of the representation.

We claim, for the opulence, the industry, the importance of such towns as Birmingham and Manchester, the rights now thrown away upon, and shamefully bartered by, the penniless, idle, insignificant vote-sellers of such boroughs as Orford.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF THEOPHILUS PARSONS;

Delivered in the Massachusetts Convention 1788, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

MR. PRESIDENT,—A great variety of supposed objections have been made, against vesting Congress with some of the powers defined in the eighth section: and as some of the objections have not been noticed, I shall beg the indulgence of the Convention, while I very briefly consider them. And



as it is my intention to avoid all repetition, my observations will necessarily be unconnected and desultory.

It has been said, that the grant in this section includes all the possessions of the people, and divests them of everything; that such a grant is impolitic, for as the poverty of an individual guards him against luxury and extravagance, so poverty in a ruler is a fence against tyranny and oppression. Sir, gentlemen do not distinguish between the government of an hereditary aristocracy, where the interest of the governors is very different from that of the subjects, and a government to be administered for the common good by the servants of the people, vested with delegated powers by popular elections at stated periods. The federal Constitution establishes a government of the last description, and in this case the people divest themselves of nothing. The governments and powers, which the Congress can administer, are the mere result of a compact made by the people with each other, for the common defence and general welfare.—To talk, therefore, of keeping the Congress poor, if it means anything, must mean depriving the people themselves of their own resources. But, if gentlemen will still insist, that these powers are a grant from the people, and consequently improper, let it then be observed, that it is now too late to impede the grant—it is already completed—the Congress under the confederation are invested with it by solemn compact—they have powers to demand what moneys and forces, they judge necessary for the common defence and general welfare—powers as extensive as those proposed in this Constitution.

But it may be said, as the ways and means are reserved to the several States, they have a check upon Congress, by refusing a compliance with the requisitions. Sir, is this the boasted check—a check that can never be exercised but by perfidy and a breach of public faith—by a violation of the most solemn stipulations? It is this check that has embarrassed at home, and made us contemptible abroad—and will any honest man plume himself upon a check, which an honest man would blush to exercise?

It has been objected, that the Constitution provides no religious test by oath, and we may have in power unprincipled men, atheists and pagans. No man can wish more ardently than I do, that all our public offices may be filled by men, who fear God and hate wickedness; but it must remain with the electors to give the government this secu-

city—an oath will not do it. Will an unprincipled man be entangled by an oath? Will an atheist or a pagan dread the vengeance of the Christian's God, a being, in his opinion, the creature of fancy and credulity? It is a solecism in expression. No man is so illiberal, as to wish for the confining of places of honour or profit, to any one sect of Christians.

Sir, the only evidence we can have of the sincerity and excellency of a man's religion, is a good life—and I trust that such evidence will be required of every candidate by every elector. That man who acts an honest part to his neighbour, will most probably conduct honourably towards the public.

THE SPIRIT FIRM AND FREE.—*Anonymous.*

I SAID to Sorrow's pelting storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on! thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,
Advance! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop ye may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to proud Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on! I heed you not;
Though thus unfriended and forlorn,
By you I am forgot;
My spirit, which, untamed and free,
No scoffs of yours annoy,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born joy.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
 Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
 Thou canst but add one bitter wo
 To those already there;
 Yet still the spirit that sustains
 This last, severe distress,
 Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
 And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
 Aim sure! Oh, why delay;
 Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
 A weak, reluctant prey.
 But still this spirit firm and free,
 Triumphant o'er dismay,
 Bright in its own eternity
 Shall pass away.



WHAT 'S HALLOWED GROUND?—*Campbell.*

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That 's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed;—
 But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't
 Yon churchyard's bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
 The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallowed, down to earth's profound,
 And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
 And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies, in Heaven's sight,
 The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!

Give that: and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—But Heaven rebukes my zeal:
The cause of truth and human weal,
 O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To peace and love!

Peace, Love—the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 When they are not;
The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan.
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
 Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured, Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair Stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
Ye must be heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What 's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
 Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
 Earth's compass round;
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground!

DIALOGUE.

OLLAPOD AND SIR CHARLES CROPLAND.—*Colman.*

Ollapod. SIR CHARLES, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple, one morning, in a half-mile walk, from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles. Hope you come to sojourn. Should n't be always on the wing—that 's being too flighty. Do you take, good sir, do you take?

Sir Charles. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles, I have now the honour to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop on a sudden; like the going off of a fieldpiece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir C. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—~~was busy behind the counter.~~—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir C. Well, no more on that head now—proceed.

Olla. On that head! That 's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you one—Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork, at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when, who should strut into the shop, but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a drayhorse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turn-

ed up with a rhubarb-colored lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir C. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a very favourable sort.

Olla. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed!—Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. We first talked of shooting—He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds—I thumped on at the mortar—We then talked of physic—I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients—I thumped on at the mortar—eyeing him all the while; for he looked mighty flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical, and military, both deal in death, you know—so, 't was natural. Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself: said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association—dose the men, and drench the horses—he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C. Well, you jumped at the offer?

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter—kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic, into the pocket of Lieutenant Grain's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel; embraced him and his offer, and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service.

Sir C. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop, from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—Oh! laurel water. Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made, has ceased to operate.

Sir C. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field day, clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters; intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great eclat; but when the word 'fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a horrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the villainous diet-drink of Lady

Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C. But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies? Any new faces, since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item—Nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, Miss Emily Worthington, a most brilliant beauty, has lately given lustre to the estate of Farmer Harrowby.

Sir C. My dear Doctor, the lady of all others I wish most to know. Introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come! mount your horse—I'll explain more as you go to the stable:—but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I see you-off.

Olla. In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage wagon.

Sir C. [*Aside.*] So! a long bill as the price of his politeness!

Olla. You need not bleed; but you must have medicine.

Sir C. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. Come, that's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony, and gamboge;—

Sir C. Oh, confound scammony and gamboge!

Olla. At night a narcotic; next day, saline draughts, camphorated julap, and——

Sir C. Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen, forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish!—Then we'll throw in the bark—By the by, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer——

Sir C. Well, well, she is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! such sport next shooting season! If I had but a double-barrelled gun——

Sir C. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles!—Here's morning's work; senna and coloquintida—— [*Aside.*]

Sir C. Well, be gone, then.

[*Pushing him.*]

Olla. I'm off—Scammony and gamboge.

Sir C. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, Sir Charles—A double-barrelled gun—I fly
 —the bark—I'm going—Juno—a narcotic—
Sir C. Off with you!

NECESSITY OF NATIONAL MORALITY.—*Beecher.*

THE crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves.

Be not deceived. Human nature in this state is like human nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favour is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions, and habits. It is a moral influence, which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which formed it is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till the last conflagration. But, let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

If we neglect our duty, and suffer our laws and institutions to go down, we give them up forever. It is easy to relax, easy to retreat; but impossible, when the abomination of desolation has once passed over New England, to rear again the thrown down altars, and gather again the fragments, and build up the ruins of demolished institutions.

The hand that overturns our laws and temples, is the

hand of death, unbarring the gates of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative wo. But he will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God.

The day of vengeance is at hand; the great earthquake which sinks Babylon, is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore.—Is it, then, a time to remove the foundations when the earth itself is shaken?

Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are to come upon the earth? Is this a time to run upon his neck and the thick bosses of his buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in his wrath? Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when his arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? to cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea and island is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God!

SPEECH OF A CHRISTIAN MARTYR.—*Croly.*

Addressed to the Romans, who were about to put him to death.

FOR what have these my brethren died? Answer me, priests of Rome; what temple did they force—what altar overthrow—what insults offer to the slightest of your public celebrations? Judges of Rome, what offence did they commit against the public peace? Consuls, where were they found in rebellion against the Roman majesty? People! patricians! who among your thousands can charge one of these holy dead with extortion, impurity, or violence;

can charge them with anything, but the patience that bore wrong without a murmur, and the charity that answered tortures only by prayers?

Do I stand here demanding to be believed for opinions? No; but for facts. I have seen the sick made whole, the lame walk, the blind receive their sight, by the mere name of Him whom you crucified. I have seen men once ignorant of all languages but their own, speaking with the language of every nation under heaven—the still greater wonder, of the timid defying all fear—the unlearned instantly made wise in the mysteries of things divine and human—putting to shame the learned—humbling the proud—enlightening the darkened; alike, in the courts of kings, before the furious people, and in the dungeon, armed with an irrepressible spirit of knowledge, reason and truth, that confounded their adversaries.

I have seen the still greater wonder, of the renewed heart; the impure, suddenly abjuring vice; the covetous, the cruel, the faithless, the godless, gloriously changed into the holy, the gentle, the faithful, the worshipper of the true God in spirit and in truth; the conquest of the passions which defied your philosophers, your tribunals, your rewards, your terrors, achieved in the one mighty name. These are facts, things which I have seen; and who that had seen them could doubt that the finger of the eternal God was there?

I dared not refuse my belief to the divine mission of the being by whom, and even in memory of whom, things, baffling the proudest human means, were wrought before my eyes. Thus irresistibly compelled by facts, to believe that Christ was sent by God, I was with equal force compelled, to believe in the doctrines declared by this glorious Messenger of the Father alike of quick and dead. And thus I stand before you this day, at the close of a long life of labour and hazard, a Christian.

GEN. WASHINGTON TO HIS TROOPS.

Delivered before the Battle of Long Island, in 1776.

THE time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have therefore to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honour, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us then rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them.—Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world, that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honour are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct, rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children, and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe, that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavour to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders—and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

MR. GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY'S ATTACK ON HIS CHARACTER.

HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order—Why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honourable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honourable gentleman laboured under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

The right honourable gentleman has called me 'an unimpeached traitor.' I ask, why not 'traitor,' unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him, it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honourable gentleman rely on the report of the House of

Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee, there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not as the right honourable member has said, to raise another storm—I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honourable gentleman, and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

EXTRACT FROM 'LETTERS OF FABIVS ON THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.—*Dickinson*.

AMERICANS, who have the same blood in their veins as Englishmen, have, it seems, very different heads and hearts. We shall be enslaved by a president, senators, and representatives chosen by ourselves, and continually rotating within the period of time assigned for the continuance in office of members in the house of commons. 'T is strange: but we are told, 't is true. It may be so. As we have our all at stake, let us inquire, in what way this event is to be brought about.

Is it to be before, or after a general corruption of manners? If after, it is not worth attention. The loss of

happiness then follows of course. If before, how is it to be accomplished? Will a virtuous and sensible people choose villains or fools for their officers? Or if they should choose men of wisdom and integrity, will these lose both or either, by taking their seats? If they should, will not their places be quickly supplied by another choice? Is the like derangement again, and again, and again, to be expected? Can any man believe, that such astonishing phænomena are to be looked for?

Was there ever an instance, where rulers, thus selected by the people from their own body, have, in the manner apprehended, outraged their own tender connexions, and the interests, feelings, and sentiments of their affectionate and confiding countrymen? Is such a conduct more likely to prevail in this age of mankind, than in the darker periods that have preceded? Are men more disposed now than formerly, to prefer uncertainties to certainties, things perilous and infamous to those that are safe and honourable?

Can all the mysteries of such iniquity be so wonderfully managed by treacherous rulers, that none of their enlightened constituents, nor any of their honest associates, acting with them in public bodies, shall ever be able to discover the conspiracy, till at last, it shall burst with destruction to the whole federal constitution? Is it not ten thousand times less probable, that such transactions will happen, than it is, that we shall be exposed to innumerable calamities, by rejecting the plan proposed, or even by delaying to accept it?

Let us consider our affairs in another light. Our difference of government, participation in commerce, improvement in policy, and magnitude of power, can be no favourite objects of attention to the monarchies and sovereignties of Europe. Our loss will be their gain—our fall, their rise—our shame, their triumph. Divided, they may distract, dictate, and destroy. United, their efforts will be waves dashing themselves into foam against a rock.—May our national character be—an animated moderation, that seeks only its own, and will not be satisfied with less.

SPEECH OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

[It was proposed in the British Parliament, to deprive the city of Edinburgh of certain privileges, because a mob in that city had put to death one Porteous, a minion of the British government. In the course of the debate on this bill, the Duke of Argyle took a spirited part. To the insinuation of the Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, that he had stated himself, in the case, rather as a party than as a judge, he made the following reply:]

I APPEAL to the house—to the nation—if I can be justly branded with the infamy of being a jobber, or a partisan. Have I been a briber of votes?—a buyer of boroughs?—the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party?—Consider my life; examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot, that can attach to my honour. I have shown myself the friend of my country—the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either.

I have given my reasons for opposing this bill, and have made it appear that it is repugnant to the international treaty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, reflectively to that of England, to common justice, to common sense, and to the public interest.

Shall the metropolis of Scotland, the capital of an independent nation, the residence of a long line of monarchs, by whom that noble city was graced and dignified—shall such a city, for the fault of an obscure and unknown body of rioters, be deprived of its honours and its privileges—its gates and its guards?—and shall a native Scotchman tamely behold the havoc? I glory, my Lords, in opposing such unjust rigour, and reckon it my dearest pride and honour, to stand up in defence of my native country, while thus laid open to undeserved shame and unjust spoliation.

ABSALOM'S DREAM.—*Hillhouse.*

METHOUGHT I stood again, at dead of night,
In that rich sepulchre,* viewing, alone,
The wonders of the place. My wondering eyes

* According to Josephus, the sepulchres of the Kings of Israel were filled with immense treasures. The riches left by David are said to have exceeded £800,000,000 sterling.

Rested upon the costly sarcophagus
 Reared in the midst. I saw therein a form
 Like David; not as he appears, but young
 And ruddy. In his lovely tintured cheek,
 The vermil blood looked pure and fresh as life
 In gentle slumber. On his blooming brow
 Was bound the diadem. But, while I gazed,
 The phantasm vanished, and my father lay there,
 As he is now, his head and beard in silver,
 Sealed with the pale fixed impress of the tomb.
 I knelt and wept. But, when I thought to kiss
 My tears from off his reverend cheek, a voice
 Cried, Impious! hold!—and suddenly there stood
 A dreadful and refulgent form before me,
 Bearing the Tables of the Law.
 It spake not, moved not, but still sternly pointed
 To one command, which shone so fiercely bright,
 It seared mine eyeballs. Presently I seemed
 Transported to the desolate wild shore
 Of Asphaltites, night, and storm, and fire,
 Astounding me with horror. All alone
 I wandered; but where'er I turned my eyes,
 On the bleak rocks, or pitchy clouds, or closed them,
 Flamed that command.

Then suddenly I sunk down, down, methought,
 Ten thousand cubits, to a wide
 And travelled way, walled to the firmament
 On either side, and filled with hurrying nations;
 Hurrying, or hurried by some spell,
 Toward a portentous adamant gate,
 Towering before us to the empyrean.
 Beside it Abraham sat, in reverend years
 And gracious majesty, snatching his Seed
 From its devouring jaws. When I approached,
 He groaned forth, Parricide! and stretched no aid—
 To me alone, of all his children. Then,
 What flames, what howling fery billows caught me,
 Like the red ocean of consuming cities,
 And shapes most horrid; all, methought, in crowns
 Scorching as molten brass, and every eye
 Bloodshot with agony, yet none had power
 To tear them off. With frantic yells of joy,
 They crowned me too, and with the pang, I woke.

THE DELUGE.--*Bowles.*

ALL WAS ONE WASTE OF WAVES, that buried deep
Earth and its multitudes; the ARK alone,
High on the cloudy van of Ararat
Rested; for now the death-commissioned storm
Sinks silent, and the eye of day looks out
Dim through the haze, while short successive gleams
Flit o'er the face of deluge as it shrinks,
Or the transparent rain-drops, falling few,
Distinct and larger glisten. So the Ark
Rests upon Ararat; but nought around
Its inmates can behold, save o'er the expanse
Of boundless waters, the sun's orient orb
Stretching the hull's long shadow, or the moon
In silence, through the silver-cinctured clouds,
Sailing, as she herself were lost, and left
In Nature's loneliness.

But oh, sweet Hope,
Thou bidst a tear of holy ecstasy
Start to their eye-lids, when at night the Dove,
Weary, returns, and lo! an olive leaf
Wet in her bill: again she is put forth,
When the seventh morn shines on the hoar abyss:
Due evening comes; her wings are heard no more!
The dawn awakes, not cold and dripping sad,
But cheered with lovelier sunshine; far away
The dark-red mountains show their naked peaks
Upheave above the waste: INAUS gleams;
Fume the huge torrents on his desert sides;
Till at the voice of HIM who rules
The storm, the ancient Father and his train
On the dry land descend.

Here let us pause—
No noise in the vast circuit of the globe
Is heard: no sound of human stirring: none
Of pasturing herds, or wandering flocks; nor song
Of birds, that solace the forsaken woods
From morn till eve, save in that spot that holds
The sacred Ark; there the glad sounds ascend,
And nature listens to the breath of life.
The fleet horse bounds, high-neighing to the wind,

That lifts his streaming mane; the heifer lows;
 Loud sings the lark amid the rainbow hues;
 The lion lifts him muttering; Man comes forth—
 He kneels upon the earth—he kisses it;
 And to the GOD who stretched the radiant bow,
 He lifts his trembling transports.

THE LEPER. — *Willis.*

“Room for the leper! Room!” And as he came
 The cry passed on—“Room for the leper! Room!”

* * * * And aside they stood,
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
 Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying “Unclean!—Unclean!”

* * * * Day was breaking
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
 Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper’s garb,
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
 Waiting to hear his doom:—

“Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
For He has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild
From all thou lov’st away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o’er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river’s grassy brink.

And pass not thou between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him,
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod—
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!”

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone—to die!—
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying "Unclean! Unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
—"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mein
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and stooping down
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood

Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.



THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.—*N. A. Review*

In the great Lancastrian school of the nations, liberty is the lesson, which we are appointed to teach. Masters we claim not, we wish not, to be; but the Monitors we are of this noble doctrine. It is taught in our settlement, taught in our revolution, taught in our government; and the nations of the world are resolved to learn.

It may be written in sand and effaced, but it will be written again and again, till hands, now fettered in slavery, shall boldly and fairly trace it, and lips, that now stammer at the noble word, shall sound it out in the ears of their despots, with an emphasis to waken the dead. Some will comprehend it and practise it at the first; others must wrestle long with the old slavish doctrine; and others may abuse it to excess, and cause it to be blasphemed awhile in the world. But it will still be taught, and still be repeated, and must be learned by all; by old and degenerate communities, to revive their youth; by springing colonies, to hasten their progress.

With the example before them of a free representative government—of a people governed by themselves,—it is no more probable that the nations will long bear any other, than that they should voluntarily dispense with the art of printing, or the mariner's compass.

It is therefore plainly no age for Turks to be stirring. It is as much as men can do, to put up with Christian, with civilized, yes, with legitimate masters. The Grand Seignior is a half-century too late in the world. It requires all people's patience to be oppressed and ground to the dust, by the parental sway of most faithful, most catholic, most christian princes.

Fatigued as they are with the Holy Alliance, it were preposterous to suppose they can long submit to a horde of

Tartarian infidels. The idea that the most honourable, the most responsible, the most powerful office in the state, can, like a vile heir-loom, follow the chance of descent, is quite enough to task the forbearance of this bold and busy time.

What then shall become of viziers and sultans, when ministers are bewildered in their cabinets, and kings are shaken on their thrones? Instead of arming their misbelieving hosts against a people, who have taken hold of liberty, and who will be free, let them rejoice that great and little Bucharria are still vacant, and take up their march for the desert.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.—*Smith.*

THE education of the poor, sifts the talents of a country, and discovers the choicest gifts of nature in the depths of solitude and in the darkness of poverty; for Providence often sets the grandest spirits in the lowest places, and gives to many a man a soul far better than his birth, compelling him to dig with a spade, who had better wielded a sceptre. Education searches everywhere for talents; sifting among the gravel for the gold, holding up every pebble to the light, and seeing whether it be the refuse of Nature, or whether the hand of art can give it brilliancy and price.

There are no bounds to the value of this sort of education. I come here to speak upon this occasion; when fourteen or fifteen youths, who have long participated of your bounty, come to return you their thanks. How do we know that there may not be, among all these, one who shall enlarge the boundaries of knowledge—who shall increase the power of his country by his enterprise in commerce—watch over its safety in the most critical times, by his vigilance as a magistrate—and consult its true happiness by his integrity and his ability as a senator?

On all other things there is a sign, or a mark;—we know them immediately, or we can find them out; but man, we do not know; for one man differeth from another man, as heaven differs from earth;—and the excellence that is in him, education seeks for with vigilance and preserves with care.—We might make a brilliant list of our great English characters, who have been born in cottages. May it ever increase; there can be no surer sign that we are a wise and a happy people.

ON INVASION.—*Smith.*

Extract from a Discourse delivered before a large body of Volunteers in London, in 1804.

ONE circumstance, which much enhances the pleasure of life, is liberty. Without liberty the value of life is doubtful; to see oppression without interference, to suffer it without resistance, to consider that life and property are at the mercy of one, who has no more natural right to live or to enjoy than ourselves, is a source of the most bitter and unquiet feelings to elevated minds.

For liberty, many have ventured their lives, who knew liberty only by description. We have lived the life of freemen, we have heard the name of freedom when we were children, and in all the relations of life we have found it to be more than a name. The enjoyment of it is so wrought and tempered into our daily habits, that any internal attempt to destroy the constitution of this realm, could not succeed but by the most enormous waste of human life.

The name is too dear, the feeling too deep—the habit too inveterate. It would be easier to destroy this people, than to enslave them. And yet what are the sufferings of internal tyranny, in comparison with those of foreign subjugation? First, there would be burnings, and massacres, and plunders; a promiscuous carnage of the English race. A thousand flames would burst forth in this venerable city, and shed their horrid light upon the dying and the dead; and when the sword had drunk its full, and the flower of this race was perished away,—then think of the silence of a land, over which an avenging enemy had passed: no loom—no plough—no ship—no tolling of the bell to church,—no cheerful noise of the artificer,—a land spent and extinguished, a people apostate to their ancient spirit, and their ancient frame.

If you think life worth having after this, if you will live, when England does not live; if you will fawn at the feet of a foreign soldier, for a few years of existence; if you will put on the smiles of a slave, after you have worn the countenance of a free man—then live on, and may life be your punishment! You will remember, when it is too late, the cry of Maccabeus, that it is better to die in battle, than to behold the calamities of your people and your sanctuary.

SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

THE happiness of life depends upon an unpolluted sanctuary, upon a pure state of religion. Without it, crimes multiply, laxity prevails in morals, society becomes a compound of fraud and voluptuousness; the motives for life are weakened; therefore Judas Maccabeus said well when he said, I will never see a polluted sanctuary.

Life becomes more valuable under a wise administration of good laws gradually elaborated by experience. It becomes more valuable in a cultivated state of the arts and sciences, more in a high state of commercial and agricultural prosperity of our country, more from its renown among the nations of the world; by all the wisdom that has been employed to make that country great and good; by all the lives that have been sacrificed to make it secure; by all the industry that has been exerted to make it opulent, by the deep tinge which it has received of the Christian character; by the number of those servants of God, who have left, in their lives and writings, a great example to the people; by the rich presents, which God has at any time made to it of men famous for their beautiful sayings and genius. By this measure of value the loss of a country is to be tried, and by this measure we must decide, whether it is better to die than to lose it. * * * *

Now let me apply it to you, and bring it home to the chambers of your hearts. Do you feel that you are free men? Have you good laws? Have you a pure religion? Is England cultivated? Is it rich? Is it powerful? Is it renowned? Did you ever hear it had done great deeds? Did you ever hear it had nourished great men? I know that, but for the sanctity of this place, you would answer with loud shouts and cries, that all these things are so. Why then, I say, in the hour of danger remember the hero of Israel, and think it better to die in battle, than to behold the calamities of such a people and such a land.

THIRD EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

IN order to put on the spirit of self-devotion, we must feel that it will admit of no backsliding, no wavering, no computation. The resolution once taken, we must advance, or we perish; we must not imagine that the danger will not come, and believe we are playing at magnanimity and heroism. The danger is pressing on against us with rapid strides. In a little time, every man may be reminded of his threats, and his covenant of war, and courage exacted at his hands. The lintel post of every door may be smitten with blood, and the loud cries of the helpless, the sick, and the young, may pierce our hearts.

Be not deceived. There is no wall of adamant, no triple flaming sword, to drive off those lawless assassins that have murdered and pillaged in every other land. Heaven has made with us no covenant, that there should be joy and peace here, and wailing and lamentation in the world besides.

I would counsel you to put on a mind of patient suffering and noble acting. Whatever energies there are in the human mind, you will want them all. Every man will be tried to the very springs of his heart, and those times are at hand, which will show us all as we really are, with the genuine stamp and value, be it much or be it little, which nature has impressed upon each living soul.

A greater contest than that in which we are engaged, the world has never seen; for we are not fighting for our country alone, but we are fighting to decide the question, whether there shall be any more freedom upon the earth. If we are subdued, the great objects of life are vanished; all reason for living is at an end. There remains a barren, vacant earth, from which every good man would beg of Heaven that he might escape.

But I have better and brighter hopes. I trust in the watching providence of Heaven, in the manly sense and the native courage of this people. I believe they will act now, as they have ever acted before—with undaunted boldness. I have a boundless confidence in the English character, and from this prostituted nation of merchants, (as they are in derision called) I believe more heroes will

spring up in the hour of danger, than all the military nations of ancient and modern Europe have ever produced. Into the hands of God, then, and his ever-merciful Son, we cast ourselves, and wait in humble patience the result. —First, we ask for victory; but if that cannot be, we have only one other prayer—we implore death.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF AN OPPONENT OF THE DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE.—*Webster.*

LET us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people—at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England?—for she will exert that strength to the utmost. Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act, as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievance, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But, if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on

so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption, on the scaffold.



SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN FAVOUR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—*Webster.*

✓ SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honour? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,—is not he, our venerable colleague, near you,—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sa-

ered honour to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us: it will give us character abroad.

The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge, that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know, that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration

of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it; and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunkerhill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

✓ Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—**independence now; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.**

COUNSEL OF AHITHOPHEL TO ABSALOM.—*Hillhouse.*

MY LORD, You know them not—you wear to-day
 The diadem, and hear yourself proclaimed
 With trump and timbrel Israel's joy, and deem
 Your lasting throne established. Canst thou bless,
 Or blast, like Him who rent the waters, clave
 The rock, whose awful clangor shook the world,
 When Sinai quaked beneath his majesty?
 Yet Jacob's seed forsook this thundering Guide,
 Even at the foot of the astonished mount!
 If benefits could bind them, wherefore flames
 The Ammonitish spoil upon thy brows,
 While David's locks are naked to the night dew?
 Canst thou transcend thy father? Is thy arm
 Stronger than his who smote from sea to sea,
 And girt us like a band of adamant?—
 Trust not their faith. Thy father's root is deep:
 His stock will burgeon with a single sun;
 And many tears will flow to moisten him.
 Pursue, this night, or ruin will o'ertake thee.

COUNSEL OF HUSHAI.—*Hillhouse.*

I LISTEN to my lord Ahithophel,
 As to a heaven-instructed oracle;
 But what he urges much alarms my fears.
 Thou seest, O King, how night envelopes us:
 Amidst its perils *whom* must we pursue?
 The son of Jesse is a man of war,
 Old in the field, hardened to danger, skilled
 In every wile and stratagem; the night
 More welcome than the day. Each mountain path
 He treads instinctive as the ibex; sleeps,
 Moistened with cold dark drippings of the rock,
 As underneath the canopy. Some den
 Will be his bed to-night. No hunter knows
 Like him, the caverns, cliffs, and treacherous passes;
 Familiar to his feet in former days,
 As 'twixt the Court and Tabernacle! What!

Know ye not how his great heart swells in danger,
 Like the old lion's from his lair by Jordan,
 Rising against the strong? Beware of him by night,
 While anger chafes him. Never hope
 Surprisal. While we talk, they lurk in ambush,
 Expectant of their prey: the Cherethites,
 And those blood-thirsty Gittites crouch around him,
 Like evening wolves: fierce Joab darts his eyes,
 Keen as the leopard's, out into the night,
 And curses our delay; Abishai raves;
 Benaiah, Ittai, and the Tachmonite,
 And they, the mighty three, who broke the host
 Of the Philistines, and from Bethlehem's well
 Drew water, when the King but thirsted, now,
 Raven like beasts bereaved of their young.—
 We go not after boys, but the Gibborim,
 Whose bloody weapons never struck but triumphed.
 Hear me, O king.
 Go not to-night, but summon, with the dawn,
 Israel's ten thousands: mount thy conquering car,
 Surrounded by innumerable hosts,
 And go, their strength, their glory, and their king,
 Almighty to the battle; for what might
 Can then resist thee? Light upon this handful,
 Like dew upon the earth; or if they bar
 Some city's gates against thee, let the people
 Level its puny ramparts, stone by stone,
 And cast them into Jordan. Thus, my lord
 May bind his crown with wreaths of victory,
 And owe his kingdom to no second arm.



SPEECH OF RAAB KIUPRILL.—Coleridge.

HEAR me,
 Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
 Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
 Stood in your presence, honoured by the king,
 Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,
 Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
 Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?
 Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights

Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought-bribed wretch, who, being called *my* son,
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate!
What means this clamour? Are these madmen's voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a black falsehood? Unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason?
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?
Yet bear with me awhile. Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour!
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swollen torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,
Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior?
And have I brought home with me victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charmed a goddess down from heaven!
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation! Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies,
Valiantly-wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—*Beecher.*

THE sufferings of animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, my friends, are not to be compared with the *moral* agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being, who sins, and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chains and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and 'seeks it yet again,'—again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and 'seeks it yet again!' Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door-posts of his dwelling.

In the meantime these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely and of good report, retires and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feeble stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.

RIGHT OF FREE DISCUSSION.—*Webster.*

IMPORTANT as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion, in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and

now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretences, the firmer shall be the tone, in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner, in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures and the merits of public men. It is a 'homebred right,' a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty, which those, whose Representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned; I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high constitutional privilege, I shall defend and exercise, within this House, and without this House, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace. and at all times. Living I shall assert, dying I shall assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God, I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them.

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS TO THE
INHABITANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1775.

OUR enemies charge us with sedition. In what does it consist? In our refusal to submit to unwarrantable acts of injustice and cruelty? If so, show us a period in your history, in which you have not been equally seditious.

We are accused of aiming at independence. But how is this accusation supported? By the allegations of your ministers; not by our actions. Abused, insulted and condemned, what steps have we pursued to obtain redress? We have carried our dutiful petitions to the throne. We

have applied to your justice for relief. We have retrenched our luxury, and withheld our trade.

The advantages of our commerce were designed as a compensation for your protection. When you ceased to protect, for what were we to compensate?

What has been the success of our endeavours? The clemency of our sovereign is unhappily diverted; our petitions are treated with indignity; our prayers answered by insults. Our application to you remains unnoticed, and leaves us the melancholy apprehension of your wanting either the will or the power to assist us.

Even under these circumstances, what measures have we taken that betray a desire of independence? Have we called in the aid of those foreign powers, who are the rivals of your grandeur? When your troops were few and defenceless, did we take advantage of their distress, and expel them our towns? Or have we permitted them to fortify, to receive new aid, and to acquire additional strength?

Let not your enemies and ours persuade you, that in this we were influenced by fear, or any other unworthy motive. The lives of Britons are still dear to us. They are the children of our parents, and an uninterrupted intercourse of mutual benefits has knit the bonds of friendship. When hostilities were commenced, when, on a late occasion, we were wantonly attacked by your troops, though we repelled their assaults and returned their blows, yet we lamented the wounds they obliged us to give; nor have we yet learned to rejoice at a victory over Englishmen.



SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

LET us now ask what advantages are to attend our reduction? The trade of a ruined and desolate country is always inconsiderable—its revenue trifling; the expense of subjecting and retaining it in subjection certain and inevitable. What then remains but the gratification of an ill-judged pride, or the hope of rendering us subservient to designs on your liberty?

Soldiers, who have sheathed their swords in the bowels of their American brethren, will not draw them with more

reluctance against you; when, too late, you may lament the loss of that freedom, which we exhort you, while still in your power, to preserve.

On the other hand, should you prove unsuccessful; should that connexion, which we most ardently wish to maintain, be dissolved; should your ministers exhaust your treasures, and waste the blood of your countrymen, in vain attempts on our liberty; do they not deliver you, weak and defenceless, to your natural enemies?

Since, then, your liberty must be the price of your victories; your ruin, of our defeat; what blind fatality can urge you to a pursuit destructive of all that Britons hold dear?

If you have no regard to the connexion that has for ages subsisted between us; if you have forgot the wounds we have received in fighting by your side for the extension of the empire; if our commerce is not an object below your consideration; if justice and humanity have lost their influence on your hearts;—still motives are not wanting to excite your indignation at the measures now pursued: your wealth, your honour, your liberty are at stake.

Notwithstanding the distress to which we are reduced, we sometimes forget our own afflictions, to anticipate and sympathize in yours. We grieve, that rash and inconsiderate counsels should precipitate the destruction of an empire, which has been the envy and admiration of ages; and call God to witness, that we would part with our property, endanger our lives, and sacrifice every thing but liberty, to redeem you from ruin.

A cloud hangs over your heads and ours; ere this reaches you, it may probably burst upon us. Let us, then, (before the remembrance of former kindness is obliterated,) once more repeat those appellations which are ever grateful in our ears; let us entreat Heaven to avert our ruin, and the destruction that threatens our friends, brethren and countrymen, on the other side of the Atlantic.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM TELL.—*Knowles.*

THIS land was free! with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, 'and look up to my God,
 And bless him that it was so. It was free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free!
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
 In very presence of the regal sun.'
 How happy was it then! I loved
 Its very storms.

Yes, I have sat
 In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake,
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
 The wind came roaring—I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own.
 You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
 To such another one, with scanty room
 For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was free
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.—*Moore.*

ROMANS! look round you—on this sacred place
 There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men—
 What see you now? what solitary trace
 Is left of all that made Rome's glory then?

The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft
 Even of its name—and nothing now remains
 But the deep memory of that glory, left
 To whet our pangs, and aggravate our chains!
 But *shall* this be?—our sun and sky the same,
 Treading the very soil our fathers trod—
 What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,
 What visitation has there come from God,
 To blast our strength and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?

It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,
 If we, the living, are too weak to crush
 These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
 Till all but ROMANS at ROME's tameness blush.

Happy PALMYRA! in thy desert domes,
 Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;
 And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
 For the stork's brood, superb PERSEPOLIS!
 Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race
 Have left no embers—no half-living trace—
 No slaves, to crawl around the once-proud spot,
 Till past renown in present shame 's forgot;
 While ROME, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,
 If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,
 Would wear more true magnificence, than decks
 The assembled thrones of all the existing world.—
 ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, stained, and cursed,
 Through every spot her princely TIBER laves,
 By living human things—the deadliest, worst,
 That earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!

And we—oh shame!—we, who have pondered o'er
 The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;
 Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
 Tracking our country's glories all the way—
 Even *we* have tamely, basely kissed the ground
 Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,
 The world's Imperial Mistress—sitting, crowned
 And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre!
 But this is past—too long have lordly priests
 And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
 Withering about us—like devoted beasts,
 Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.

'T is o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!
Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
The Genius of the Old Republic, free
As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Eternal ROME!

DIALOGUE.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.—*Sheridan.*

Capt. A. SIR ANTHONY, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it! for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not be with you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army!

Sir A. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you; settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife: but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir, sir! you amaze me!

Sir A. What 's the matter with the fool? just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir: you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not one word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What 's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that 's not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you, to object to a lady you know nothing of,—

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point, I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Hark ye, Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool: but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way; but do n't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack,—I mean, you dog—if you do n't by —

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to —

Sir A. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—She shall be all this, sirrah!

yes, I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I was never cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are a hypocritical, young dog; but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word.—

Sir A. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? what good can passion do? passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, over-bearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! do n't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why, confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, do n't enter the same hemisphere with me? do n't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own: I'll strip you of your commission: I'll lodge a five and three pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you; I'll disinherit you! and hang me, if ever I call you Jack again! *Exit.*

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father, I kiss your hands.

PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.—*Anonymous.*

To buy, or not to buy? that is the question;
Whether to live contentedly within
The scanty limits of a narrow income,
Or make a stand against increasing debts,
And by the lottery end them—to try one's fate?
To be in Fortune's way? and so to end
The heart-ache, and a thousand haunting fears
The insolvent's heir to:—'t is a resolution
Instantly to be made; to run the hazard?
Perchance to gain? ay there's the lucky hit—
For in that wheel, what to our share may come,
When the safe number's shuffled to the last,
Must give us hope; there's the great odds,
That make a ticket so much worth the purchase:
For who would bear the dearness of the times
The oppressive tax, the tradesman's cozenage,
The shame of refused credit, the law's arrest,
The insolence of duns, and the base 'vantage,
That griping lenders of the borrower take,
When he himself might an estate secure
With a bare sixteenth? who, in a rack-rent farm,
Would toil and sweat under a lordly steward,
But that the fear of (e'en on the first day's drawing)
A fatal blank! whose cruel disappointment
No adventurer survives, shuts up the purse,
And makes us rather bear our present losses,
Than feel still greater that we dream not of;
For gambling doth make spendthrifts of us all,
And though the puffing schemes of every office,
Be pasted up with the broad glare of capitals,
Yet the fair chance of plodding industry,
In the long run, shall turn up richer prizes;
Nor honesty its labour lose.

SUBLIMITY OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY.—*Croly.*

Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye and mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the Ocean, when it was turned up from the bottom by tempest, and noon was like night, with the conflict of the billows and the storm, that tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the Desert rise around me, and calmly, in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror and paralysed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire, and every blast death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace.

But with me, the mountain—in tempest or in calm, the throne of the thunder, or with the evening sun, painting its dells and declivities in colours dipped in heaven—has been the source of the most absorbing sensations.—There stands magnitude, giving the instant impression of a power above man—grandeur, that defies decay—antiquity, that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty, that the touch of time makes only more beautiful—use, exhaustless for the service of man—strength, imperishable as the globe;—the monument of eternity,—the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty, by whom and for whom, all things were made!



POLITICAL CUPIDITY REPROVED.

Extract from Mr. SHERIDAN's Speech on the Address to the Throne.

IN such an hour as this, at a moment pregnant with the national fate, can it be, that people of high rank, and professing high principles, that *they*, or their families should seek to thrive on the spoils of misery, and fatten on the meals wrested from industrious poverty? Can it be, that this should be the case with the very persons, who state the *unprecedented peril of the country*, as the *sole* cause of their being found in the ministerial ranks?

The constitution is in danger, religion is in danger, the very existence of the nation itself is endangered; all personal and party considerations ought to vanish; the war must be supported by every possible exertion, and by every possible sacrifice; the people must not murmur at their burdens, it is for their salvation, their all is at stake. The time is come, when all honest and disinterested men should rally round the throne as a standard;—for what, ye honest and disinterested men? to receive for your own private emolument a portion of those very taxes, which you yourselves wring from the people, on the pretence of saving them from the poverty and distress, which you say the enemy would inflict, but which you take care that no enemy shall be able to aggravate.

Oh! shame! shame! is this a time for selfish intrigues, and the little dirty traffic for lucre and emolument? Does it suit the honour of a gentleman to ask at such a moment? Does it become the honesty of a minister to grant? Is it intended to confirm the pernicious doctrine, so industriously propagated by many, that all public men are impostors, and that every politician has his price? Or even where there is no principle in the bosom, why does not prudence hint to the mercenary and the vain, to abstain awhile at least, and wait the fitting of the times? Improvident impatience! Nay, even from those who seem to have no direct object of office or profit, what is the language which their actions speak?

The throne is in danger! we will support the throne; but let us share the smiles of royalty—the order of nobility is in danger! I will fight for nobility, says the viscount, but my zeal would be much greater if I were made an earl. Rouse all the marquis within me! exclaims the earl, and the peerage never turned forth a more undaunted champion in its cause than I shall prove. Stain my green riband blue, cries out the illustrious knight, and the fountain of honour will have a fast and faithful servant!

What are the people to think of our sincerity?—What credit are they to give to our professions?—Is this system to be persevered in?—Is there nothing that whispers to that right honourable gentleman, that the crisis is too big, that the times are too gigantic, to be ruled by the little hackneyed and every-day means of ordinary corruption?—or are we to believe, that he has within himself a conscious feeling, that disqualifies him from rebuking the ill-timed selfishness of his new allies?

REPUBLICAN EQUALITY.

Extract from a Speech of Judge STORY, in the Convention of Massachusetts, 1820.

GENTLEMEN have argued, as if personal rights only were the proper objects of government. But what, I would ask, is life worth, if a man cannot eat in security the bread earned by his own industry? If he is not permitted to transmit to his children the little inheritance, which his affection has destined for their use? What enables us to diffuse education among all the classes of society, but property? Are not our public schools, the distinguishing blessing of our land, sustained by its patronage? I will say no more about the rich and the poor. There is no parallel to be run between them, founded on permanent constitutional distinctions. The rich help the poor, and the poor in turn administer to the rich.

In our country, the highest man is not *above* the people; the humblest is not *below* the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property is thus divided quite as fast as it accumulates. No family can, without its own exertions, stand erect for a long time under our statute of descents and distributions, the only true and legitimate agrarian law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass, heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry.

Property is continually changing, like the waves of the sea. One wave rises and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss, and seen no more. Another rises, and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away, and is succeeded by yet another, which, in its turn, breaks and dies away silently on the shore. The richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child, with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government. And the poor man, while he rocks his infant on his knees, may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possess talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honourable ambition.

CHARACTER OF BLANNERHASSETT.—*Wirt*

LET us now put the case between Burr and Blannerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle the question of precedence between them. Who then is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him.

The evidence would convince you, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities, by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart, is thrown open, and all, who choose it, enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life.

In a short time the whole man is changed, and every

object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubby blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt.

Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn, with restless emulation, at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately 'permitted not the winds of summer to vist too roughly,' we find her shivering at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread before him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory!

Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness, forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy, by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

CLOSE OF MR. WEBSTER'S DEFENCE OF JUDGE PRESCOTT.

MR. PRESIDENT,—The case is closed. The fate of the respondent is in your hands. It is for you now to say, whether, from the law and the facts as they have appeared before you, you will proceed to disgrace and disfranchise him. If your duty calls on you to convict him, convict him, and let justice be done! but I adjure you, let it be a clear, undoubted case. Let it be so for his sake; for you are robbing him of that, for which, with all your high powers, you can yield him no compensation; let it be so for your own sakes; for the responsibility of this day's judgment is one, which you must carry with you through your lives.

For myself, I am willing here to relinquish the character of an advocate, and to express opinions, by which I am willing to be bound, as a citizen of the community. And I say upon my honour and conscience, that I see not how, with the law and constitution for your guides, you can pronounce the respondent guilty. I declare, that I have seen no case of wilful and corrupt official misconduct, set forth according to the requisition of the constitution, and proved according to the common rules of evidence. I see many things imprudent and ill-judged; many things that I could wish had been otherwise; but corruption and crime I do not see.

Sir, the prejudices of the day will soon be forgotten; the passions, if any there be, which have excited or favoured this prosecution, will subside; but the consequence of the judgment, you are about to render, will outlive both them and you. The respondent is now brought, a single, unprotected individual, to this formidable bar of judgment, to stand against the power and authority of the State. I know you can crush him, as he stands before you, and clothed, as you are, with the sovereignty of the State. You have the power, 'to change his countenance, and send him away.'

Nor do I remind you that your judgment is to be rejudged by the community; and, as you have summoned him for trial to this high tribunal, you are soon to descend yourselves from the seats of justice, and stand before the higher tribunal of the world. I would not fail so much in respect to this honourable Court, as to hint that it could pronounce a sentence, which the community will reverse. No, sir, it is not the world's revision, which I would call on you to re-

gard; but that of your own consciences, when years have gone by, and you shall look back on the sentence you are about to render. If you send away the respondent, condemned and sentenced, from your bar, you are yet to meet him in the world, on which you cast him out. You will be called to behold him a disgrace to his family, a sorrow and a shame to his children, a living fountain of grief and agony to himself.

If you shall then be able to behold him only as an unjust judge, whom vengeance has overtaken, and justice has blasted, you will be able to look upon him, not without pity, but yet without remorse. But, if, on the other hand, you shall see, whenever and wherever you meet him, a victim of prejudice or of passion, a sacrifice to a transient excitement; if you shall see in him, a man, for whose condemnation any provision of the constitution has been violated, or any principle of law broken down; then will he be able—humble and low as may be his condition—then will he be able, to turn the current of compassion backward, and to look with pity on those who have been his judges. If you are about to visit this respondent with a judgment which shall blast his house; if the bosoms of the innocent and the amiable are to be made to bleed under your infliction, I beseech you, to be able to state clear and strong grounds for your proceedings.

Prejudice and excitement are transitory, and will pass away. Political expediency, in matters of judicature, is a false and hollow principle, and will never satisfy the conscience of him, who is fearful that he may have given a hasty judgment. I earnestly entreat you, for your own sakes, to possess yourselves of solid reasons, founded in truth and justice, for the judgment you pronounce, which you can carry with you, till you go down into your graves; reasons, which it will require no argument to revive, no sophistry, no excitement, no regard to popular favour, to render satisfactory to your consciences; reasons which you can appeal to, in every crisis of your lives, and which shall be able to assure you, in your own great extremity, that you have not judged a fellow creature without mercy.

Sir, I have done with the case of this individual, and now leave him in your hands. I hold up before him the broad shield of the constitution; if through that he be pierced and fall, he will be but one sufferer, in a common catastrophe.

TYROLESE WAR SONG.—*Anonymous.*

THERE 's a cloud in the sky,
There 's a cloud in the glen;
But the one is of vapour,
The other of men.

We have sworn by the blood
Which Napoleon hath spilt,
With the arm on the altar,
The hand on the hilt—

We have sworn by that God,
Who can keep us, and save us,
To fight for the land
Which our forefathers gave us

We have sworn by our love,
By that spell which hath bound us,
To fight for the maids
And the mountains around us.

We have ta'en our last look—
We have ta'en our last kiss—
But let that hour of anguish
Be paid for in this.

Down, down with the rocks
On the hell-hounds below,
And clear let the horn
Of the Tyrolese blow.

Cut away—cut away,
With the stones and the trees,
And let France long remember
The brave Tyrolese!

And wo be to him,
'Mid the thousands beneath,
Whom the Tyrolese marks
From his mountainous heath.

There 's a spell in his eye,
 There 's a spell in his breath,
 And the sound of his gun
 Is the watchword of death.

Now, now is the time,
 While our standard still waves,
 To show there are some yet,
 Who will not be slaves.

LEONIDAS.—*Croly.*

SHOUT for the mighty men,
 Who died along this shore—
 Who died within this mountain's glen!
 For never nobler chieftain's head
 Was laid on Valour's crimson bed,
 Nor ever prouder gore
 Sprang forth, than their's who won the day
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,
 Who, on the Persian tents,
 Like lions from their midnight den
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,
 Rushed—a storm of sword and spear,—
 Like the roused elements,
 Let loose from an immortal hand,
 To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
 Greece is a hopeless slave.
 LEONIDAS! no hand is near
 To lift thy fiery falchion now;
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.
 The voice that should be raised by men,
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge—
 The tree—the rock—the sand—
 On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
 In sounds that speak but to the free,
 The memory of thine and thee!
 The vision of thy band
 Still gleams within the glorious dell,
 Where their gore hallowed, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
 Mother of men like these!
 Has not thy outcry gone,
 Where justice has an ear to hear?—
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
 Till in thy crimsoned seas
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
 GREECE shall be a new-born Star!



DUKE OF MILAN PLEADING HIS CAUSE BEFORE CHARLES V.

Messinger.

I COME not, Emperor, t' invade thy mercy,
 By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
 Excuses, or denials.

I profess I was thine enemy,
 Thy deadly and vowed enemy; one that wished
 Confusion to thy person and estates;
 And with my utmost powers and deepest counsels,
 Had they been truly followed, furthered it:
 Nor will I now, although my neck were under
 The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
 Confess, but that I honoured the French king
 More than thyself, and all men.

Now, give me leave
 (My hate against thyself, and love to him
 Freely acknowledged) to give up the reasons,
 That made me so affected. In my wants
 I ever found him faithful: had supplies
 Of men and moneys from him: and my hopes,
 Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoyed up again.

He was, indeed, to me as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sowed in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own,
With fair increase; and I still glory in it;
And, though my fortunes (poor compared to his,
And Milan, weighed with France, appear as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt; let it be mentioned,
They served but as small tapers, to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base or unthankful.

If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinioned and fettered, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestalled remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er feared to die,
More than I wished to live. When I had reachèd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt: and witness, truth, that now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I 'm the same:
My veins did not then swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they with fear.—Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepared for either fortune.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.—*Phillips.*

NAPOLEON is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life, in the midst of a Revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity.

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic: and, with a par-ricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—

his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands, simplicity marked their developement, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind;—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution.

Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little, whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsboursgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

MORAL DESOLATION.—*N. E. W. Review.*

WAR may stride over the land with the crushing step of a giant—Pestilence may *steal* over it like an *invisible* curse—reaching its victims silently and unseen—unpeopling here a village and there a city—until every dwelling is a *grave*

chre. Famine may brood over it with a long and weary visitation, until the sky itself is brazen, and the beautiful greenness gives place to a parched desert—a wide waste of unproductive desolation. But these are only physical evils. The wild flower will bloom in peace on the field of battle and above the crushed skeleton.—The destroying angel of the pestilence will retire when his errand is done, and the nation will again breathe freely—and the barrenness of famine will cease at last—the cloud will be prodigal of its hoarded rain—and the wilderness will blossom.

But for moral desolation there is no reviving spring. Let the moral and republican principles of our country be abandoned—our representatives bow in conditional obsequiousness to individual dictation—Let impudence, and intrigue, and corruption triumph over honesty and intellect, and our liberties and strength will depart forever. Of these there can be no resuscitation. The ‘abomination of desolation’ will be fixed and perpetual; and as the mighty fabric of our glory totters into ruins, the nations of the earth will mock us in our overthrow, like the powers of darkness, when the throned one of Babylon became even as themselves—and the ‘glory of the Chaldee’s excellency’ had gone down forever.

CONCLUSION OF MR. EMMET’S SPEECH, IN THE TRIAL OF
WILLIAM S. SMITH.

I COULD wish, before I conclude, to make another observation. This trial has, by some, been considered as a party question, and I understand that my conduct, in the defence of the gentleman indicted, has been talked of, by the weak and ignorant, as something like a dereliction of my professed political principles. I pity such party bigots, and have only to assure them, that no feelings such as they possess, shall ever weaken my zeal for my client. But as to my political principles, they are a subject on which I am too proud to parley, or enter into a vindictory explanation with any man. In me, republicanism is not the result of birth, nor the accidental offspring of family connexions—it is the fruit of feeling and sentiment, of study and reflection, of observation and experience;—it is endeared to me by sufferings

and misfortunes. I see gentlemen on that jury, between whose political principles and mine, there is not a shade of difference—we agree as to the hands, to which we would confide the offices, honours, power and wealth of the republic. I trust we also agree in this, that nothing can be more injurious to the due administration of the law, than that political considerations or party prejudices should be permitted to ascend the bench, or enter into the jury-box. That pollution of justice has given rise to many of those abominations and horrors which have disgraced and desolated Europe. I adjure you, do not mingle the spirit of party with the wholesome medicine of the law; for if you do, most assuredly, sooner or later, even-handed justice will commend the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to your own lips. I entreat you, exercise your prerogatives, and discharge your duty in the spirit of uprightness and mercy—do not suffer the defendant to be sacrificed, as a sin-offering or a peace-offering; and if he is to be made the scape-goat, on which are to be fixed the faults of others, give him, at least, the privilege of escape.

PRINCIPLES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—*Quincy.*

WHEN we speak of the glory of our fathers, we mean not that vulgar renown to be attained by physical strength, nor yet that higher fame to be acquired by intellectual power. Both often exist without lofty thought, or pure intent, or generous purpose. The glory, which we celebrate, was strictly of a moral and religious character; righteous as to its ends; just as to its means. The American Revolution had its origin neither in ambition, nor avarice, nor envy, nor in any gross passion; but in the nature and relation of things, and in the thence resulting necessity of separation from the parent State. Its progress was limited by that necessity. During the struggle, our fathers displayed great strength and great moderation of purpose. In difficult times, they conducted with wisdom; in doubtful times, with firmness; in perilous, with courage;—under oppressive trials, erect; amidst great temptations, unseduced; in the dark hour of danger, fearless; in the bright hour of prosperity, faithful.

It was not the instant feeling and pressure of the arm of despotism that roused them to resist, but the principle on which that arm was extended. They could have paid the stamp-tax, and the tea-tax, and other impositions of the British government, had they been increased a thousand fold. But payment acknowledged the right; and they spurned the consequences of that acknowledgement. In spite of those acts, they could have lived, and happily; and bought, and sold, and got gain, and been at ease. But they would have held those blessings, on the tenure of dependence on a foreign and distant power; at the mercy of a king, or his minions; or of councils, in which they had no voice, and where their interests could not be represented, and were little likely to be heard. They saw that their prosperity in such case would be precarious, their possessions uncertain, their ease inglorious.

But, above all, they realized that those burdens, though light to them, would, to the coming age, to us, their posterity, be heavy, and probably insupportable. Reasoning on the inevitable increase of interested imposition, upon those who are without power and have none to help, they foresaw that, sooner or later, desperate struggles must come. They preferred to meet the trial in their own times, and to make the sacrifices in their own persons. They were willing themselves to endure the toil, and to incur the hazard, that we and our descendants, their posterity, might reap the harvest and enjoy the increase.

Generous men! exalted patriots! immortal statesmen! For this deep moral and social affection, for this elevated self-devotion, this noble purpose, this bold daring, the multiplying myriads of your posterity, as they thicken along the Atlantic coast, from the St. Croix to the Mississippi, as they spread backwards to the lakes, and from the lakes to the mountains, and from the mountains to the western waters, shall, on this day,* annually, in all future time, as we, at this hour, come up to the temple of the Most High, with song, and anthem, and thanksgiving, and choral symphony, and hallelujah; to repeat your names; to look steadfastly on the brightness of your glory; to trace its spreading rays to the points from which they emanate; and to seek, in your character and conduct, a practical illustration of public duty, in every occurring social exigence.

*4th July.

THE PRACTICE OF RELIGION AN UNFAILING SOURCE OF
ENJOYMENT.—*Logan.*

WHATEVER difficulties may have attended your entrance upon the path of the just, they will vanish by degrees: the steepness of the mountain will lessen as you ascend: the path, in which you have been accustomed to walk, will grow more and more beautiful; and the celestial mansions, to which you tend, will brighten with new splendour, the nearer you approach them. In other affairs, continued exertion may occasion lassitude and fatigue. Labour may be carried to such an excess as to debilitate the body. The pursuits of knowledge may be carried so far as to impair the mind: but neither the organs of the body, nor the faculties of the soul, can be endangered by the practice of religion. On the contrary, this practice strengthens the powers of action. Adding virtue to virtue, is adding strength to strength; and the greater acquisition we make, we are enabled to make still greater.

How pleasant will it be, to mark the soul, thus moving forward in the brightness of its course! In the spring, who does not love to mark the progress of nature: the flower unfolding into beauty, the fruit coming forward to maturity, the fields advancing to the pride of harvest, and the months revolving into the perfect year? Who does not love, in the human species, to observe the progress to maturity: the infant by degrees growing up to man; the young idea beginning to shoot, and the embryo-character beginning to unfold?

But if these things affect us with delight; if the prospect of external nature in its progress, if the flower unfolding into beauty, if the fruit coming forward to maturity, if the infant by degrees growing up to man, and the embryo character beginning to unfold, affect us with pleasurable sensations, how much greater delight will it afford, to observe the progress of this new creation, the growth of the soul in the graces of the divine life, good resolutions ripening into good actions, good actions leading to confirmed habits of virtue, and the new nature advancing from the first lineaments of virtue, to the full beauty of holiness!

These are pleasures that time will not take away. While animal spirits fail, and joys, which depend upon the liveli-

ness of the passion, decline with years, the solid comforts of a holy life, the delights of virtue and a good conscience, will be a new source of happiness in old age, and have a charm for the end of life.

As the stream flows pleasantest when it approaches the ocean; as the flowers send up their sweetest odours at the close of the day; as the sun appears with greatest beauty in his going down; so at the end of his career, the virtues and graces of a good man's life, come before him with the most blessed remembrance, and impart a joy which he never felt before. Over all the moments of life, religion scatters her favours, but reserves her best, her choicest, her divinest blessings for the last hour.

PATRIOTIC EXHORTATION.

Conclusion of a Sermon by the Rev. R. HALL, delivered before the Volunteers of Bristol, in prospect of Invasion from France.

THE inundation of lawless power, after covering the rest of Europe, threatens England; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture, where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylæ of the universe.

As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine, (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct, at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, where is it ever to emerge, in the midst of that thick night that will invest it.

It remains with you then to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius,

the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence: the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall yet survive, or perish forever.

But you have decided. With such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world.

Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over your enterprise her selectest influence.

While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit: and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms.

My brethren, I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose.

Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals; your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth on the throne, and liveth forever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert her cause, which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—*Welfs.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our Hero was buried.

We buried him darkly; at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow—

We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
That the foe would be rioting over his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,
And we heard, by the distant random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing—

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him—alone with his glory.

THE STAR.—*Read.*

How brilliant on the Ethiop brow of Night
Burns yon fixed star, whose intermitting rays,
Like woman's changeful eye, now shun our gaze,
And now break forth in all the life of light!
Far fount of beams! thou scarce art to the sight,
In size, a spangle on the Tyrian stole
Of Majesty, 'mid hosts more mildly bright,
Although of worlds the centre and the soul!
Sure, 't was a thing for angels to have seen,
When God did hang those lustres through the sky;
And Darkness, turning pallid, sought to screen
With dusky wing her dazed and haggared eye;—
But 't was in vain—for, pierced with light, she died;
And now her timid ghost dares only brood
O'er planets in their midnight solitude,
Doomed all the day in ocean's caves to hide.
Thou burning axle of a mighty wheel!
Dost thou afflict the beings of thy ray
With feelings such as we on earth must feel—
Pride, passion, envy, hatred, agony?
Doth any weep o'er blighted hope? or curse
That hour thy light first ushered them to life?
Or malice, keener than the assassin's knife,
Stab in the dark? or hollow friendship, worse,
Skilled round the heart with viper coil to wind,
Forsake, and leave his sleepless sting behind?
No! if I deemed it, I should cease to look
Beyond the scene where thousands know such ills;
Nor longer read that brightly-lettered book,
Which heaven unfolds, whose page of beauty fills
The breast with hope of an immortal lot,
When tears are dried, and injuries forgot.
Oh, then the soul, no longer earthward weighed,
Shall soar tow'rds heaven on exulting wing.
Among the joys past Fancy's picturing,
It may be one to scan, through space displayed,
Those wondrous works our blindness now debars—
The awful secrets written in the stars.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, BEFORE THE,
BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.—*Pierpont.*

STAND! the ground 's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
What 's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they 're afire!
 And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:—
But, O, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

'But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind
was contrary.'—Matthew xiv. 24.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
 And baffled in their skill—
 But one was there, who rose, and said
 To the wild sea, 'Be still!'

And the wind ceased—it ceased! that word
 Passed through the gloomy sky;
 The troubled billows knew the Lord,
 And sank beneath his eye.

And slumbers settled on the deep,
 And silence on the blast,
 As when the righteous fall asleep,
 When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou, that didst ~~rule~~ the angry hour,
 And tame the tempest's mood—
 Oh! send the spirit forth in power,
 O'er our dark soul to brood.

Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,
 Thy mandates to fulfil—
 Speak, speak, to passion's raging tide,
 Speak, and say—'Peace, be still!'



HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH TAXES.—*Ed. Review.*

PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory;—TAXES—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value, that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the

rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The school-boy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that he has paid 15 per cent.—flings himself back upon his chintz-bed which has paid 22 per cent.—makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums, will make the Government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers, of the meanest and most odious description;—while the prodigious patronage, which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of Government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist.



THE RIGHT OF DISCOVERY.—*Irving.*

THE first source of right, by which property is acquired in a country, is DISCOVERY. For as all mankind have an equal right to anything, which has never before been appropriated, so any nation, that discovers an uninhabited country and takes possession thereof, is considered as enjoying full property, and absolute, unquestionable empire therein.

This proposition being admitted, it follows clearly, that the Europeans who first visited America, were the real discoverers of the same; nothing being necessary to the establishment of this fact, but simply to prove that it was

totally uninhabited by man. This would at first appear to be a point of some difficulty, for it is well known, that this quarter of the world abounded with certain animals, that walked erect on two feet, had something of the human countenance, uttered certain unintelligible sounds, very much like language; in short, had a marvellous resemblance to human beings.

But the zealous and enlightened fathers, who accompanied the discoverers, for the purpose of promoting the kingdom of heaven, by establishing fat monasteries and bishoprics on earth, soon cleared up this point, greatly to the satisfaction of his holiness the Pope, and of all Christian voyagers and discoverers.

They plainly proved, and as there were no Indian writers arose on the other side, the fact was considered as fully admitted and established, that the two-legged race of animals before mentioned were mere cannibals, detestable monsters, and many of them giants—which last description of vagrants have, since the time of Gog, Magog, and Goliath, been considered as outlaws, and have received no quarter in either history, chivalry or song. Indeed, even the philosophic Bacon declared the Americans to be people proscribed by the laws of nature, inasmuch as they had a barbarous custom of sacrificing men, and feeding upon man's flesh.

But the benevolent fathers, who had undertaken to turn these unhappy savages into dumb beasts by dint of argument, advanced still stronger proofs; for as certain divines of the sixteenth century, and among the rest, Lullus, affirm—the Americans go naked, and have no beards!—‘They have nothing,’ says Lullus, ‘of the reasonable animal, except the mask.’—And even that mask was allowed to avail them but little; for it was soon found that they were of a hideous copper complexion—and being of a copper complexion, it was all the same as if they were negroes—and negroes are black, ‘and black,’ said the pious fathers, devoutly crossing themselves, ‘is the colour of the Devil!’ Therefore, so far from being able to own property, they had no right even to personal freedom—for liberty is too radiant a deity to inhabit such gloomy temples. All which circumstance plainly convinced the righteous followers of Cortes and Pizarro, that these miscreants had no title to the soil that they infested—that they were a perverse, illiterate, dumb, beardless, black seed—mere wild beasts of the forests, and like them should either be subdued or exterminated.

THE RIGHT OF CULTIVATION.—*Irving.*

THE right of discovery being fully established, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by *cultivation*. The cultivation of the soil, we are told, is an obligation imposed by nature on mankind. The whole world is appointed for the nourishment of its inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing it, was it uncultivated. Every nation is then obliged, by the law of nature, to cultivate the ground that has fallen to its share. Those people, like the ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, having fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose to live by rapine, are wanting to themselves, and *deserve to be exterminated, as savages and pernicious beasts.*

Now it is notorious, that the savages knew nothing of agriculture, when first discovered by the Europeans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unrighteous life,—rambling from place to place, and prodigally rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nature, without tasking her generosity to yield them anything more; whereas it has been most unquestionably shown, that Heaven intended the earth should be ploughed and sown, and manured, and laid out into cities, and towns, and farms, and country seats, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which the Indians knew nothing about,—therefore, they did not improve the talents Providence had bestowed on them,—therefore, they were careless stewards,—therefore, they had no right to the soil;—therefore, they deserved to be exterminated.

It is true, the savages might plead that they drew all the benefits from the land, which their simple wants required—they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furnished a sufficient variety for their frugal repasts;—and that, as Heaven merely designed the earth to form the abode, and satisfy the wants of man, so long as those purposes were answered, the will of Heaven was accomplished.—But this only proves how undeserving they were of the blessings around them;—they were so much the more savages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in some degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority both in the number and magnitude of his desires, that distinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore, the Indians, in not having more

wants, were very unreasonable animals; and it was but just that they should make way for the Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one; and, therefore, would turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfil the will of Heaven.

Besides—Grotius and Lauterbach, and Puffendorff, and Titus, and many wise men beside, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it;—nothing but precise demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can establish the possession. Now, as the savages (probably from never having read the authors above quoted) had never complied with any of these necessary forms, it plainly followed that they had no right to the soil, but that it was completely at the disposal of the first comers, who had more knowledge, more wants, and more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires than themselves.

In entering upon a newly-discovered, uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property;—therefore, in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of Nature, and counteracting the will of Heaven,—therefore, they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case,—therefore, they were hardened offenders against God and man,—therefore, they ought to be exterminated.

SPECTACLES.—*Byron.*

A CERTAIN artist, I've forgot his name,
Had got for making Spectacles a fame,
Or 'Helps to Read'—as, when they first were sold,
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed, by readers, to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day—
Are you the spectacle Contriver, pray?
Yes, sir, said he, I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair.
Can you? pray do then.—So, at first, he chose

To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
 And book produced, to see how they would fit:
 Asked how he liked 'em?—Like 'em—Not a bit—
 Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
 These in my hand will better suit your eye—
 No, but they do n't—Well, come, sir, if you please,
 Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these;
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter:
 Now, sir?—Why now—I'm not a bit the better—
 No! here, take these that magnify still more;
 How do they fit?—like all the rest before.
 In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
 But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
 The Operator, much surprised to find
 So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind;
 What sort of eyes can you have got? said he.
 Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see;
 Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
 Pray, let me ask you—Can you read at all?
 No, you great Blockhead; if I could, what need
 Of paying you for any Helps to Read?
 And so he left the maker, in a heat,
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his strong hold with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. 'And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed,' says the ancient chronicle, "'Oh! God, is the count of Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him, whom you have so long desired to see."']—The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark, as to Bernardo's future history after this event.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart
 of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
 'I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh! break my
 father's chain.'

'Rise, rise! e'en now thy father comes, a ransomed man
this day;

Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his
way.'—

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy
speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glitter-
ing band,

With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the
land;

—'Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth,
is he,

The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long
to see.'

His dark eye flashed,—his proud breast heaved,—his
cheek's hue came and went,—

He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there
dismounting bent,

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?—

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his
like lead—

He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the
dead—

A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed
and white—

He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—but who could
paint that gaze?

They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and
amaze—

They might have chained him, as before that stony form he
stood,

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip
the blood.

'Father!' at length he murmured low—and wept like
childhood then—

Talk not of grief, till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
men!—

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young
renown—

He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat
down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly
mournful brow,

‘No more, there is no more,’ he said, ‘to lift the sword
for now—

My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh! the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth.’

‘I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside
thee yet—

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain’s free soil
had met—

Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my
fields were won,

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst
no son!’

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the
monarch’s rein,

Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier-train;
And with a fierce, o’ermastering grasp the rearing war-
horse led,

And sternly set them face to face—the king before the
dead—

‘Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father’s hand to kiss?
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what
is this?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer,
where are they?

—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through
this cold clay.’

‘Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down
thine ire—

Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my
sire—

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood
was shed—

Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on
thy head!’

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell—upon the silent
face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from
that sad place—

His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial
strain—

His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of
Spain.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.—*Shakespeare.*

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

Brak. WHY looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,—
And in my company my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh! Heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood,
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthened after life;
O then began the tempest of my soul:
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud——'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel; with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud——
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!'——
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, waked; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. I pray thee, Brakenbury, stay by me:
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

SOLILOQUY OF WALLENSTEIN.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

THERE 's no return! My innocence is gone!
 Myself have reared the wall by mine own works,
 That towers behind insuperably high,
 And bars return forever. Had I been
 The traitor I am deemed, I should have smoothed
 My tell-tale features to a lying smile—
 I should have stilled the throbs of indignation,
 And stifled my complaints; but, in the pride
 And fearlessness of firm, though tried allegiance—
 Knowing my heart, though murmuring, nurtured not
 Evil or base design—I laid it bare,
 And gave my feelings vent. Now—that the line
 Is fatally, irrevocably past—
 Each little word or look, each threat by wrong
 Provoked, each bold out-break of thought or feeling,
 Which very truth, and conscious innocence
 Did prompt—all, all rise up against me—all
 Must seem the links of some dark, grasping scheme
 By years of treacherous ambition wrought:—
 And from the tongues of mine own countrymen,—
 Tongues, that were wont to bless and honour me—
 Curses, both loud and deep, peal on mine ear;
 Before which, I must needs be dumb.
 Ah! wo to him, that tramples, in his course,
 The loved and honoured heirlooms of his fathers!
 There is a consecrating power in time;
 And what is gray with years, to man is godlike.
 With ancient and anointed majesty
 I've striven. I've wrenched the bonds strong custom wreathes
 About the hearts of men—and in their hearts
 I've reared a foe, that ever fights against me.
 Thy Country's love is lost—and that—the force
 Which called thee Lord, enflamed thy pride, seduced
 Thy fancy, blinded reason—till, by the aid
 Of treacherous confidants, and watchful foes,
 Thou'rt come to this,—thine army, Wallenstein!—
 Deserted thee, when thou deserted'st duty.
 Thy Prince—Prince!—Am I not a rebel, traitor?—
 Thy friend—Gone, gone!—Wretch, died he not for thee?

Dug not thy guilt his early grave?—Alas!
 The flower hath faded from my way of life,
 And now I tread a cold and hueless track.—
 Methinks I stand alone. Now, soul,
 Put forth thy might! As thou wert glorious
 In good, be dread in evil! Let the Archangel
 Make no ignoble fiend! Still lives, untamed
 Within my veins, the spirit of my youth,
 Still urging onward o'er the waves of life;—
 Still is my Goddess, Hope. Whate'er henceforth
 My hands may master, I may proudly say,
 Fortune, I owe thee nought! all she e'er gave
 She hath reta'en. What can he owe, or whom,
 Whose all is in himself? Oh 't is a grand,
 Inspiring thought—all obligations cancelled,
 All fetters broke—to feel on equal terms
 With fate!—to feel each onward step a triumph
 Unmixed, of will, of mind—the God within!
 Yet though no longer debtor—I will not
 Proye an ungrateful favourite—O! no—
 Fortune, I blame thee not. Thou hast ta'en thine own—
 Who calls thee false? To me thou hast been true.
 High o'er the vulgar paths of men—high up
 The steps of life, thy godlike arm of love
 Hath borne me on. And yet again—though sunk,
 To the dim eye of common men, full low—
 Yet, yet again, on this my fortune's ebb,
 A spring tide flood shall follow!

THE HIGHLANDER TO HIS SON.—*Scott.*

KENNETH, said the old outlaw, hear the last words of the sire of thy father. A Saxon soldier, and Allan of the Red-hand, left this camp within these few hours, to travel to the country of Caber-foe. Pursue them as the blood-hound pursues the hurt deer—swim the lake—climb the mountain—thread the forest—tarry not until you join them.

They will ask thee news from the camp—say to them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered to be the daughter of Duncan of Ardenvoehr; that the thane of Menteith is

to wed her before the priest; and that you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like the lightning when the black cloud swallows it. And now depart, beloved son of my best beloved! I shall never more see thy face, nor hear the light sound of thy footstep—yet tarry an instant, and hear my last charge—remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient manners of the Children of the Mist.

We are now a straggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan, who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood, and drew the water to ours. But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Erecht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not, neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor the couch of down—on the rock or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in leafy summer or in the days of the iron winter—Son of the Mist! be as free as thy forefathers.

Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain;—let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons and of the Gael who are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. Well for us that they do so—it affords the broader scope for our revenge. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a Mac Ian shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Glencoe and Ardnamurchan, we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by.

The sons of Diarmid—the race of Darnlinvarach—the riders of Menteith—my curse on thy head, Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off! and it will come anon, for their own swords shall devour each other, and those who are scattered shall fly to the Mist, and perish by its children. Once more begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or for war—Farewell, beloved! and mayst thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age shall break thy spirit—begone, begone!—live free—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy race.

DEATH OF KING PHILIP.—*Irving.*

It is said that when the Indian Chieftain, King Philip, had long borne up against a series of miseries and misfortunes, the treachery of his followers reduced him to utter despondency. The spring of hope was broken—the ardour of enterprise was extinguished: he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance. With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. He wandered, like a spectre among the scenes of former power and prosperity, bereft of home, of family, and friend.

Even at his last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death a follower who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim escaped, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately despatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such was the fate of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonoured when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory.

We find, that amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his beloved wife and only son is mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery: the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all farther comfort. He was a patriot, attached to his native soil—a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant at their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untameable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

ADDRESS OF A SWISS DEPUTY TO CHARLES, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Scott.

MY LORD,—A schedule in your Highness's hands, has stated the sense of many injuries, received at the hand of your Highness's officers, and those of Romont, Count of Savoy, your strict ally and adviser: we have a right to suppose, he has your Highness's countenance. For Count Romont—he has already felt with whom he has to contend: but we have as yet taken no measures to avenge injuries, affronts, interruptions to our commerce, from those who have availed themselves of your Highness's authority, to inter-

cept our countrymen, spoil our goods, impress their persons, and even in some instances take their lives.

The affray at La Ferette—(I can vouch for what I saw) had no origin or abettance from us: nevertheless, it is impossible an independent nation can suffer the repetition of such injuries; and free and independent we are determined to remain, or to die in defence of our rights.

What then must follow, unless your Highness listens to the terms, which I am commissioned to offer? War—a war to extermination: for, so long as one of our confederacy can wield a halbert, so long, if this fatal strife once commences, there will be war between your powerful realms, and our poor and barren states.

And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife? Is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of your Highness's household troops, than can be found in the public treasures or private hoards of our whole confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honour to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands,—by men clad in mail over half-armed husbandmen and shepherds. Of such conquest small were the glory.

But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers,—if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse armed party, I leave it with your Highness to judge, what would, in that event, be the diminution of worship and fame.

Is it extent of vassalage and dominion your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbours? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Ay, men, women, and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master

EXTRACT FROM MR. ERSKINE'S DEFENCE OF MR. STOCKDALE.

THE unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the east would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military powers, had not united their efforts to support an authority which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it: I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man, and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations, submitting to our authority.

I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince, surrounded by his subjects, addressing the government of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of the English adventurer, 'Who is it that causes that river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself in the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shades of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being, who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.

These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control, where it is vain to look for affection.

TO THE EAGLE.—*Percival.*

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields—the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea;
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air!
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.

Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
'O'er the dark mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

'But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore;
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

'And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong,

And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field and lake and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory.'

CASABIANCA.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile,) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—' Say, father, say
If yet my task is done? '
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

' Speak, father! ' once again he cried,
' If I may yet be gone! '—
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair—

And shouted but once more aloud,
‘My father! must I stay?’
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where is he?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strow the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perish’d there,
Was that young and faithful heart.

REGULUS.—*Dale.*

URGE me no more—your prayers are vain,
And even the tears ye shed:
When I can lead to Rome again,
The bands that once I led;
When I can raise your legion’s slain
On swarthy Lybia’s fatal plain,
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will I seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman’s voice in Rome!

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death,
And felt the coward conqueror’s yoke
Like venom’d serpents wreath
Round every limb;—if *lip* and *eye*
Betrayed no sign of agony,
Inly I cursed my breath—
Wherefore of all that fought, was I
The only wretch who could not die?

To darkness and to chains consigned,
The captive's fighting doom,
I recked not;—could they chain the *mind*,
Or plunge the *soul* in gloom?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiár grown;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth—I thought, to die—
Oh! in that thought was ecstasy!

But no—kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a conquered slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,
Or feel but in the grave.
They deemed perchance my haughtier mood
Was *quelled* by chains and solitude;
That he who *once* was brave—
Was I *not* brave—had now become
Estranged from Honour, as from Rome.

They bade me to my country bear
The offers these have borne;—
They would have trained my lips to swear,
Which never yet have sworn.
Silent their base commands I heard,
At length, I pledged a Roman's word
Unshrinking to return.
I go—prepared to meet the worst,
But I shall gall proud Carthage first.

They sue for peace,—I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear,
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War, ceaseless war, declare.
Fools as they were, could not mine eye,
Through their dissembled calmness, spy
The struggles of despair?
Else had they sent *this wasted* frame,
To bribe you to your country's shame?

Your land—(I must not call it mine;
No country has the slave;
His father's name he must resign,
And even his father's grave—

But this not now)—beneath her lies
 Proud Carthage and her destinies:
Her empire o'er the wave
 Is yours; she knows it well—and you,
 Shall know, and make *her* feel it too.

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
 Of coward hearts, on me;
 Ye know no longer it is hers,
 The empire of the sea—
 Ye *know* her fleets are far and few,
 Her bands, a *mercenary* crew;
 And Rome, the bold and free,
 Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
 Despite your weak and wasted powers.

One path alone remains for me;—
 My vows were heard on high;
Thy triumphs, Rome, *I* shall not see,
 For I return to die.
 Then tell *me* not of hope or life;
 I have in Rome no chaste fond wife,
 No smiling progeny;
 One word concentrates for the slave—
 Wife, children; country, *all*—THE GRAVE.

PITT ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN 1775.

WHEN your lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my lords, has been my favourite study; and, in the celebrated writings of antiquity, have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome; but, my lords, I must declare and avow, that, in the master states of the world I know not the people, nor the senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia.

I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must

be futile. Can such a national, principled union be resisted by the tricks of office or ministerial manœuvres? Heaping papers on your table, or counting your majorities on a division, will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It must arrive, my lords, unless these fatal acts are done away: it must arrive in all its horrors; and then these boastful ministers, in spite of all their confidence and all their manœuvres, shall be compelled to hide their heads.

But it is not repealing this or that act of parliament; it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom: you must repeal her fears and resentments, and then you may hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force, irritated with an hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you could force them, would be suspicious and insecure. But it is more than evident that you cannot force them to your unworthy terms of submission: it is impossible; we ourselves shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must.

I repeat it, my lords, we shall one day be forced to undo these violent acts of oppression: they must be repealed; you will repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them: I stake my reputation on it: I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not repealed. Avoid then this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and to happiness. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power: it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of man, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in the present ruinous measures: foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread—France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may. To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say, that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from the crown; but I affirm, they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the king is betrayed, but I will pronounce, that the kingdom is undone.

PROPERTY AN ELEMENT OF SOCIETY.

Extract from a Speech of Mr. Upshur in the Convention of Virginia.

THE question before us, is not whether a majority shall rule in the Legislature, but, of *what elements that majority shall be composed*. If the interests of the several parts of the Commonwealth were identical, it would be, we admit, safe and proper that a majority of *persons only* should give the rule of political power. But our interests are not identical, and the difference between us arises from property alone. We therefore contend that property ought to be considered, in fixing the basis of representation.

What, sir, are the constituent elements of society? *Persons and property*. What are the subjects of legislation? *Persons and property*. Was there ever a society seen on earth, which consisted only of men, women and children? The very idea of society, carries with it the idea of property, as its necessary and inseparable attendant. History cannot show any form of the social compact, at any time, or in any place, into which property did not enter as a constituent element, nor one in which that element did not enjoy protection in a greater or less degree. Nor was there ever a society in which the protection once extended to property, was afterwards withdrawn, which did not fall an easy prey to violence and disorder. Society cannot exist without property; it constitutes the full half of its being.

Take away all protection from property, and our next business is to cut each other's throats. All experience proves this. The safety of men depends on the safety of property; the rights of persons must mingle in the ruin of the rights of property. And shall it not then be protected? Sir, your government cannot move an inch without property. Are you to have no political head? No Legislature to make laws? no Judiciary to interpret them? no Executive to enforce them? And if you are to have all these departments, will they render their services out of mere grace and favour, and for the honour and glory of the thing? Not in these money-loving days, depend on it. If we would find patriotism thus disinterested, we must indeed go back to a period prior to Bible history.

And what are the subjects upon which the law-making power is called to act? *Persons and property*. To these

two subjects, and not to one of them alone, is the business of legislation confined. And of these two, it may be fairly asserted that property is not only of *equal*, but even of *more* importance. The laws which relate to our personal actions, with reference to the body politic; which prescribe the duties which we owe to the public, or define and punish crime, are comparatively few in number, and simple in their provisions. And one half of these few, find their best sanctions in public opinion. But the ramifications of the rights of property are infinite. Volume upon volume, which few of us, I fear, are able to understand, are required to contain even the leading principles relating to them; and yet new relations are every day arising, which require continual interpositions of the legislative power.

If, then, sir, property is thus necessary to the very being of society; thus indispensable to every movement of government; if it be that subject upon which government chiefly acts; is it not, I would ask, entitled to such protection as shall be above all suspicion, and free from every hazard?

NECESSITY OF PROTECTING PROPERTY.

Second Extract from the same Speech.

GENTLEMEN have admitted the principle, that property must be protected, and protected in the very form now proposed; they are obliged to admit it. It would be a wild and impracticable scheme of government, which did not admit it. Among all the various and numerous propositions lying upon your table, is there one which goes the length of proposing *universal suffrage*? There is none. Yet this subject is in direct connexion with that. Why do you not admit a pauper to vote? He is a person: he counts one in your numerical majority. In rights strictly personal, he has as much interest in the government as any other citizen. He is liable to commit the same offences, and to become exposed to the same punishments as the rich man. Why, then, shall he not vote?

Because, thereby, he would receive an influence over property; and all who own it, feel it to be unsafe, to put the power of controlling it into the hands of those who are not

the owners. If you go on population alone, as the basis of representation, you will be obliged to go the length of giving the elective franchise to every human being over twenty-one years,—yes, and under twenty-one years,—on whom your penal laws take effect; an experiment, which has met with nothing but utter and disastrous failure, wherever it has been tried. No, Mr. Chairman, let us be consistent; let us openly acknowledge the truth; let us boldly take the bull by the horns, and incorporate this influence of property as a leading principle in our Constitution. We cannot be otherwise consistent with ourselves.

I was surprised to hear the assertion made by gentlemen on the other side, that property can protect itself. What is the meaning of such a proposition? Is there anything in property, to exert this self-protecting influence, but the political power which always attends it? Is there anything in mere property alone, in itself considered, to exert any such influence? Can a bag of golden guineas, if placed upon that table, protect itself? Can it protect its owner? I do not know what magic power the gentlemen allude to. If it is to have no influence in the government, what and where is its power to protect itself? Perhaps the power to buy off violence; to buy off the barbarian who comes to lay it waste by a reward, which will but invite a double swarm of barbarians to return next year. Is this one of the modes alluded to? This, I am well assured, never entered into the clear mind of the very intelligent gentleman from Frederick.

How else, then, may property be expected to protect itself? It may be answered, by the influence which it gives to its owner. But in what channels is that influence exerted? It is the influence which prevents the poor debtor from going against the will of his creditor; which forbids the dependent poor man from exerting anything like *independence*, either in conduct or opinion; an influence which appeals to avarice on both sides, and depends for its effect on rousing the worst and basest of passions, and destroying all freedom of will, all independence of opinion.

Is it desirable to establish such an influence as this? an influence which marches to power through the direct road to the worst, and most monstrous of aristocracies,—the aristocracy of the purse? an influence which derives its effect from the corruption of all principle, the blinding of the judgment, and the prostration of all moral feeling? and

whose power is built on that form of aristocracy, most of all to be dreaded in a free government? The gentleman appeals to fact, and says that property always *has* protected itself, under every form of government. The fact is not admitted. Property never has protected itself long, except by the power which it possessed in the government.

ENTERPRISE OF NEW ENGLAND COLONISTS.—*Burke.*

As to the wealth, Mr. Speaker, which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet, the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery.

Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis's Straits;—whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry.

Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know, that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent, to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are

still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

EXTRACT FROM MR. CANNING'S SPEECH AT PLYMOUTH.

GENTLEMEN, the end, which I confess I have always had in view, and which appears to me the legitimate object of pursuit to a British statesman, I can describe in one word. The language of modern philosophy is wisely and diffusively benevolent; it professes the perfection of our species, and the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. I hope that my heart beats as high for the general interest of humanity—I hope that I have as friendly a disposition towards other nations of the earth, as any one who vaunts his philanthropy most highly; but I am contented to confess, that in the conduct of political affairs, the grand object of my contemplation is the *interest of England*.

Not, that the interest of England is an interest which stands isolated and alone. The situation which she holds forbids an exclusive selfishness; her prosperity must contribute to the prosperity of other nations, and her stability to the safety of the world. But intimately connected as we are with the system of Europe, it does not follow, that we are therefore called upon to mix ourselves, on every occasion, with a restless and meddling activity, in the concerns of the nations which surround us.

Our ultimate object must be the peace of the world. That object may sometimes be best attained by prompt exertions—sometimes by abstinence from interposition in con-

tests which we cannot prevent. It is upon these principles, that it did not appear to the government of this country to be necessary, that Great Britain should mingle in the recent contest between France and Spain.

There were some, who would have rushed forward at once from the sense of indignation at aggression, and who deemed that no act of injustice could be perpetrated, from one end of the universe to the other, but that the sword of Great Britain should leap from its scabbard to avenge it. But is there any one who continues to doubt whether the government did wisely, in declining to obey the precipitate enthusiasm which prevailed at the commencement of the contest in Spain? Is there any man that does not now see what would have been the extent of burdens, that would have been cast upon this country? Is there any one who does not acknowledge that, under such circumstances, the enterprise would have been one, to be characterized only, by a term borrowed from that part of the Spanish literature with which we are most familiar,—*Quixotic*; an enterprise, romantic in its origin, and thankless in the end?

But while we thus control our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace, because we are unprepared for war. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity, in which I have seen those mighty war-ships, that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness,—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines, when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while, apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.

But God forbid that that occasion should arise! After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century,—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged, at times, against her, or at her side,—England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction.

DIONYSIUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Murphy*

Ye brave associates, who so oft have shared
 Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
 My fellow warriors, what no god would promise,
 Fortune has given us. In his dark embrace,
 Lo! sleep envelopes the whole Grecian camp.
 Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
 Freebooters, roving in pursuit of prey,
 Success, by war or covert stratagem,
 Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
 What need of words? The generous call of freedom,
 Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
 All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
 Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.
 Follow the impulsive ardour; follow me,
 Your king, your leader: in the friendly gloom
 Of night assault their camp: your country's love
 And fame eternal shall attend the men,
 Who marched through blood and horror, to redeem
 From the invader's power, their native land.—
 Unnumbered torches blazing all at once,
 Shall be the signal of the deathful charge.

Then, oh! my friends,
 On every side let the wild uproar loose:
 Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
 Unsparing, unrelenting; drench your swords
 In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

ZANGA'S REASONS FOR HATING ALONZO.—*Young*.

'T is twice five years since that great man
 (Great let me call him, for he conquered me,)
 Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
 He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
 While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge;
 I then was young; he placed me near his person,
 And thought me not dishonoured by his service.

One day, (may that returning day be night,
 The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!)
 For something, or for nothing, in his pride
 He struck me: (while I tell it, do I live?)
 He smote me on the cheek!—I did not stab him:
 That were poor revenge.—E'er since, his folly
 Has striven to bury it beneath a heap
 Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot:
 Insolent thought, and like a second blow!
 Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
 When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
 By nightly march he purposed to surprise
 The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
 They shall be ready to receive his favour.
 Failing in this, (a cast of utmost moment,)
 Would darken all the conquests he has won.—
 Be propitious, O Mahomet, on this important hour;
 And give, at length, my famished soul revenge!

DIALOGUE.

KING HENRY IV., NORTHUMBERLAND, AND HOTSPUR.—*Shakespeare*

King Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 As you have found me: for accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

North. My good lord,
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
 As was delivered to your Majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners:
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
 Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home.
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose! and still he smiled, and talked;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holyday and lady terms
 He questioned me: amongst the rest demanded
 My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
 I, then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered negligently, I know not what—
 He should, or should not—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (Heaven save the
 mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good, tall fellow has destroyed
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile gums,
 He would himself have been a soldier.—
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered, indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

North. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then hath said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight .
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, old Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,—
But by the chance of war:—to prove that true,
Needs but one tongue; for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of sweet Severn's flood;
Who, then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy; thou dost
believe him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer;

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me,
As will displease you—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
—Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[Exit K. H.]

Hot. I will not send them—I will after straight,
And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? Stay and pause
awhile.

Hot. Not speak of Mortimer!
Yes I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop, i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air, as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll halloo Mortimer!
Nay, I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

North. My son, farewell—no further go in this,
Than I by letter shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Hot. Father, adieu! O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport.

SPEECH OF LORD CAVENDISH ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

You see one half the empire lost, the other discontented and tottering; a kingdom of late the most prosperous, now sinking under every misfortune; a nation once renowned for its virtues, now contaminated with corruption; and arrived, in the train of every vice, losses, discomfiture and shame. The Americans are charged with planning independency; certainly it is not the merit of England, that they have not yet adopted such a resolution; for the ministers have neglected no possible violence to compel them to it. They are charged with dissimulation; but they have constantly affirmed, that the terms of reconciliation were those of returning to the state of things existing in 1763.

You are desired to send against them numerous armies and formidable fleets; but they are at home surrounded by friends, and abounding in all things. The English are at an immense distance, stinted in the means of subsistence; having for enemies, climate, winds, and men. And what wealth, what treasures, will not be necessary to subsist your troops in those distant countries! Impenetrable forests, inaccessible mountains, will serve the Americans in case of disaster, as so many retreats and fortresses, whence they will rush forth upon you anew. You will, therefore, be under a constant necessity to conquer or die; or what is worse than death, to fly ignominiously to your ships.

The Americans will avail themselves of the knowledge of places, which they only have, to harass the British troops, to intercept the ways, to cut off supplies, to surprise outposts, to exhaust, to consume, to temporise and prolong, at will, the duration of the war. Imagine not that they will expose themselves to the hazard of battles; they will vanquish us by dint of fatigue, placed, as we shall be, at a distance of three thousand miles from our country. It will be easy for them, impossible for us, to receive continual reinforcements. They will know how to use the occasion of their temporary superiority to strike decisive blows; the tardy succours that may arrive to us by the Atlantic, will not prevent our reverses; they will learn, in our school, the use of arms and the art of war; they will eventually give their masters fatal proofs of their proficiency.

But let victory be supposed: can there be any doubt that it will be sanguinary, that its results will be lands laid waste, towns desolated by fire, subjects envenomed by implacable hatred, the prosperity of commerce annihilated, and reciprocal distrusts always ready to rekindle war. Long have standing armies been considered as dangerous to liberty; but the protracted and difficult war, which you are about to engage in, will enormously increase these armies. Is it to dissipate our fears on this point, that ministers subsidize these bands of Germans, an excellent race assuredly, but admirably adapted to serve the purposes of the fautors of despotism?

I have supposed that we shall be victorious: let us now suppose we should be beaten. Who will restore our treasures exhausted, our commerce annihilated, the spirit of our troops extinguished, our national glory, first source of public virtue, unworthily eclipsed? Who will efface the stigma branded upon the British name? In our reverses we shall not have the consolation of having acted with maturity of reflection, or that of having been taken unawares.

The quarrel of America will soon become the quarrel of Europe; and if our country perish not therein, it must be attributed rather to its happy star, than to the wisdom of those who govern it. Such is the importance, such are the consequences of the subject, that I cannot but deem it an incomprehensible fact, to see the passions allowed full scope on every side, instead of that calm, which ought to preside in the consideration of our melancholy situation, and in the investigation of the most prompt, the most efficacious, and the most expedient remedies.

Let us, therefore, unite in praying, in conjuring his Majesty to suspend the effects of his anger, and to prevent the running with such precipitation, to shed English blood by English hands. Rather let it be studied to calm and conciliate minds, to search out the causes of our discords, to discover the means which may enable us to rejoin the lacerated parts of the British empire. Let us labour to restore to the government its majesty, to the laws the obedience which is their due, to the parliament its legitimate authority, and to the British people the tranquillity and happiness of which they are so eminently worthy.

INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE AND DIVINE REVELATION.—*Wayland.*

Of all the books, with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small, which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many an one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamant basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced, through successive centuries, on the history of our species.

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the *Iliad* of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by this incomparable effort of a single mind! Who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song! Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendour of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages.

It was Homer, who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer, who inspired the poet; it was Homer, who thundered in the senate; and more than all, it was Homer, who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the *Iliad* became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts. Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the *Ilyssus*, and, from the country of Homer, gave laws to the world.

The light, which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy; and thus did he awaken a second nation to intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power, which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that 'nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.'

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos, which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity, which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St. John.

But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects, on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who, that has read his poem, has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him?

It is the unseen world, where the master spirits of our race breathe freely, and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer, striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle fables about Jupiter and Juno, Apollo or Diana. But the difficulties, under which he laboured, are abundantly illustrated by the fact, that the light, which he poured upon the human intellect, taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day, of the man, who was compelled to use it. 'It seems to me,' says Longinus, 'that Homer, when he ascribes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods, and the gods men. To man, when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature, but the miseries of the gods eternal.'

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendour of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for, from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

LORD LITTLETON'S SPEECH ON THE REPEAL OF THE ACT ENTITLED
THE JEW BILL.

SIR,—It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which has often done so much hurt both to the church and the state.

But from the ill understood, insignificant act of parliament, you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence, to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition.—It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He, who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper, conformable to the dictates of that holy religion, has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is *latent*, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of last session for *naturalizing* Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed this flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that *obloquy*, which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates, for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself.

But, if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take, will be able to remove it. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm.

If you encourage and authorise it to fall on the *synagogue*, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the anti-christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom.



SPEECH OF A CREEK INDIAN IN A COUNCIL OF HIS NATION,
AGAINST THE USE OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

I do not stand up, O countrymen! to propose the plans of war, or to direct the wisdom of this assembly in the regulation of our alliances. My intention is to open to your view, a subject not less worthy of your deliberate notice.

I perceive the eye of this assembly dwells upon me.—Oh! may every heart be unveiled from its prejudices, and receive the disinterested, the pious, the filial obedience I owe to my country, when I step forth to be the accuser of my brethren:—not of treachery; not of cowardice; not of deficiency in the noblest of all passions, the love of the public: these, I glory in boasting, are *incompatible* with the character of a Creek.

The tyrant I *arraign* before you, O Creeks! is no native of our soil, but a lurking *miscreant*, an *emissary* of the evil

principle of darkness.—'T is that pernicious liquid, which our pretended white friends artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in amongst us.

Tremble, O ye Creeks! when I thunder in your ears *this denunciation*,—that if the cup of perdition continue to rule with so intemperate a sway amongst us, ye will cease to be a nation: ye will have neither heads to direct, nor hands to protect: this *diabolical* juice will undermine all the powers of your bodies and minds. In the day of battle, the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow with inoffensive zeal:—in the day of council, when national safety hangs suspended on the lips of the hoary Sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits, and drivel out the babblings of a second childhood.

Think not, O Creeks! that I present an imaginary picture, to amuse or affright you: it is too evident! it is too fatally evident, that we find the vigour of our youth abating; our numbers decreasing; our ripened manhood a premature victim to diseases, to sickness, and to death; and our venerable Sachems a scanty number.

Does not that desertion of all our reasoning powers, when we are under the dominion of that depraved monster, that barbarian madness wherewith it inspires us, prove, beyond a doubt, that it dislocates all our intellectual faculties, pulls down reason from her throne, and dissipates every ray of the Divinity within us? I need not, I hope, make it a question to any in this assembly, whether he would prefer the intemperate use of this liquor, to clear perceptions, sound judgment, and a mind exulting in its own reflections?

However great may be the force of habit, how insinuating soever the influence of example, I persuade myself, and I perceive by your countenances, O Creeks! that there is not one before whom I stand, so shameless, so lost to the weakest impulses of humanity, and the very whisperings of reason, as not to acknowledge the *turpitude* of such a choice.

THE ACADEMICAL SPEAKER.

EXTRACT FROM MR. MERCER'S SPEECH IN FAVOUR OF A GRANT
TO GEN. LAFAYETTE.

WHEN we advert to the services of Gen. Lafayette in our revolutionary cause—the cause of freedom in Europe and America—we feel that their value is immeasurable. There is not a man who now treads, or may hereafter tread our soil or breathe our air with the elastic spirit of liberty, who does not, or will not owe him an inestimable debt; a debt to be felt, not to be computed. I defy the united power of Euclid and Archimedes to calculate or measure the height and depth, and the length and breadth of the obligation of America to her benefactor. It is here. (*laying his hand upon his heart.*) It belongs to the soul, and no guage can graduate it.

Are gentlemen alarmed at what is called the example, the precedent, we are about to offer to our successors? I have laboured with all the powers of memory, to recall to my mind an example of disinterested and heroic benevolence, which can form a parallel to the conduct of Lafayette; and if the history of the past affords none, why need we not trust the future? The only spirit of prophecy which is not of Divine Inspiration, exists in the analogy which infers the future from the past.

But what is the character of the example from which this unfounded apprehension arises? Was it not to our fathers—is it not to us—and will it not be to our posterity invaluable? Need we go back to the crusades to demonstrate the influence, the contagion of chivalrous enthusiasm? No sooner was the consecrated banner of Peter the hermit, unfurled for the recovery of the Redeemer's sepulchre from the infidel Saracen, than one spark of inspiration electrified all Europe; one common soul pervaded all Christendom, and poured her armed nations on the plains of Asia.

Contrast the heroism of that age with the solitary self-devotion of Lafayette. When I look back to the early period of our independence, and behold our own unrecognised ministers in France, with a tenderness which does them immortal honour, remonstrating with the young enthusiast, on the hazard and hopelessness of his projected enterprise in our behalf: when I hear them, in a tone of generous remonstrance, tell him that our cause was sinking, and they

had not even a vessel to offer him for his perilous voyage, and hear him reply, 'I have, then, no time to lose,'—I cannot, turning from this scene to that before me, bring myself to believe that gentlemen, who differ from the obvious majority of this house, need to rest three nights upon their pillow, before they can arrive at unanimity upon this bill. I cannot but believe, sir, that when we come to the vote, we shall do it with one heart, and that we are now as well prepared, as we shall be on Monday next. We have now met our opponents in the spirit of friendly explanation: we have complied with their wishes—stated—recapitulated; and I fervently trust they are ready to act with us for the honour of our common country.



AN ODE

TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.—*Hughes.*

HEAR, O heaven, and earth, and seas profound!
 Hear, ye fathomed deeps below,
 And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
 Let nature, trembling all around,
 Attend her Master's awful name,
 From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the wide
 creation came.

He spoke the great command; and light,
 Heaven's eldest born and fairest child,
 Flashed in the lowering fall of ancient night,
 And, pleased with his own, serenely smiled.
 The sons of morning, on the wing,
 Hovering in choirs, his praises sung,
 When, from the unbounded vacuous space,
 A beauteous rising world they saw;
 When, nature showed her yet unfinished face,
 And motion took the established law
 To roll the various globes on high;
 When time was taught his infant wings to try,
 And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same!
'T is He, the great inspiring Mind,
That animates and moves this universal frame,
Present at once to all, and by no place confined.
Not heaven itself can bound his sway:
Beyond the untravelled limits of the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye,
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end; 't is He,
That fills the unmeasured growing orb of vast immensity.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
When winds their gathered forces try,
And the chafed ocean proudly swells in vain,
His voice reclaims the impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides the abated billows fly,
And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry store,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow;
The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
The loose divided cloud, the many coloured bow;
The crooked lightning darts around,
His sovereign orders to fulfil;
The shooting flame obeys the eternal will,
Launched from his hand, instructed when to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blast the unsheltered ground.

Yet pleased to bless, indulgent to supply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family,
That peoples earth, and sea, and air,
From nature's giant race, the enormous elephant,
Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
From the eagle, sovereign of the sky,
To each inferior feathered brood;
From crowns and purple majesty,
To humble shepherds on the plains,
His hand unseen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life sustains

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.—*Campbell.*

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn,
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

ABSALOM.—*Willie.*

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.

The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves,
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
 Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
 Whose flowers the water; like a gentle nurse,
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
 And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature tells,
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
 From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
 With his faint people, for a little rest
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
 To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
 And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
 And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
 Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such a very mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
 He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
 Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
 Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
 In agony that would not be controlled,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they swayed

To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:—

‘ Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

‘ Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet ‘ *my father* ’ from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

‘ The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

'And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
 It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!

'And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
 And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
 If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My erring Absalom!'

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
 A moment on his child: then, giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
 And, as a strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently, and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

CONTRAST BETWEEN MR. CANNING AND MR. BROUGHAM.

European Magazine.

THOUGH Canning and Brougham resembled each other, in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

This difference extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing: Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance: that of Brougham was much the reverse; but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome; and his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gaiety. The features of Brougham, were harsh in the extreme; while his fore-

head shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes, seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare, which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man.

Canning's passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist: those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue; and he triumphed over the passions of other men, by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham, angular, bony, and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as a thing dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself.

From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit and glow of spirit—something showy and elegant: Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery,—whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you: you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise: the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race, merely to make it tremble at his strength.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their orations, were just as different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable the better. Canning ar-

ranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding. The mode and allusions of the one were always quadribly by the classical formulæ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind: and they rose, and ran, and pealed, and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connexion, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after.

The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track,—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful;—it was all felt, and it was felt at once. Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wildness and the obliquity of his course; nor was it possible to comprehend, how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way: but as the curve lessened and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there



THE SAME CONTINUED.

SUCH were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other, during the early part of the session for 1823;—Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary, by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is the more worthy of being

recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack, previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least admitted and appreciated.

Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was, at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion that ordinary men could discover with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose,—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round, with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effect might be the more tremendous; and, while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure.

Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware, where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first toward the orator, and then towards the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of muttered thunder, which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the face of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the House; and the voting members, who often slept in the side-galleries during the debate, started up, as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds.

The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and, sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he

hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric: it was as when the thunder-cloud descends upon some giant peak—one flash, one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, 'It is false!' to which followed a dull chapter of apologies.—From that moment, the House became more a scene of real business, than of airy display and angry vituperation.

CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—*Cowley.*

WHAT can be more extraordinary than that a person of private birth and education, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes—nor of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the abilities to execute so great a design, as the subverting one of the most ancient and best established monarchies in the world? That he should have the power and boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death? Should banish that numerous and strongly allied family? Cover all these temerities under a seeming obedience to a parliament, in whose service he pretended to be retained? Trample, too, upon that parliament, in their turn, and scornfully expel them, as soon as they gave him ground of dissatisfaction? Erect in their place the dominion of saints, and give reality to the most visionary idea, which the heated imagination of any fanatic was ever able to entertain? Suppress again that monster in its infancy, and openly set up himself above all things, that ever were called sovereign in England? Overcome first all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice? Serve all parties patiently for awhile, and command them all victoriously at last? Overrun each corner of the three nations, and subdue, with equal facility, both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North? Be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and be adopted a brother to the gods of the earth? Call together parlia-

ments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth? Reduce to subjection a warlike and discontented nation, by means of a mutinous army? Command a mutinous army, by means of factious and seditious officers? Be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would be pleased, at the rate of millions a year, to be hired as master of those who had hired him before, to be their servant? Have the estates and lives of three nations as much at his disposal, as was once the little inheritance of his father, and be as noble and liberal in the spending of them? And, lastly, (for there is no end of enumerating every particular of his glory,) with one word, bequeath all this power and splendour to his posterity? Die possessed of peace at home and triumph abroad? Be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it was too little for his praise, so might it have been for conquests, if the short line of his mortal life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.

DEVASTATION OF THE CARNATIC.

Extract from a Speech of Mr. Burke on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, delivered
Feb. 28, 1785.

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men, who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country, possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals, a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution.

Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for awhile on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

THE NEWSPAPER.—*Cooper.*

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a streaming column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening, who with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work!
 Which not even critics criticise; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
 That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved,
 To ingross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
 Begg a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
 The dearth of information and good sense,
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost;

While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange,
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth and ocean, plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

"T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me,
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contribution to the store he gleans:
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

NIGHT. — *Smith.*

I LOVE thee, mournful, sober-suited night,
 When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
 And veiled in clouds with pale uncertain light,
 Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
 In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
 Will, to the deaf, cold elements, complain,
 And tell the embosomed grief, however vain,
 To sullen surges and the viewless wind.
 Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
 I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art;
 For, in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart
 Is calm, though wretched; hopeless, yet resigned:
 While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
 May reach—though lost on earth—the ear of heaven!

DIALOGUE.

From the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*.—*Rowe.*

LORD HASTINGS AND THE DUKE OF GLOSTER.

Gloster. Hastings,
 The State is out of tune; distracting fears,
 And jealous doubts, jar in our public councils.
 Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
 Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
 With open scorn of government; hence credit,
 And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke.
 The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
 Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans,
 Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Lord H. The resty knaves are overrun with ease,
 As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
 If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
 Grows madly wanton and repine, it is
 Because the reins of power are held too slack,
 And reverend authority of late
 Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glos. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divined
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder,
If riot and misrule o'turn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak, hence comes the general cry,
And sum of all complaint: 't will ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Lord H. 'T is true the king is young: but what of that!
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well support our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glos. The council (much I 'm bound to thank 'em for 't)
Have placed a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to control;
Scorned by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think, I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the common weal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.

Lord H. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this.

Glos. Ay, marry, but there is—
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, the learned Doctor Shaw
Has moved the people much, about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right, grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock. * * * * *

Lord H. Ill befall
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By heaven, 't is done in perfect spite of peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease?
When shall our long divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,

Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains
Each day with some fantastic, giddy change?

Glos. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new mould the state?

Lord H. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Glos. You go too far, my lord.

Lord H. Your highness' pardon—
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth their battles;
When, like a matron butchered by her sons,
Our groaning country bled at every vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevailed;
When churches, palaces and cities blazed;
When insolence and barbarism triumphed,
And swept away distinction: peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation covered all the land?
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart,
Whose cursed ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us.

Glos. How now! so hot!

Lord H. So brave, and so resolved.

Glos. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?

Lord H. I hope your highness does not think I mean it;
No, Heaven forefend, that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Glos. O, noble Hastings! nay, I must embrace you;
By holy Paul, you 're a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. CURRAN IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT, ON MOVING FOR AN ADDRESS AGAINST AN INCREASE OF OFFICERS AND SALARIES, IN THE BOARD OF STAMPS AND ACCOUNTS.

SIR, I bring forward an act of the meanest administration that ever disgraced this country. I bring it forward as one of the threads by which, united with others of similar texture, the vermin of the meanest kind have been able to tie down a body of strength and importance. Let me not be supposed to rest here: when the murderer left the mark of his bloody hand upon the wall, it was not the trace of one finger, but the whole impression which convicted him.

I bring forward this motion, not as a question of finance, not as a question of regulation, but as a penal inquiry; and the people will now see whether they are to hope for help within these walls, or, turning their eyes towards heaven, they are to depend on God and their own virtue. I rise in an assembly of three hundred persons, one hundred of whom have places or pensions; I rise in an assembly, one-third of whom have their ears sealed against the complaints of the people, and their eyes intently turned to their own interest; I rise before the whisperers of the treasury, the bargainers and runners of the Castle; I address an audience, before whom was held forth the doctrine, that the Crown *ought* to use its influence on this *House*. This confession was not made from constraint; it came from a country gentleman, deservedly high in the confidence of administration, for he gave up other confidence to obtain theirs.

I know I am speaking too plain; but which is the more honest physician, he who lulls his patient into a fatal security, or he who points out the danger and the remedy of the disease?—I should not be surprised, if bad men of great talents should endeavour to enslave a people; but, when I see folly uniting with vice, corruption with imbecility, men without talents attempting to overthrow our liberty—my indignation rises at the presumption and audacity of the attempt. That such men should creep into power, is a fatal symptom to the constitution: the political, like the material body, when near its dissolution, often bursts out in swarms of vermin.

In this administration a place may be found for every bad man, whether it be to distribute the wealth of the treasury,

to vote in the House, to whisper and to bargain, to stand at the door and note the exits and entrances of your members, to mark whether they earn their wages—whether it be for the hireling who comes for his hire, or for the drunken aid-de-camp who swaggers in a tavern.

In this country, *sir*, our King is not a resident; the beam of royalty is often reflected through a medium, which sheds but a kind of disastrous twilight, serving only to assist robbers and plunderers. We have no security in the talents or responsibility of an Irish ministry: injuries which the English constitution would easily repel, may here be fatal. I therefore call upon you to exert yourselves, to heave off the vile encumbrances that have been laid upon you. I call you not as to a measure of finance or regulation, but to a criminal accusation, which you may follow with punishment.



EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. GRATTAN ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

WHERE, I ask, where are those Protestant petitions against the Catholic claims, which we were told would have by this time borne down your table? We were told in the confident tone of prophecy, that England would have poured in her petitions from all counties, towns, and corporations, against the claims of Ireland. I ask, where are those petitions? Has London, her mighty capital, has the university of Dublin, mocked the calamities of your country, by petitioning in favour of those prejudices that would render us less able to redress them? Have the people of England raised a voice against their Catholic fellow subjects? No; they have the wisdom to see the folly of robbing the empire, at such a time, of one fourth of its strength, on account of speculative doctrines of faith. They will not risk a kingdom on account of old men's dreams about the prevalence of the Pope. They will not sacrifice an empire, because they dislike the sacrifice of the Mass.

I say, then, England is not against us. She has put ten thousand signatures upon your table in our favour. And what says the Protestant interest in Ireland? Look at their petition—examine the names—the houses—the families. Look at the list of merchants—of divines. Look, in

a word, at Protestant Ireland, calling to you in a warning voice—telling you, that if you are resolved to go on, till ruin breaks with a fearful surprise upon your progress, they will go on with you—they must partake your danger, though they will not share your guilt.

Ireland, with her Imperial Crown, now stands before you. You have taken from her her Parliament, and she appears in her own person at your bar. Will you dismiss a kingdom without a hearing? Is this your answer to her zeal, to her faith, to the blood that has so profusely graced your march to victory—to the treasures that have decked your strength in peace. Is her name nothing—her fate indifferent—her contributions insignificant—her six millions revenue—her ten millions trade—her two millions absentee—her four millions loan? Is such a country not worth a hearing? Will you, can you dismiss her abruptly from your bar? You cannot do it—the instinct of England is against it. We may be outnumbered now and again—but, in calculating the amount of the real sentiments of the people—the ciphers, that swell the evanescent majorities of an evanescent Minister, go for nothing.

Can Ireland forget the memorable era of 1788? Can others forget the munificent hospitality, with which she then freely gave to her chosen hope all that she had to give? Can Ireland forget the spontaneous and glowing cordiality, with which her favours were then received! Never! never! Irishmen grew justly proud in the consciousness of being subjects of a gracious predilection—a predilection that required no apology, and called for no renunciation—a predilection that did equal honour to him who felt it, and to those who were the objects of it. It laid the grounds of a great and fervent hope—all a nation's wishes crowding to a point, and looking forward to one event, as the GREAT COMING, at which every wound was to be healed, every tear to be wiped away—the hope of that hour beamed with a cheering warmth and a seductive brilliancy. Ireland followed it with all her heart—a leading light through the wilderness, and brighter in its gloom. She followed it over a wide and barren waste: it has charmed her through the desert, and now, that it has led her to the confines of light and darkness, now, that she is on the borders of the promised land, is the prospect to be suddenly obscured, and the fair vision of *Princely Faith* to vanish forever?—I will not believe it—I require an act of Parliament to vouch its credibility—nay more, I demand a miracle to convince me that it is possible!

FORCE OF TALENTS.—*Dr. Dwight.*

TALENTS, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancour of impotent spleen and envy may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity, in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

When the great Earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the House of Commons, and began to astonish and transport the British Parliament and the British nation, by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known, that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, (from motives very easily understood,) exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling 'insolence of office,' to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world.—Poor and powerless attempt!—The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent, Python.

Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardour, and hoary headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption, to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the Parliament, a genius so ethereal, towering, and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted and appropri-

ate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade.

The man, who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina, which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result: however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, 'the swallows of science,' the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, (and least of *all*, the truly great man) has reason to droop or repine at any efforts, which he may suppose to be made with the view to *depress* him. Let, then, the tempest of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing, as would a human effort 'to quench the stars.'

STANZAS,

Written near la Croix de la Flegère, in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Watts.

'T is night, and silence with unmoving wings
 Broods o'er the sleeping waters;—not a sound
 Breaks its most breathless hush;—the sweet moon flings
 Her pallid lustre on the hills around,
 Turning the snows and ices that have crowned—
 Since chaos reigned—each vast and searchless height,
 To beryl, pearl, and silver; whilst, profound,
 In the still waveless lake reflected bright,
 And girt with arrowy rays, rests her full orb of light.

* La Croix de la Flegère is an elevated point on the mountain of that name, and commands a fine view of Montblanc.

The eternal mountains momentarily are peering
Through the blue clouds that mantle them;—on high
Their glittering crests majestically rearing,
More like to children of the infinite sky,
Than of the dædal earth;—triumphantly,
Prince of the whirlwind—monarch of the scene—
Mightiest where all are mighty,—from the eye
Of mortal man half hidden by the screen
Of mist that moats his base, from Arve's dark, deep ravine,

Stands the magnificent Montblanc!—his brow,
Scarred by ten thousand thunders; most sublime,
Even as though risen from the world below,
To watch the progress of decay;—by clime—
Storm—blight—fire—earthquake, injured not—like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by,
Doomed by an awful fiat still to climb,
Swell and increase with years incessantly,
Then yield at length to thee, most dread Eternity!

Hark! there are sounds of tumult and commotion
Hurling in murmurs on the distant air,
Like the wild music of a wind-lashed ocean:
They rage—they gather now:—yon valley fair
Still sleeps in moonbright loveliness,—but there,
Methinks, a form of horror I behold,
With giant stride descending!—'t is Despair
Riding the rushing avalanche; now rolled
From its tall cliff—by whom? what mortal may unfold!

Perchance a gale from fervid Italy
Disturbed the air-hung thunder; or the tone
Breathed from some hunter's horn;—or it may be,
The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown
Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down
The overwhelming ruin on the vale:
Howbeit a mystery to man unknown,
'T was but some heaven-sent power that did prevail,
For an inscrutable end its slumbers to assail.

Madly it bursts along—even as a river
That gathers strength in its most fierce career;
The black and lofty pines a moment quiver
Before its breath,—but as it draws more near,

Crash—and are seen no more! Fleet-footed fear,
Pale as that white-robed minister of wrath,
In silent wilderment her face doth rear,
But having gazed upon its blight and scath,
Flies, with the swift chamois, from its death-dooming path!

JACOB'S DREAM.—*Anonymous.*

THE sun upon the western hills was gone,
That guard thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
Now flaming like a golden fiery zone,
The crescent on the eastern heaven, supine,
Hung on the purple horizontal line.
Up Padan-aram's height, abrupt and bare,
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air:—
The summit gained, he knelt, and breathed his evening
prayer.

He spread his cloak, and slumbered. Darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills. A sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round,
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound.
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound:
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, an ocean spreading on incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot-wheels,—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows:
It thunders—the resplendent gates uncloze.
Far as the eye can glance, o'er height on height,
Blaze fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Ranked by their millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
 Like cherub-kings, with uplift mighty plume,
 Fixed sunbright eyes, and looks of high command:
 They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom,
 Father of countless myriads, that shall come,
 Sweeping the land, like billows of the sea,
 Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
 Till he is given whom angels long to see,
 And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

ADDRESS OF ALASCO TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.—*Shce.*

THE chief, Malinski, has betrayed
 His post, and fled. I would that every knave,
 He has left behind, might strip the patriot cloak,
 And follow him. Such ruffian spirits taint
 The cause of freedom. They repel its friends,
 And so disfigure it by blood and violence,
 That good men start, and tremble to embrace it.
 But now, my friends, a sterner trial waits us.—
 Within yon castle's walls we sleep to-night,
 Or die to-day before them. Let each man
 Preserve the order of advance, and charge,
 As if he thought his individual sword
 Could turn the scale of fate. String every heart
 To valour's highest pitch;—fight, and be free!
 'This is no common conflict, set on foot,
 For hireling hosts to ply the trade of war.—
 Ours is a nobler quarrel—we contend
 For what's most dear to man, wherever found—
 Free or enslaved—a savage, or a sage;—
 The very life and being of our country.
 'T is ours, to rescue from the oblivious grave,
 'Where tyrants have combined to bury them,'—
 A gallant race—a nation—'and her fame,—
 To gather up the fragments of our state,
 And in its cold, dismembered body, breathe
 The living soul of empire.' Such a cause
 Might warm the torpid earth, put hearts in stone
 And stir the ashes of our ancestors,

Till from their tombs our warrior sires come forth,
 Range on our side, and cheer us on to battle.
 Strike, then, ye patriot spirits, 'for your country'
 Fight, and be free!—for liberty and Poland. *K*

BISHOP OF CARLISLE'S SPEECH IN DEFENCE OF RICHARD II.

Shakespeare.

Would Heaven, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
 Teach him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on a king?
 And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
 Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned and planted many years,
 Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O forbid it, Heaven,
 That in a Christian climate, souls refined
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirred up by Heaven thus boldly for his king;
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king.
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act:
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
 And, in the seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall, kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent, resist it; let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you *Ho!*

Rice

ATROCITIES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—*Mde. Roland.*

FRANCE has become a vast amphitheatre of carnage, a bloody arena, on which her own children are tearing one another to pieces.

The enemy, favoured by her intestine dissensions, advances in every quarter; the cities of the North fall into their hands; Flanders and Alsace are about to become their prey; the Spaniard is ravaging Rousillon; the Savoyards reject an alliance, which anarchy renders hateful; they return to their old master, whose troops invade our frontiers; the rebels of la Vendée continue to lay waste a large extent of territory; the Lyonnese, indiscreetly provoked, burst into open resistance; Marseilles prepares for their succour; the neighbouring departments take arms; and in this universal agitation, and in the midst of these multiplied disorders, there is nothing uniform but the measures of the foreign powers, whose conspiracy against freedom and mankind our excesses have sanctified. Our government is a species of monster, of which the form and the actions are equally odious: it destroys whatever it touches, and devours its very self.

The armies, ill conducted, and worse provided, fight and fly alternately with desperate energy. The most able commanders are accused of treason, because certain representatives, utterly ignorant of war, blame what they do not comprehend, and stigmatise as aristocrats all those who are more enlightened than themselves. A legislative body, characterised by debility from the moment of its existence, presented us at first with animated debates, which lasted as long as there existed among the members sufficient wisdom to foresee dangers, and courage enough to announce them.

The just and generous spirits, who had nothing in view but the welfare of their country, and dared attempt to establish it, are sacrificed by ignorance and fear to intrigue and peculation; chased from that body of which they were the soul, they left behind them an extravagant and corrupt minority, who exercise despotic sway, and who, by their follies and their crimes, are digging their own graves: but it is, alas! in consummating the ruin of the republic!

The nation has accepted a constitution essentially vicious, which, even if unexceptionable, should have been

rejected with indignation, because nothing can be accepted from the hands of villany without degradation to the receiver. They still talk of security and freedom, though they see them both violated with impunity in the persons of their representatives! They can only change their tyrants; they are already under a rod of iron, and every change appears to them a blessing; but incapable of effecting it themselves, they expect it from the first master, who shall choose to assume the sovereign command.

O Brutus! thou, whose daring hand emancipated the depraved Romans, we have erred in vain, like thee! Those just and enlightened men, whose ardent spirits longed for liberty, and who had prepared themselves for it by the tranquil studies, and in the silent retreats of philosophy, flattered themselves, like thee, that the subversion of despotism would establish the throne of justice and peace. Alas! it has only served as the signal for the most hateful passions, and the most execrable vices!

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THE hour of indignation is past; it is too evident that we have no longer a right to hope for anything good, or to be astonished at any species of evil. Will history ever paint these dreadful times, or the abominable monsters who fill them with their barbarities? They surpass the cruelties of Marius, and the sanguinary achievements of Sylla. The latter, when he shut up and slaughtered six thousand men, who had surrendered to him, in the neighbourhood of the senate, which he encouraged to proceed in the debate amid their dreadful cries, acted like a tyrant, abusing the power he had usurped: but to what can we compare the domination of those hypocrites, who, always wearing the mask of justice, and speaking the language of the law, have created a tribunal to serve as the engine of their personal vengeance, and send to the scaffold, with formalities insultingly judicial, every individual, whose virtues offend them, whose talents excite their jealousy, or whose opulence calls forth their lust of wealth?

What Babylon ever presented a prototype of Paris, polluted with debauchery and blood, and governed by magistrates whose profession it is to circulate falsehoods, to sell calumny, and to panegyryze assassination? What people

ever depraved their morals and their nature to such a degree, as to contract an appetite for blood, to foam with fury when an execution is delayed, and to be ever ready to exercise their ferocity on all who attempt to calm or mitigate their rage? The days of September were the sole work of a small number of inebriated tigers: on the 31st of May and the 2d of June the triumph of guilt was confirmed by the apathy of the Parisians, and their tame acquiescence in slavery.

Since that epoch the progression has been sudden and dreadful; the faction of the Convention called the *Mountain*, offers nothing to the eye but a band of robbers, clothed and swearing like watermen, preaching massacre, and setting the example of rapine. Crowds of people surround the courts of justice, and vociferate their threats against the judges, who are thought too tardy in the condemnation of innocence. The prisons are gorged with public functionaries, with generals, and private individuals, of characters that graced and ennobled humanity: a zeal to accuse is received as a proof of civism, and the search and detention of persons of merit and property, comprehend all the duties of an ignorant and unprincipled magistracy.

The victims of Orleans are fallen. *Charlotte Corday* has not produced the smallest movement in a city, which did not deserve to be delivered from a monster. *Brissot*, *Gensonné*, and a multitude of other members, still remain under impeachment: proofs are wanting, but the fury of their enemies knows no bounds; and for want of reasons to condemn them, an appeal is made to the perverted will of the sovereign people, who impatiently expect their heads, as a wild beast awaits his prey. *Custine* is no more; *Robespierre* triumphs; *Hebert* marks the victims; *Chabot* counts them; the tribunal is in haste to condemn, while the populace is preparing to accelerate and generalize the work of death.

In the meantime, famine invades the land; pernicious laws put an end to all industry, stop the circulation of commodities, and annihilate commerce; the public money is squandered; disorganization becomes general; and in this total overthrow of the public fortune, men, devoid of shame, wallow in ill-acquired wealth, set a price upon all their actions, and draw up a bill of rates for the life and death of their fellow citizens.

PERPETUAL PROGRESS OF THE SOUL IN VIRTUE TOWARDS THE
PERFECTION OF ITS NATURE.—*Logan.*

LET me exhort you to a progressive state of virtue, from the pleasant consideration that it has no period. There are limits and boundaries set to all human affairs. There is an ultimate point in the progress, beyond which they never go, and from which they return in a contrary direction. The flower blossoms but to fade, and all terrestrial glory shines to disappear. Human life has its decline as well as its maturity: from a certain period the external senses begin to decay, and the faculties of the mind to be impaired, till dust returns to dust.


Nations have their day. States and kingdoms are mortal, like their founders. When they have arrived at the zenith of their glory, from that moment they begin to decline; the bright day is succeeded by a long night of darkness, ignorance and barbarity. But in the progress of the soul to intellectual and moral perfection, there is no period set. Beyond these heavens, the perfection and happiness of the just is carrying on, but shall never come to a close. God shall behold his creation forever beautifying in his eyes; forever drawing nearer to himself, yet still infinitely distant from the fountain of all goodness.

There is not in religion a more joyful and triumphant consideration, than this perpetual progress, which the soul makes to the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at its ultimate period. Here truth has the advantage of fable. No fiction, however bold, presents to us a conception so elevating and astonishing, as this interminable line of heavenly excellence. To look upon the glorified spirit, as going on from strength to strength; adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; making approaches to goodness which is infinite; forever adorning the heavens with new beauties, and brightening in the splendours of moral glory throughout all the ages of eternity, has something in it so transcendent and ineffable, as to satisfy the most unbounded ambition of an immortal spirit.

Christian! Does not thy heart glow at the thought, that there is a time marked out in the annals of Heaven, when thou shalt be what the angels are now; when thou shalt shine with that glory, in which principalities and powers

now appear; and when, in the full communion of the Most High, thou shalt see him as he is?

The oak, whose top ascends unto the heavens, and which covers the mountain with its shade, was once an acorn, contemptible to the sight. The philosopher, whose views extend from one end of nature to the other, was once a speechless infant hanging at the breast. The glorified spirits, who now stand nearest to the throne of God, were once like you. To you, as to them, the heavens are open: the way is marked out: the reward is prepared.



RUINOUS CONSEQUENCES OF INDULGENCE IN UNHALLOWED
PLEASURES.—*Logan.*

THE early period of life is frequently a season of delusion. When youth scatters its blandishments, and the song of pleasure is heard, the inexperienced and the unwary listen to the sound, and surrender themselves to the enchantment. Not satisfied with those just and masculine joys, which nature offers and virtue consecrates, they rush into the excesses of unlawful pleasure: not satisfied with those fruits bordering the paths of virtue, which they may taste, and live, they put forth their hand to the forbidden tree. One criminal indulgence lays the foundation for another, till sinful pleasure becomes a pursuit, that employs all the faculties, and absorbs all the time of its votaries.

There is no moderation nor government in vice. Desires that are innocent may be indulged with innocence: pleasures that are pure may be pursued with purity, and the round of guiltless delights may be made without encroaching on the duties of life. But guilty pleasures become the masters and tyrants of the mind; when these lords acquire dominion, they bring all the thoughts into captivity, and rule with unlimited and despotic sway.

Look around you. Consider the fate of your equals in age, who have been swept away, not by the hand of time, but by the scythe of intemperance, and involved in the shades of death. Contemplate that cloud which vests the invisible world, where their mansion is fixed forever. When the songs of the siren call you to the banquet of vice, stop

in the midst of the career, pause on the brink, look down, and while yet one throb belongs to virtue, turn back from the verge of destruction. Think of the joyful morning that rises after a victory over sin—reflection thy friend, memory stored with pleasant images, thy thoughts like good angels announcing peace and presaging joy.

Or, if this will not suffice, turn to the shades of the picture, and behold the ruin, that false pleasure introduces into human nature. Behold a rational being arrested in his course; a character, that might have shone in public and in private life, cast into the shade of oblivion; a name, that might have been uttered with a tear, and left as an inheritance to a race to come, consigned to the roll of infamy. All that is great in human nature, sacrificed at the shrine of sensual pleasure in this world, and the candidate for immortality in the next, plunged into the irremediable gulf of folly, dissipation and misery.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.—*Miss Mitford.*

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave; not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
 To crimson glory and undying fame;
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots! lords
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
 In that strange spell—a name. } Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cry out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbour, (*pointing to Paolo*)—there
 he stands,
 Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,

And suffer such dishonour—Men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such shames are common:
 I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face, which linners give
 ‘To the beloved disciple.’ How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! ‘He left my side;
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
 Parting his innocent lips.’ In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain—I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance!—Rouse, ye Romans!—Rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?—Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonoured; and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash. (Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans!
 Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king!—And once again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus! once again, I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.—*Croly.*

It was the wild midnight—a storm was on the sky;
 The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by.
 The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore;
 Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!
 Swift from the deluged ground three hundred took the
 shield;
 Then, in silence, gathered round the leader of the field!

All up the mountain's side, all down the woody vale,
 All by the rolling tide waved the Persian banners pale.
 And foremost from the pass, among the slumbering band,

Sprang king Leonidas, like the lightning's living brand.
 Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased its moan;
 But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.
 Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
 That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy.
 A host glared on the hill; a host glared by the bay;
 But the Greeks rushed onwards still, like leopards in their
 play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
 Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans
 came.
 And still the Greek rushed on, where the fiery torrent
 rolled,
 Till like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.
 They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet there;
 And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear.
 Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave!
 That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.
 Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
 Then hand in hand they drank, 'to immortality!'

Fear on king Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
 With shout and trumpet knell, he saw the warriors come.
 But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge;
 Down poured the arrows' shower, till sank the Spartan
 targe.—

Thus fought the Greek of old! thus will he fight again!
 Shall not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men?

—◆—

ECHOES.—Procter.

YE Spirits like the winds!—ye who around
 The rocks and these primeval mountains run,
 With cries as though some thunder-god unbound
 His wings, to celebrate the set of sun;
 And, leaning from yon fiery cloud,
 Alarming blew his brazen horn aloud,
 And then with faint, and then with fainter voice,
 That bade the world rejoice,
 Proclaiming care asleep, and earthly labour done.

Oh! Spirits of the air and mountains born,
And cradled in the cave where silence lies!
As from dusk night at once the tropic morn
Springeth upon the struck beholder's eyes
In mid-day power, bright and warm;
So ye, called forth from some unholy calm,
Mysterious, brooding, and prophetic, seem
To rise as from a dream,
And break your spell; but keep the secret of the charm.

Not only like the thunder and the blast
Are your high voices heard, for far away
Ye gently speak; and as, when life is past,
The white swan crowns with song her dying day;
So, in music, faint and sad
Ye perish, who, exultingly and glad
Rushed forward in your earlier course,
Like rivers from a rocky source,
Fast flashing into light, and sinking soon to shade
Pale poets of the hills! doubtless ye are
Like those on earth, short-lived and self-consuming
Yet bright, from lightnings which around your hair
Stream, and exhausted with too soon resuming
Your shouts, which first were stern and strong,
And bore the burden of your youth along,
But after, as ye further flew,
Grew slight, but ah! grew weaker too,
Until alone remained the memory of your song.

ABORIGINALS OF NEW ENGLAND.— *Sprague.*

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and *loved* another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they

dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred, the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there, a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untameable progenitors; *The Indian*, of falcon glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle

over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. G. MORRIS ON THE JUDICIARY ESTABLISHMENT.

Is there a member of this house who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that, consistently with the plain words of our constitution, we have a right to repeal this law? I believe not. And, if we undertake to construe this constitution to our purposes, and say that the public opinion is to be our judge, there is an end to all constitutions. To what will not this dangerous doctrine lead? Should it to-day be the popular wish to destroy the first magistrate—you can destroy him. And should he, to-morrow, be able to conciliate to him the popular will, and lead them to wish for your destruction, it is easily effected. Adopt this principle, and the whim of the moment will not only be the law, but the constitution of our country.

The gentleman from Virginia has mentioned a great nation brought to the feet of one of her servants. But why is she in that situation? Is it not because popular opinion was called on to decide everything, until those who wore bayonets decided for all the rest? Our situation is peculiar. At present, our national conduct can prevent a state from acting hostilely towards the general interest. But, let this compact be destroyed, and each state becomes instantaneously invested with absolute sovereignty. But what, I ask, will be the situation of these states (organized as they now are) if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be the victims of foreign intrigue, and, split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power; or else, after the misery and torment of civil war, become the subjects of an usurping military despot. What

but this compact—what but this specific part of it can save us from ruin? The judicial power, that fortress of the constitution, is now to be overturned.

Yes, with honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it—I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism, and their virtue. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice these angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the weal of America. Do not, for God's sake, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin.

Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong: it will heal no wounds; it will pay no debts; it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Oh! cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained. I stand in the presence of Almighty God and of the world. I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never, no never, will you get another! We are now, perhaps, arrived at the parting point. Here, even here we stand on the brink of fate. Pause! Pause! For heaven's sake—pause!

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED AT PLYMOUTH 1824.—

E. Everett.

THE pride I take in my own country, makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return like a descendant to the old family seat;—to come back to the abode of an aged, the tomb of a departed parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, the forms, in which I have been brought up.

I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets have made familiar to us,—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots, where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, rich in the memories of the great and good, the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not,—I need not say I am not,—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, stars, garters, and blue ribbons seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire grasping the farthest east. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England.

I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil,

and follow, without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton; and I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native land, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

THE EFFECTS OF ATHEISM.—*Channing.*

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence, to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into endless ruin, were the idea of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself in human affairs; that all their improvements perish after death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is not heard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and that death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow.

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man be the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite,

knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

DIALOGUE.

MELANTHON AND PHILOTAS. — *Murphy.*

Mel. YET a moment, hear; Philotas, hear me.

Phil. No more: it must not be.

Mel. Obdurate man!

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distressed,
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,
The father of his people, from a throne,
Which long with every virtue he adorned,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? (In his own palace
Lives a sequestered prisoner?) Oh! Philotas,
If thou hast not renounced humanity,
Let me behold my sovereign; once again,
Admit me to his presence; let me see
My royal master.

Phil. Urge thy suit no further;
Thy words are fruitless. Dionysius' orders
Forbid access; he is our sovereign now;
'T is his to give the law—mine to obey.

Mel. Thou canst not mean it his to give the law!
Detested spoiler! his! a vile usurper!
Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
Surnamed the tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
The monster waded through whole seas of blood.
Sore groaned the land beneath his iron rod,
Till, roused at length, Evander came from Greece,
(Like Freedom's genius came, and sent the tyrant,
Stripped of the crown, and to his humble rank
Once more reduced to roam for vile subsistence,
A wandering sophist, through the realms of Greece.

Phil. Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse
All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

Mel. But soon that power shall cease; behold his walls
Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timolean leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, arrayed in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne usurped,
And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

Phil. Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon; now,
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know, then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow; and, ere yonder sun,
That, now declining, seeks the western wave,
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou 'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

Mel. Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see
All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course! (Your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong blockade
Hems him in closer; and ere long thou 'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shivered!
The good Evander then—

Phil. Alas, Evander
Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for.

Mel. How! not behold it? Say, Philotas, speak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers—

Phil. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

Mel. And yet
Thy dark, half-hinted purpose—lead me to him;
If thou hast murdered him—

Phil. By Heaven, he lives.

Mel. Then bless me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the sun gone down since last these eyes
Have seen the good old king. Say, why is this?
Wherefore debarred his presence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal prisoner,
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Canst grant admittance: let me, let me see him.

Phil. Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius
Is ever wakeful, rent with all the pangs
That wait on conscious guilt.

Mel. But when dun night—

Phil. Alas! it cannot be: but mark my words.
Let Greece urge on her general assault;
Despatch some friend, who may o'erleap the wall,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has lived three days, by Dionysius's order,
Locked up from every sustenance of nature;
And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

Mel. If any spark of virtue dwells within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

Phil. The tyrant's jealous care hath moved him thence.

Mel. Ha! moved him, sayest thou?

Phil. At the midnight hour,
Silent conveyed him up the steep ascent,
To where the elder Dionysius formed,
On the sharp summit of the pointed rock
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear,
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep caverned in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unseen by mortal eye, has groaned in anguish,
And died obscure, unpitied and unknown.

Mel. Clandestine murderer! Yes, there 's the scene
Of horrid massacre. Full oft I 've walked,
When all things lay in sleep and darkness hushed;
Yes, oft I 've walked the lonely sullen beach,
And heard the mournful sound of many a corse
Plunged from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my prayer:
My timely succour may protect his days;
The guard is yours—

Phil. Forbear; thou pleadst in vain;
And though I feel soft pity throbbing here,
Though each emotion prompts the generous deed,
I must not yield; it were assured destruction.
Farewell! despatch a message to the Greeks;
I 'll to my station; now thou knowst the worst. [Exit.]

Mel. Oh! lost Evander! Lost Euphrasia too!
How will her gentle nature bear the shock
Of a dear father, thus in lingering pangs
A prey to famine, like the veriest wretch,
Whom the hard hand of misery hath griped?
In vain she 'll rave with impotence of sorrow;
Perhaps provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;
All 's lost; and good Evander dies!

CLAIMS OF AFRICA.

Extract from a Speech delivered in Congress by Mr. BURGESS, of Rhode Island,
May 10, 1830.

DURING the last century, a mighty revolution of mind has been made in the civilized world. Its effects are gradually disclosing themselves, and gradually improving the condition of the human race. The eyes of all nations are turned on these United States, for here that great movement was commenced. Africa, like a bereaved mother, holds out her hands to America, and implores you to send back her exiled children. Does not Africa merit much at the hands of other nations? Almost 4000 years ago, she, from the then rich store-house of her genius and labour, sent out to them science, and arts and letters, laws and civilization.

Wars and revolutions have exhausted this ancient abundance, and spread ignorance and barbarism over her regions; and the cupidity of other nations has multiplied and aggravated these evils. The ways of Providence cannot always be seen by man. When the Almighty comes out of his cloud, light fills the universe. What a mystery, when the youthful patriarch, lost to his father, was sold into slavery. What a display of wisdom and benignity, when we are permitted to see 'all the families of the earth blessed' by that event.

Shall we question the great arrangements of divine wisdom; or hold par lance with that power, who has made whole countries the enduring monuments of his avenging justice. Let these people go. They are citizens of another country: send them home. Send them home instructed, and civilized, and imbued with the pure principles of Christianity; so may they instruct and civilize their native land, and spread over its wide regions the glad tidings of human redemption. Secure to your country, to your age, to yourselves, the glory of paying back to Africa the mighty arrears of nations. Add another New World to the civilized regions of the globe.

Do not say your states will be depopulated; your fields left without culture. In countries *equal* in fertility, and under the *same* laws, you cannot create a *void* in popula-

tion: as well might you make a vacuum in the atmosphere. Better, more efficient labour, will come to your aid. *Frères* men, observant of the *same* laws, cherishing the *same* union, worshipping the *same* God with you, will place themselves by your side. This change of moral and physical condition in our population, will follow the removal of that pernicious cause, now so productive of alarming difference in political opinion; jealousies, incident to our present state, shall give place to a glorious emulation of patriotism; and, O my country! if God so please, thou shalt be united, and prosperous, and perpetual.

DELINEATION OF MISSIONARY OBJECTS.—*Chalmers.*

THE Missionary Society has carried her attempts across the Atlantic; and the very apparatus which she has planted in the Highlands and Islands of our own country, she has set a-going more than once in the wilds of America. The very discipline which she has applied to her own population, she has brought to bear on human beings in other quarters of the world. She has wrought with the same instruments upon the same materials, and, as in sound philosophy it ought to have been expected, she has obtained the same result—a Christian people rejoicing in the faith of Jesus, and ripening for heaven, by a daily progress upon earth in the graces and accomplishments of the gospel.

I have yet to learn what that is which should make the same teaching, and the same Bible, applicable to one part of the species, and not applicable to another. I am not aware of a single principle in the philosophy of man which points to such a distinction; nor do I know a single category in the science of human nature, which can assist me in drawing the land-mark between those to whom Christianity may be given, and those who are unworthy or unfit for the participation of its blessings. I have been among illiterate peasantry, and I have marked how apt they were, in their narrow field of observation, to cherish a kind of malignant contempt for the men of another shire or another country. I have heard of barbarians, and of their insolent disdain for foreigners. I have read of Jews, and

of their unsocial and excluding prejudices. But I always looked upon these as the jealousies of ignorance, which science and observation had the effect of doing away; and that the accomplished traveller, liberalized by frequent intercourse with the men of other countries, saw through the vanity of all these prejudices, and disowned them.

What the man of liberal philosophy is in sentiment, the missionary is in practice. He sees in every man a partaker of his own nature, and a brother of his own species. He contemplates the human mind in the generality of its great elements. He enters upon the wide field of benevolence, and disdains those geographical barriers, by which little men would shut out one half of the species from the kind offices of the other. His business is with man, and let his localities be what they may, it is enough for his large and noble heart that he is bone of the same bone.

To get at him, he will shun no danger, he will shrink from no privation, he will spare himself no fatigue, he will brave every element of heaven, he will hazard the extremities of every clime, he will cross seas, and work his persevering way through the briers and thickets of the wilderness. In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in weariness and painfulness he seeks after him. The cast and the colour are nothing to the comprehensive eye of a missionary. His is the broad principle of good-will to the children of men. His doings are with the species; and, overlooking all the accidents of climate or of country, it is enough for him if the individual he is in quest of, be a man, a brother of the same nature, with a body which a few years will bring to the grave, and a spirit that returns to the God who gave it.

HAPPINESS. — Colton.

WHAT is earthly happiness? that phantom of which we hear so much, and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession;

deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald; but Disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience that *must*.

Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both: she received the attention of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither; although, like some other gallants, they all boasted of more favours than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit: he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed that, by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him.

She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the image in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected, often obtained: while those who seek for her the most diligently, fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion;—the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction.

To some she is more kind, but not less cruel: she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles, as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress, to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence-chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself.

Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, her en-

voys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends power; to Avarice, wealth; to Love, jealousy; to Revenge, remorse;—alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment. Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes: she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them.

None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects: she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train; but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is travelling incognito to keep a private assignation with Contentment, and to partake of a *tête-à-tête*, and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear, then, mighty queen! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstances, and an ephemeris of time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent even to thine own subsistence; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by Content on the one hand, and by Health on the other, thou fallest, an unwieldy and bloated pageant, to the ground

GREECE. — *Byron.*

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there,

The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed!
 Such is the aspect of this shore;
 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers, is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb;
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!



LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tossed;

 And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

Their was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke;—
'Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come.'—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,
Like a king's son; though from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble.—Fiercely bright
And high around him, blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face:—thick cypress boughs
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy firelight;—savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England!—Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it?—Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forests?—To the stake
They bound him; and that proud young soldier strove,
His father's spirit in his breast, to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He, the love
Of many hearts—the fondly reared—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see!—And fettered there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand;
He thought upon his God.—Hush! hark!—a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity:—
A step hath pierced the ring!—Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?—
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green Savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,—
For *hers* had mourned a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
 Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound,
 Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye
 And clear-toned voice, that said, 'He shall not die!'

'He shall not die!'—the gloomy forest thrilled
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
 On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were stilled,
 Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.
 They gazed,—their dark souls bowed before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
 And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
 Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
 Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
 And seeming, to their child-like faith, a token
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
 They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree;
 'Away,' they cried, 'young stranger, thou art free!'

DIALOGUE.

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY, DANGLE AND SNEER.—*Sheridan.*

Dan. SIR Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

Sir F. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you, though—I sent it to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre this morning.

Sneer. I should have thought that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at Drury Lane.

Sir F. O! no—never send a play there, while I live—hark 'ee!

[*Whispers Sneer.*]

Sneer. *Writes himself!*—I know he does——

Sir F. I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing.—But this I will say, through all my knowledge of life I have observed, that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

Sir F. Besides, I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hands of those who write themselves.

Sneer. What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir F. Steal! to be sure they may; and, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

Sneer. But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and he you know never——

Sir F. That 's no security. A dexterous plagiarist may do anything. Why, sir, for aught I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. And then, if such a person gives you the least hint or assistance, he is apt to take the merit of the whole——

Dan. If it succeeds.

Sir F. Ay: but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely aver he never read it.

Sneer. I 'll tell you how you may hurt him more.

Sir F. How?

Sneer. Declare he wrote it.

Sir F. Plague on 't now, Sneer, I shall take it ill.—I believe you want to take away my character as an author.

Sneer. Then I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to me.

Sir F. Hey! sir!——

Dan. O you know he never means what he says.

Sir F. Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, truly, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to——

Sir F. With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you do n't mean to profit by his opinion!

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you 'll give me leave, I 'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. You surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No, I do n't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no; it don't fall off.

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal——Not that I ever read them——No—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No! quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why that 's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday: it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. O, so much the better. Ha! ha! ha! I would n't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for——

Sir F. You do n't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle,—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir F. O no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least—I—But one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do you recollect? Make out something.

[*Aside.*

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

Sneer. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste: but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

Sir F. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the fine passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface

like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

Sir F. (*after great agitation.*)—Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I would n't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it—I *am* diverted.—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha! very good!—very good!

Sneer. Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dan. A severe rogue! Ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure—for if there is anything to praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from one rascally good-natured friend or another!

SPEECH OF MAC BRIAR TO THE SCOTCH INSURGENTS.

Extract from 'Old Mortality.'—*Scott.*

YOUR garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood, but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks; for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those that held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle.

Those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches; but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death.—And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory, was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the

tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice.

Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name, and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Therefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, nor the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight.

Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus—every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samson—every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and wo, wo unto him, who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work; for the curse shall abide with him; even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Up, then, and be doing; the blood of Martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve

God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf.

Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then, whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arles at the hand of the servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, forever and ever!



MR. BURKE'S OPINION OF JUNIUS.

How comes this Junius to have broke through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you.—No! they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broke through all their toils, is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end of his triumphs. Not that he had not asserted many truths: Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths; by which a wise prince might profit. It was the *rancour and venom*, with which I was struck. In these respects, the North-Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit and judgment.

But while I expected, in this daring flight, his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both Houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make *you* his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of *your* brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. Kings, Lords, Commons are but the sport of his fury.

Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness and integrity? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigour. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal anything from the public.

SPECIMEN OF THE ELOQUENCE OF JAMES OTIS.

Extract from 'The Rebels.'—*Miss Francis.*

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those, against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous,—and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, 'Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?' No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him, is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population.

And do we owe all this to the kind succour of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny, that drove us from her,—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, 'We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses.' And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the King—and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choc-taws. Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome; but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

SLAVE TRADE.

Extract from Mr. WILBERFORCE's Speech in the British Parliament.

Would you be acquainted with the character of the Slave Trade—look to the continent of Africa, and there you will behold such a scene of horrors as no tongue can express, no imagination can represent to itself. One mode, adopted by the petty chieftains of that country to supply our traders with slaves, is, that of committing depredations upon each other's territories: This circumstance gives a peculiar character to the wars in Africa. They are predatory expeditions, of which the chief object is the acquisition of slaves.

But this, sir, is the lightest of the evils Africa suffers from the Slave Trade. Still more intolerable are those acts of outrage, which we are continually stimulating the kings to commit on *their own* subjects. Instead of the guardians and protectors, those kings have been made, through our instrumentality, the despoilers and ravagers of their people.

A chieftain is in want of European commodities. He sends a party of soldiers by night to one of his own defenceless villages. They set fire to it; they seize the miserable inhabitants as they are flying from the flames, and hurry with them to the ships of the Christian traders, who, hovering like vultures over these scenes of carnage, are ever ready for their prey.

Nor is it only by the chieftains that these disorders are committed; every one's hand is against his neighbour. Whithersoever a man goes, be it to the watering-place, or to the field, he is not safe. He never can quit his house without fear of being carried off by fraud or force; and he dreads to come home again, lest on his return, he should find his hut a heap of ruins, and his family torn away into perpetual exile. Distrust and terror everywhere prevail, and the whole country is one continued scene of anarchy and desolation.

But these evils, terrible as they are, do not equal those which are endured on board ship, or in what is commonly called *the middle passage*. The mortality during this period is excessive. The slaves labour under a fixed dejection and melancholy, interrupted now and then by lamentations and plaintive songs, expressive of their concern for their relations, and friends, and native country.

Many attempt to drown themselves; others obstinately refuse to take sustenance; and when the whip and other violent means have been used to compel them to eat, they have sometimes looked up in the face of the officer who executed his task, and consoled themselves by saying, in their own language, "presently we shall be no more."

O, sir! are not these things too bad to be any longer endured? I cannot but persuade myself that whatever difference of opinion there may have been, we shall be this night at length unanimous. I cannot believe that a British House of Commons will give its sanction to the continuance of this infernal traffic. Never was there, indeed, a system so big with wickedness and cruelty. To whatever part of it you direct your view, the eye finds no relief.

It is the gracious ordinance of Providence, both in the natural and moral world, that good should often arise out of evil. Hurricanes clear the air, and persecution promotes the propagation of the truth. Pride, vanity, and profusion, in their remoter consequences, contribute often to the happiness of mankind. Even those classes of men that may seem most noxious have some virtues. The Arab is hospitable. The robber is brave. We do not necessarily find cruelty associated with fraud, nor meanness with injustice.

But here it is otherwise. It is the prerogative of this detested traffic, to separate from evil its concomitant good, and reconcile discordant mischiefs; it robs war of its generosity; it deprives peace of its security. You have the vices of polished society, without its knowledge or its comforts; and the evils of barbarism, without its simplicity.

No age, sex or rank is exempt from the influence of this wide-wasting calamity. It attains to the fullest measure of pure, unmixed wickedness; and, scorning all competition or comparison, it stands in the undisputed possession of its detestable preeminence.



ADDRESS TO THE HIGHLANDERS.—*Scott.*

SEE, the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
 Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
 That dawn never beamed on your forefather's eye,
 But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake!
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
 'T is the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
 'T is the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'T is the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountains and heath;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!



ANSWER OF LEWIS, DAUPHIN OF FRANCE, TO THE POPE'S LEGATE.

Shakespeare.

Your grace will pardon me, I will not back;
 I am too high born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
 Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire,
 And now 't is far too huge to be blown out,
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest in this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine:

And, now it is half conquered, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penury hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? Is it not I,
 That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
 And such, as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these Islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have banked their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game;
 To win this easy match played for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

I will not return,
 Till my attempt be so much glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised,
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And culled these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown,
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

MR. BURKE'S OPINION RELATIVE TO THE RIGHT OF ENGLAND TO
 TAX AMERICA.

Oh! inestimable right! Oh! wonderful, transcendent right,
 the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provin-
 ces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy
 millions of money! Oh! invaluable right! for the sake of
 which, we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our im-
 portance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh! right!
 more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost
 us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all.

Infatuated man! (fixing his eye on the minister,) mis-
 erable and undone country! not to know that the claim of
 right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and
 idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells
 us; therefore we ought to tax America. This is the pro-
 found logic which comprises the whole chain of his reason-
 ing. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who re-

solved to shear the wolf. What! shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded.

But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command, to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day come, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve.



2

AMERICAN COLONISTS DEFENDED.

Extract from E. Everett's Oration, delivered at Charlestown, July 4, 1828.

A LATE writer in the London Quarterly Review, has permitted himself to say, that the original establishment of the United States, and that of the colony of Botany Bay, were pretty nearly modelled on the same plan. The meaning of this slanderous insinuation, is, that the United States were settled by deported convicts, in like manner as New South Wales has been settled by felons, whose punishment by death has been commuted into transportation. It is doubtless true, that at one period, the English government was in the habit of condemning to hard labour as servants in the colonies, a portion of those who had received the sentence of the law.

If this practice makes it proper to compare America with Botany Bay, the same comparison might be made of England herself, before the practice of transportation began, and even now; inasmuch as a large portion of her convicts are held to labour, within her own bosom. In one sense, indeed, we might doubt whether the allegation were more of a reproach or a compliment. During the time that the

colonization of America was going on the most rapidly, the best citizens of England, (if it be any part of good citizenship to resist oppression,) were immured in her prisons of state, or lying at the mercy of the law.

Such were the convicts by which America was settled. Men convicted of fearing God more than they feared man; of sacrificing property, ease, and all the comforts of life, to a sense of duty, and the dictates of conscience:—men convicted of pure lives, brave hearts, and simple manners. The enterprise was led by Raleigh, the chivalrous convict, who unfortunately believed that his royal master had the heart of a man, and would not let a sentence of death, which had slumbered for sixteen years, revive and take effect, after so long an interval of employment and favour. But *nullum tempus occurrit regi*.

The felons who followed next, were the heroic and long suffering church of Robinson, at Leyden,—Carver, Brewster, Bradford, and their pious associates, convicted of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences, and of giving up all,—country, property, and the tombs of their fathers,—that they might do so unmolested. Not content with having driven the Puritans from her soil, England next enacted, or put in force, the oppressive laws, which colonized Maryland with Catholics, and Pennsylvania with Quakers. Nor was it long before the American plantations were recruited by the Germans, convicted of inhabiting the Palatinate, when the merciless armies of Louis XIV. were turned into that devoted region; and by the Huguenots, convicted of holding what they deemed the simple truth of Christianity, when it pleased the mistress of Louis XIV. to be very zealous for the Catholic faith. These were followed, in the next age, by the Highlanders, convicted of loyalty to their hereditary prince, on the plains of Culloden; and the Irish, convicted of supporting the rights of their country, against an oppressive external power. Such are the convicts by whom America was settled.

CLOSE OF THE SAME ORATION.

IN the unceasing march of things, which calls forward the successive generations of men to perform their part on the stage of life, we at length are summoned to appear. Our fathers have passed their hour of visitation;—how worthily, let the growth and prosperity of our happy land, and the security of our firesides, attest. Or, if this appeal be too weak to move us, let the eloquent silence of yonder venerated heights,—let the column, which is there rising in simple majesty, recall their venerated forms, as they toiled, in the hasty trenches, through the dreary watches of that night of expectation, heaving up the sods, where they lay in peace and in honour, ere the following sun had set.

The turn has come to us. 'The trial of adversity was theirs: the trial of prosperity is ours. Let us meet it as men who know their duty, and prize their blessings. Our position is the most enviable, the most responsible, which men can fill. If this generation does its duty, the cause of constitutional freedom is safe. If we fail,—if we fail—not only do we defraud our children of the inheritance which we received from our fathers, but we blast the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout our continent, throughout Europe, throughout the world, to the end of time.

History is not without her examples of hard-fought fields, where the banner of liberty has floated triumphantly on the wildest storm of battle. She is without her examples of a people, by whom the dear-bought treasure has been wisely employed and safely handed down. The eyes of the world are turned for that example to us. It is related by an ancient historian, of that Brutus who slew Cæsar, that he threw himself on his sword, after the disastrous battle of Philippi, with the bitter exclamation, that he had followed virtue as a substance, but found it a name. It is not too much to say, that there are at this moment, noble spirits in the elder world, who are anxiously watching the march of our institutions, to learn whether liberty, as they have been told, is a mockery, a pretence, and a curse, or a blessing, for which it becomes them to brave the rack, the scaffold, and the scimitar.

Let us then, as we assemble, on the birthday of the nation, as we gather upon the green turf once wet with precious blood, let us devote ourselves to the sacred cause of constitutional liberty. Let us abjure the interests and passions, which divide the great family of American freemen. Let the rage of party spirit sleep to-day. Let us resolve that our children shall have cause to bless the memory of their fathers, as we have cause to bless the memory of ours.

SPEECH OF ONIAS, DISSUADING THE JEWS FROM REVOLT.—Crety.

Go to war with Rome! you might as well go to war with the ocean, for her power is as wide; you might as well fight the storm, for her vengeance is as rapid; you might as well call up the armies of Judea against the pestilence, for her sword is as sweeping, as sudden, and as sure.

Who but madmen would go to war without allies? and where are yours to be looked for? Rome is the mistress of all nations. Would you make a war of fortresses? Rome has in her possession all your walled towns. Every tower from Dan to Beersheba has a Roman banner on its battlements. Would you meet her in the plain? Where are your horsemen? The Roman cavalry would be upon you before you could draw your swords; and would trample your boldest into the sand. Would you make the campaign in the mountains? Where are your magazines?

The Roman generals would disdain to waste a drop of blood upon you; they would only have to block up the passes, and leave famine to do the rest. Harvest is not come; and if it were, you dare not descend to the plains to gather it. You are told to rely upon the strength of the country.—Have the fiery sands of the desert, or the marshes of Germany, or the snows of Scythia, or the stormy waters of Britain, defended them?

Does Egypt, within your sight, give you no example? A land of inexhaustible fertility, crowded with seven millions and a half of men passionately devoted to their country, opulent, brave, and sustained by the countless millions of Africa, with a country defended on both flanks by the wilderness, in the rear inaccessible to the Roman, expos-

ing the narrowest and most defensible front of any nation on earth: yet Egypt, in spite of the Lybian valour, and the Greek genius, is garrisoned at this hour by a single Roman legion! The Roman bird, grasping the thunder in its talons, and touching with one wing the sunrise, and with the other the sunset, throws its shadow over the world. Shall we call it to stoop upon us? Must we spread for it the new banquet of the blood of Israel?

SPEECH OF SALATHIEL IN FAVOUR OF RESISTING THE ROMAN POWER.—*Croly.*

WHAT! must we first mingle in the cabals of Jerusalem, and rouse the frigid debaters and disputers of the Sanhedrim into action? Are we first to conciliate the irreconcilable, to soften the furious, to purify the corrupt? If the Romans are to be our tyrants till we can teach patriotism to faction, we may as well build the dungeon at once, for, to the dungeon we are consigned for the longest life among us.

Death or glory for me. There is no alternative between, not merely the half-slavery that we now live in, and independence, but between the most condign suffering, and the most illustrious security. If the people would rise, through the pressure of public injury, they must have risen long since; if from private violence, what town, what district, what family, has not its claims of deadly retribution! Yet here the people stand, after a hundred years of those continued stimulants to resistance, as unresisting, as in the day when Pompey marched over the threshold of the Temple.

I know your generous friendship, Eleazar, and fear that your anxiety to save me from the chances of the struggle, may bias your better judgment. But here I pledge myself, by all that constitutes the honour of man, to strike, at all risks, a blow upon the Roman crest, that shall echo through the land.

What! commit our holy cause into the nursing of those pampered hypocrites, whose utter baseness of heart you know still more deeply than I do? Linger, till those pestilent profligates raise their price with Florus, by betraying

a design, that will be the glory of every man who draws a sword in it? Vainly, madly, ask a brood that, like the serpent, engender and fatten among the ruins of their country, to discard their venom, to cast their fangs, to feel for human feelings? As well ask the serpent itself to rise from the original curse.

It is the irrevocable nature of faction to be base till it can be mischievous; to lick the dust until it can sting; to creep on its belly until it can twist its folds round the victim. No! let the old pensionaries, the bloated hangers-on in the train of every governor, the open sellers of their country for filthy lucre, betray me when I leave it in their power. To the field, I say; once and for all, to the field.

EDWARD GLENDINNING TO THE SUB-PRIOR OF HALIDOME, ON
TAKING INTO CUSTODY SIR PIERCIE SHAFTON, THE SUPPOSED
MURDERER OF HIS BROTHER.

Extract from the Monastery. — Scott.

THAT I may obey your commands, Reverend Sir, I will not again offer myself to this person's presence; for shame it were to me, to break the peace of the Halidome—but not less shame, to leave my brother's death unavenged. Fear nothing, my Reverend Father, (for so in a hundred senses may I term you,) fear not, that I will in anything diminish the respect which I owe to the venerable community, by whom we have so long been protected; far less, that I will do aught, which can be personally less than respectful to you. But, the blood of my brother must not cry for vengeance in vain.—Your Reverence knows our Border creed.

Father—(father to me you have been in every sense,) you know that my hand grasped more readily to the book than to the sword; and, that I lacked utterly the ready and bold spirit which distinguished—I would say, that I was unequal to Halbert in promptitude of heart and of hand:—but Halbert is gone, and I stand his representative, and that of my father—his successor in all his rights, and bound to assert and maintain them, as he would have done—therefore I am a changed man, increased in courage, as in my rights and pretensions.

And, Reverend Father, respectfully, but plainly and firmly do I say, his blood, if it has been shed by this man, shall be atoned.—Halbert shall not sleep neglected in his lonely grave, as if with him the spirit of my father had ceased forever. His blood flows in my veins, and while his has been poured forth unrequited, mine will permit me no rest. My poverty and meanness of rank shall not be his protection. My calm nature and peaceful studies shall not be his protection. Even the obligations, Holy Father, which I owe to you, shall not be his protection.

I wait with patience the judgment of the Abbot and Chapter, for the slaughter of one of their most anciently descended vassals.

If they do right to my brother's memory, it is well. But, mark me, if they shall fail in rendering me that justice, I bear a heart and a hand,—which, though I love not such extremities, are capable of remedying such an error. He, who takes my brother's succession, must avenge his death.

I will do nothing rashly; that, my better than Father, I surely will not. But, the blood of my brother—the tears of my mother,—and of Mary Avenel, shall not be shed in vain. I will not deceive you, Father—if this Piercie Shafton have slain my brother, he *dies*, if the whole blood of the whole house of Piercie were in his veins.



CONSCIENCE.—*Gisborne.*

‘THERE—lie forever there—’ the murderer said,
And pressed his heel contemptuous on the dead.—

‘No horrors haunt the well-concerting mind!

Vengeance my aim, thy gold I leave behind;

Clutched in thy grasp be thy own knife surveyed—

Thus—so may death self-sought thy name degrade!

My steel, that did the deed, this lake shall hide—

Here—rust beneath the all-concealing tide,—

The long descent these mounting bubbles tell,—

Down; down—still deeper—to the fancied hell.

But why this needless care?—the wretch unknown,—

My garment bloodless—no man heard him groan;

Nor he, the fabled monarch of the skies—’

He spoke, and fixed on heaven his iron eyes.

No terrors haunt the well-concerting mind!
Sayest thou, when March unchains the midnight wind,
When the full blast, as Alp-descending Po
Whirls through the rocky strait the liquid snow,
Down the vale driving with resistless course,
Pours on thy walls its congregated force;
When tottering chimneys bellow o'er thy head,
And the floor quakes beneath thy sleepless bed?

No terrors haunt thee!—sayest thou, when the storm
Bids all its horrors, each in wildest form,
From adverse winds on wings of thunder haste,
And close around thee on the naked waste;
Bids at each flash untimely night retire,
And opes and shuts the living vault of fire:
When from each bursting cloud the arrowy flame
Seems at thy central breast to point its aim;
While crash on crash redoubles from on high,
As though the shattered fabric of the sky
Would rush in hideous ruin through the air,
To whelm the guilty wretch whom lightnings spare?

No terrors haunt thee! Lo, 't is winter's reign:
His broad hand plunging in the Atlantic main,
Lifts into mountain-piles the boiling deep,
And bounds with vales of death each billowy steep.
Now, when thy bark, the dire ascent surpast,
Turns to the black abyss the downward mast;
In that dread pause, while yet the dizzy prow
Poised on the verge, o'erhangs the gulf below;
Now press thy conscious bosom, and declare
If guilt has raised no throbs of terror there.

Still art thou proof?—In sleep I see thee laid:
Dreams, by the past inspired, thy sleep invade.

Houseless and drear a plain expands in view;
There travels one like him thy fury slew:
Couched in the brake, a ruffian from his den
Starts forth, and acts thy bloody deed again:
Like thine his mien, like thine his iron stare,
Fixed in defiance on the vault of air.

Lo! as secure he quits the un plundered dead,
Wide-weltering seas of fire before him spread;
With frenzied step he hurries to the shore,
Shrieks, plunges headlong, and is seen no more!

Thou wakest, and smilest in scorn!—Has heaven no dart,

Potent to reach that adamantine heart?
Yes. He, whose viewless gales the forest bend,
Whose feeblest means attain the mightiest end,
Touches the secret spring, that opes the cell
Where conscience lurks, and slumbering horrors dwell.
Lo! as the wretch his careless path pursues,
Struck by his foot, a rusted knife he views:
In thought the blade, concealed from mortal eyes,
Beneath the lake his troubled soul describes.
In wild dismay his clouded senses swim;
Cold streams of terror bathe each shivering limb:
Then with new fires in every nerve he burns;
To earth, to heaven, his flashing eyeball turns;
Buries, with frantic hand, the avenging knife
Deep in his breast, and renders life for life.

BATTLE OF WARSAW.—*Campbell.*

WHEN leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered panders and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! Our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live! with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced, and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly;
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply;

Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed the high career:—
Hope for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as *Kosciusko* fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return,
Thou patriot *Tell*—thou *Bruce* of *Bannockburn*.

DIALOGUE.

PORTIUS AND MARCUS.—*Addison.*

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate

Of Cato and of Rome——our father's death
 Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
 And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
 Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
 Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
 To form new battles, and support his crimes.
 Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
 Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
 I'm tortured, even to madness, when I think
 On the proud victor: every time he's named,
 Pharsalia rises to my view;—I see
 The insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
 Strewed with Rome's citizens, and drenched in slaughter.
 His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
 Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 't is an impious greatness,
 And mixed with too much horror to be envied;
 How does the lustre of our father's actions,
 Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
 Break out and burn with more triumphant brightness!
 His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
 Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
 His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
 Oppression, tyranny, and power usurped,
 Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Marc. Who knows not this? but what can Cato do
 Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
 That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
 Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
 A pure epitome of Roman greatness;
 And, covered with Numidian guards, directs
 A feeble army, and an empty senate,
 Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
 By heaven, such virtues, joined with such success,
 Distracts my very soul. Our father's fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
 The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors:
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

DIALOGUE.

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF MAHOMET.—*Miller.*

MAHOMET AND ALCANOR.

Mahomet. Why dost thou start, Alcanor? whence that horror?

Approach, old man, without a blush, since Heaven,
 For some high end decrees our future union.

Alcanor. I blush not for myself, but thee, thou tyrant;
 For thee, bad man, who com'st with serpent guile,
 To sow dissension in the realms of peace.
 Thy very name sets families at variance,
 'Twixt son and father bursts the bonds of nature,
 And scares endearment from the nuptial pillow!
 And is it, insolent dissembler! thus
 Thou com'st to give the sons of Mecca peace,
 And me an unknown god?

Mah. Were I to answer any but Alcanor,
 That unknown god should speak in thunder for me;
 But here with thee I'd parley as a man.

Alc. What canst thou say? what urge in thy defence?
 What right hast thou received to plant new faiths,
 Or lay a claim to royalty and priesthood?

Mah. The right that a resolved and towering spirit
 Has o'er the grovelling instinct of the vulgar—

Alc. Patience; good heavens! have I not known thee,
 Mahomet,
 When void of wealth, inheritance, or fame,
 Rank'd with the lowest of the low at Mecca?

Mah. Dost thou not know, thou haughty, feeble man,
 That the low insect, lurking in the grass,

And the imperial eagle, which aloft
Ploughs the ethereal plain, are both alike
In the eternal eye?

Alc. What sacred truth! from what polluted lips!
[*Aside.*

Mah. Hear me; thy Mecca trembles at my name;
If therefore thou wouldst save thyself or city,
Embrace my proffer'd friendship.—What to-day
I thus solicit, I'll command to-morrow.

Alc. Contract with thee a friendship! frontless man!
Know'st thou a god can work that miracle?

Mah. I do—necessity—thy interest.

Alc. Interest is thy god, equity is mine.
Propose the tie of this unnatural union;
Say, it's the loss of thy ill-fated son,
Who in the field fell victim to my rage;
Or the dear blood of my poor captive children,
Shed by thy butchering hands?

Mah. Ay, 't is thy children.

Mark me then well, and learn the important secret,
Which I'm sole master of—Thy children live.

Alc. Live!

Mah. Yes! both live.

Alc. What say'st thou? Both?

Mah. Ay, both.

Alc. And dost thou not beguile me?

Mah. No, old man.

Alc. Propitious heavens! Say, Mahomet, for now
Methinks I could hold endless converse with thee;
Say what's their portion, liberty or bondage?

Mah. Bred in my camp, and tutor'd in my law,
I hold the balance of their destinies;
And now 't is on the turn—their lives or deaths—
'T is thine to say which shall preponderate.

Alc. Mine! can I save them? name the mighty ransom—
If I must bear their chains, double the weight,
And I will kiss the hand that puts them on;
Or if my streaming blood must be the purchase,
Drain every sluice and channel of my body;
My swelling veins will burst to give it passage!

Mah. I'll tell thee then: Renounce thy pagan faith,
Abolish thy vain gods, and—

Alc. Ha!

Mah. Nay, more:

Surrender Mecca to me, quit this temple,
 Assist me to impose upon the world,
 Thunder my Koran to the gazing crowd,
 Proclaim me for their prophet and their king,
 And be a glorious pattern of credulity
 To Korah's stubborn tribe. These terms perform'd,
 Thy son shall be restor'd, and Mahomet's self
 Will deign to wed thy daughter.

Alc. Hear me, Mahomet—

I am a father, and this bosom boasts
 A heart as tender as e'er parent bore.
 After a fifteen years of anguish for them,
 Once more to view my children, clasp them to me,
 And die in their embraces—melting thought!
 But were I doom'd or to enslave my country,
 And help to spread black error o'er the earth,
 Or to behold these blood embrued hands
 Deprive me of them both—know me, then Mahomet,
 I'd not admit a doubt to cloud my choice—
 [*Looks earnestly at Mahomet for sometime before he speaks.*]
 Farewell! [*Exit.*]

Mah. Why, fare thee well then, churlish dotard!
 Inexorable fool! Now, by my arms,
 I will have great revenge: I'll meet thy scorn
 With treble retribution!

REBELLION AGAINST CHARLES I. JUSTIFIED.—*Ed. Review.*

THE principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more, than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men, who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other purpose, than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses.

In every venerable precedent, they pass by what is essential, and take only what is accidental: they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example, there be anything unsound, these flesh-flies detect it with an unerring

instinct, and dart upon it with a ravenous delight. They cannot always prevent the advocates of a good measure from compassing their end; but they feel, with their prototype, that

' Their labours must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil.'

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution, these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights, liberty, security, toleration, all go for nothing with them. One sect there was, which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under close restraint. One part of the empire there was, so unhappily circumstanced, that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom! These are the parts of the Revolution, which the politicians of whom we speak love to contemplate, and which seem to them, not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate the good which it has produced.

Talk to them of Naples, of Spain, or of South America! they stand forth, zealots for the doctrine of Divine Right—which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland! Then William is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era! The very same persons, who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the Whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's Channel, than they begin to fill their bumpers to their glorious and immortal memory.

They may truly boast that they look not at men, but at measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it—the arbitrary Charles or the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic or Frederick the Protestant! On such occasions, their deadliest opponents may reckon upon their candid construction. The bold assertions of these people have of late impressed a large portion of the public with an opinion, that James II. was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant Revolution.

But this certainly was *not* the case. Nor can any person, who has acquired more knowledge of the history of

those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's Abridgement, believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or if, wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over.

Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning. And, if we may believe them, their hostility was primarily not to Popery but to Tyranny. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic; but they excluded Catholics from the Crown, because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous Resolution, declared the throne vacant, was this, 'that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom.' Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688, must hold, that *the breach of fundamental laws on the part of the Sovereign* justifies resistance. The question then is this: Had Charles I. broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative, unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest Royalists, and to the confessions of the King himself. If there be any truth in *any* historian of *any* party, who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles, from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament, had been a continued course of oppression and treachery.

Let those who applaud the Revolution and condemn the Rebellion, mention one act of James II. to which a parallel is not to be found in the history of his father. Let them lay their fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right, presented by the two Houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the Legislature, raised taxes without the consent of Parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of Parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack on the freedom of debate. The right of petition was grossly violated. Arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments, were grievances of daily and hourly occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason: if they do, the Great Rebellion was laudable.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

It is asked, why did not the enemies of Charles I. adopt milder measures? Why, after the King had consented to so many reforms, and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the Parliament continue to rise in their demands at the risk of provoking a civil war? The Ship-money had been given up. The Star-Chamber had been abolished. Provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of Parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good, by peaceable and regular means?

We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He too had offered to call a free Parliament, and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we praise our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant.

The Long Parliament acted on the same principle, and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the King. He had no doubt passed salutary laws. But what assurance had they that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives. But where was the security that he would not resume them? They had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind, a man who made and broke promises with equal facility, a man whose honour had been a hundred times pawned—and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the Convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared, for wickedness and impudence, to the conduct of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right. The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent. The subsidies are voted. But, no sooner is the tyrant relieved, than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures, which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very Act, for which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years the people had seen the rights, which were theirs by a double claim, by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase, infringed by the perfidious King who had recognised them. At length they were compelled to choose, whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly. —The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors, against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James II. no private virtues? Was even Oliver Cromwell, (his bitterest enemies themselves being judges,) destitute of private virtues?

And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies, which half the tomb-stones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband!—Ample apologies, indeed, for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath—and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates—and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them—and we are informed, that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations. And if, in that relation, we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

EXTRACT FROM THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S SPEECH IN RELATION TO PEACE WITH FRANCE.

My lords, what I in particular desire to press upon your consideration is, that you are now called upon to persevere in the contest, without the means which have so frequently been stated as essential to its success. It is for your lordships to stop and inquire, with what wisdom you are now to open this new career. It is not because our sailors have conquered, and because we have most gloriously demonstrated to all the world the character of our natural strength, that therefore we are provided with the means of carrying on an offensive war against France, without the aid of a continental ally.

Our sailors indeed have maintained the glory of our maritime empire; they have shown the true *vis animæ* of the British marine, which, like the natural strength of a youth in a casual sickness, resists all the blunders of his physicians; but, great and glorious as our naval exploits have been, what can they do for us in such a contest? They make us masters of the sea, indeed, but where shall we land? We have the seas of Europe, and France has its ports. It is necessary to the circuit of commerce, that not merely the seas should be open, but the markets. What then is our relative situation? We have ships that traverse and command the ocean; the French have armies that traverse and command the shores. From Paris to Ham-burgh on the one side, from Paris to Lisbon on the other, they occupy, and will occupy, every point of contact with the main land of Europe. A Duncan and a St. Vincent may sweep them from the seas, and achieve for their country and their own names immortal honour; but what will all this avail us towards offensive war? Are we to have new revolutions? are we to look to new schemes of descent? are we so little chastised in the school of adversity as yet to cherish the hopes of invasion of France? How are we to do it? Is it by balloons? I have heard of no recent invention, which is honoured with the approbation of the war office, for the conquest of France.

But, my lords, do you yet talk of a counter-revolution, after all the experience that we have had? are you yet weak

enough to cherish this puerile expectation? If you are, I would refer your lordships to a most able pamphlet, written by a late comptroller-general of France. The authority of this writer, speaking contrary to his wishes, ought to have weight. He states admirably well the situation into which you have driven France, and he exposes and ridicules the nonsense, with which we have been so long duped and deluded, about their inability to continue the struggle;—all the nonsense about *assignats* and *mandates*, with which my ears have been stunned in this House; for I profess, my lords, that I have frequently gone from this House so stunned and dumb-founded, that I have not been able to return to my repose.

My lords, I am not come here to give my opinion in the spirit of a Frenchman! I am no Frenchman! I am no Jacobin! But, in this most dreadful crisis, if I could suggest any means that might tend to correct the folly of our system, and to check the fatality of our career, I feel it my duty to do so. I know but one means, one chance for safety: I see but one powerful resource left to the nation, and that is a change of Ministers.

DIALOGUE.

HAMLET AND HORATIO.—*Shakspeare.*

Horatio. HAIL to your lordship!

Hamlet. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor *servant* ever.

Ham. Sir, my good *friend*; I'll change *that* name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it trustier of your own report

Against yourself. I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee do not mock me, fellow student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king; your father.

Ham. The king, my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile,
With an attent ear; till I may deliver
This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together, had those gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: a figure, like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,
In dreadful secrecy, impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more than his.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform, where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

H. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none. Yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Hor. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you?

Hor. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Hor. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like.—Staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

Ham. His beard was grizzled?—no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant 't will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you, sir,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love: so, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

EXTRACT FROM R. H. LEE'S SPEECH IN FAVOUR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE Americans may become faithful friends to the English, but subjects, never. And even though union could be restored without rancour, it could not without danger. There are some who seem to dread the effects of the resolution. But will England, or can she, manifest against us greater vigour and rage than she has already displayed? She deems resistance against oppression no less rebellion, than independence itself. And where are those formidable troops that are to subdue the Americans? What the English could not do, can it be done by Germans? Are they more brave, or better disciplined? The number of our enemies is increased; but our own is not diminished, and the battles we have sustained, have given us the practice of arms and the experience of war.

America has arrived at a degree of power, which assigns her a place among independent nations: we are not less entitled to it than the English themselves. If they have wealth, so also have we; if they are brave, so are we; if they are more numerous, our population will soon equal theirs; if they have men of renown, as well in peace as in war, we likewise have such; political revolutions produce great, brave and generous spirits. From what we have already achieved in these painful beginnings, it is easy to presume, what we shall hereafter accomplish; for experience is the source of sage counsels, and liberty is the mother of great men.

Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington, by thirty thousand citizens armed and assembled in one day? Already their most celebrated generals have yielded, in Boston, to the skill of ours; already their seamen, repulsed from our coasts, wander over the ocean, where they are the sport of tempest, and the prey of famine. Let us hail the favourable omen, and fight, not for the sake of knowing on what terms we are to be the slaves of England, but to secure to ourselves a free existence,—to found a just and independent government. Animated by liberty, the Greeks repulsed the innumerable army of Persians; sustained by the love of independence, the Swiss and the Dutch humbled the power of Austria by memorable defeats, and con-

quered a rank among nations. The sun of America also shines upon the heads of the brave; the point of our weapons is no less formidable than theirs; here also the same union prevails, the same contempt of dangers and of death, in asserting the cause of country.

Why then do we longer delay, why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to reestablish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum, where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant, which first sprung up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering, under its salubrious and interminable shade, all the unfortunate of the human race.

This is the end presaged by so many omens, by our first victories, by the present ardour and union, by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out amongst Dunmore's people, by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coast of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to country, the names of the American legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and will be forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens.

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.—*Mason.*

THE man, who reads and reverences the Bible, is not the man of violence and blood: he will not rise up from the study of lessons which the Holy Ghost teaches, to commit a burglary: he will not travel with a Bible under his arm, meditating upon its contents as forming the rule of his conduct,

to celebrate the orgies of Bacchus, or the rights of the Cyprian Venus. Assuredly they were not the leaves of the Bible, which, in 1780, kindled the flames of Newgate; nor is it from stores of inspired eloquence, the apostles of mischief draw those doctrines and speeches, which delude the understanding, and exasperate the passions of an ignorant and ill-judging multitude.

The influence of the Bible, upon the habits of community, is calculated to set up, around every paternal government, a rampart better than walls, and guns, and bayonets,—a rampart of human hearts. From the same reasons, the Bible, in proportion as it is known and believed, must produce a generally good effect upon the condition of the world. In forming the character of the individual and the nation, it cannot fail to mould also, in a greater or less degree, the conduct of political governments toward each other.

It is not in the Bible, nor in the spirit which it infuses, that the pride, which sacrifices hecatombs and nations of men to its lawless aggrandizement, either finds or seeks for its aliment; and had Europe been under the sway of this Book of God, this age had not seen a monster of ambition endeavouring to plant one foot on the heights of Montmartre, and the other on the hills of Dover:—and while he scowled on the prostrate continent, stretching with his right hand, to rifle the treasures of the East, and with his left, to crush the young glories of the West. Such a spirit was never bred in the bosom, nor drew its nourishment from the milk of a Bible Society.

The cause and interest of the Bible Society, are not the cause and interest of a few visionaries, inebriated by romantic projects.—It is the cause of more than giant undertakings, in a regular and progressive course. The decisive battle has been fought; opposition comes now too late. He who would arrest the march of the Bible Society, is attempting to stop the moral machinery of the world, and can look for nothing but to be crushed to pieces. The march must proceed. Those disciplined and formidable columns, which, under the banner of Divine truth, are bearing down upon the territories of death, have one word of command from on high, and that word is '*onward*.'—The command does not fall useless on the ears of this Society. May it go '*onward*,' continuing to be, and with increasing splendour, the astonishment of the world.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND ITS EFFECTS.

Extract from an Oration of Mr. Burges delivered at Providence July 4, 1831.

FORTUNATELY for our fathers, for us, and for the rights of the human race, the question between England and America was brought to trial on the Parliamentary claim to tax the Colonies; not at the English Custom House in Great Britain, but at the English Custom here, on our own shores, on our own wharves. In this all was seen; there could be no evasion, no mistake; and we were invulnerable. It was a tremendous controversy; a trial by battle; but the Great Arbitrator of nations defended the right.

I see a few men here, who must remember the first day of the war. It is the oldest event alive in my recollection. Though distant from the field nearly twice the length of this state; yet the alarm reached our little hamlet before the sun went down. Every cheek was pale; but every eye was on fire. Lexington was the gathering word; and the name flew from man to man, from colony to colony, as the lightning shoots along the dark bosom of the summer cloud. Almost at once, one spirit pervaded the whole country; and while our enemies were taking counsel to subdue us one by one, we had become a nation. Bunker Hill was next the battle cry; and field after field gave each a new word of war, until the roar of the last cannon, the shout of the last victory was heard; and the last sword of the enemy delivered up at Yorktown.

What are some of the effects produced by our revolution? Surrounding nations looked anxiously on while the great controversy was on trial; and at the moment of success, the light of our triumph, rising high and glorious, was seen by the people, in regions the most distant. Under this light the great principles of our revolution have spread, and extended; and that improvement in the political condition of nations, then commenced, has, from that hour up to the present moment, been in progress. Letters have been, and now continually are disseminating knowledge; men have made many discoveries concerning their rights; and are making mighty efforts to regain them.

France, after years of anarchy, blood, and iron despotism, seems at last to have succeeded in establishing constitutional freedom. In other parts of Europe liberty is awakening

from the slumber of ages. At every movement of the arousing spirit, some throne may be seen tottering; and you may hear the shout of some outraged, some hoping nation. Spain may yet shake from her bosom the polluting power of the Bourbon. Twice since Canova wrought the form of Washington in Italian marble, the bland and animating gale of freedom has breathed over that glorious land of Livy and Tacitus. We have almost heard the divine voice of Tully; we have almost seen the crimson steel of Brutus. The birth-place of song and eloquence, the region of arts and arms, Greece, so many ages bent to the earth with chains, is free; walks again on continent and island, erect like her own Pallas in native majesty; and she, who was the ancient teacher of all other nations, is now the lovely disciple of our own.

Would you find a country consecrated by the imperishable names of her patriots and defenders? Then look for the cradle of Sobieski and Kosciusko. Glorious Sarmatia! thou art this day, as we were, when this day, like the pass-over of God's own people, was set apart from every day in the Sun's whole course; and as a perpetual festival, hallowed and consecrated to freedom. The principles of our revolution; and the very name of the United States of America, seem to be inscribed in blazing gold, on the wing of every Eagle under which Poland marches to battle. Could we believe that the "spirits of the just made perfect," might ever again in human form visit the sunshine of this lower world, how could we doubt, that our Washington is now directing the "storm of war" in another hemisphere; and leading another nation to victory and independence? In the hero of Warsaw, who has not seen a like devotedness of patriotism and a kindred skill in warfare: the sudden and silent seizure of events; the cautionary delay; the patience of endurance, and all other, the illustrious excellences of the great Fabius of our country? God of armies; shelter, we beseech thee, cover that head in the day of battle; and give, once more, give success to the cause of Washington.

EXTRACT FROM PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA.

MR. PRESIDENT—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty. Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way to judge of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports, with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing.

We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition, to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction. Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no elec-

tion. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle! What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!!!

SEA FIGHT. — *Subsely.*

THE Angel of destruction from on high
 Rushed with red wing that blazed along the sky,
 Stalked on the wave with garment dyed in blood,
 And lashed the billows of the sounding flood.
 Death heard his voice; and, as he towered in air,
 Shook arrowy lightnings from his meteor hair.
 A wild confusion of uncertain sound,
 Loud shouts and shrieks of horror ring around;
 The groan of anguish, and the brazen roar,
 And the slow wave that heaved the dead on shore:
 And all confused came floating on the sight,
 Through transitory flames of lurid light;
 Save where, aloft, 'mid either navy raised,
 Towered a vast wreck, that far o'er ocean blazed;
 Like Etna, pouring from the sea-girt height,
 A fiery torrent through the storm of night.
 There frenzy's thrilling outcry smote the ear,
 And visions flashed that struck the brave with fear.
 Through the torn decks, rent sides, and shivered sails,
 As rushed the expanding flame before the gales,
 Pale swarms were seen, that dashed in wild dismay
 Through bursting fires, that closed around their way:
 Some on the masts and blazing cordage hung,
 Or headlong plunged the crowded waves among;

And on the pile of dying and of dead,
 Gashed with wide wounds, the unyielding chieftain bled!
 Now seen, and now no more! 'Mid globes of fire,
 That burst around, and blazed above the pyre,
 Death waved his torch and fired the imprisoned blast,
 High in mid air the shivered fabric cast,
 And rode upon the storm, and shouted as it passed!

DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH.—*Hunt.*

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flock;—a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I longed
 To follow to the field some warlike lord:
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied!
 This Moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
 Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds: The shepherds fled:
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow and quiver full of arrows;
 Hovered about the enemy, and marked
 The road he took; then hastened to my friends;
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe:
 We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief;
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdained
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard,
 That our good King had summoned his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps,—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers;
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

· IMMORTALITY. — *Dana.*

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
 And doth Death cancel the great bond, that holds
 Commingling spirits? Are thoughts, that know no bounds,
 But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
 The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
 Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
 Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
 Of uncreated light have visited, and lived?—
 Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
 Which One, with gentle hand, the veil of flesh
 Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
 In glory?—throne, before which, even now,
 Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
 Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?
 Souls, that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
 Thou awful, unseen Presence, are they quenched,
 Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
 By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
 His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
 Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,
 And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
 Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
 Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,
 And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,
 And vision in the eye the soul intense
 With that for which there is no utterance,—
 Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
 To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

O listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still

The song of our great immortality:
 Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in this solemn, universal song.
 O listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
 From all the air. 'T is in the gentle moonlight;
 'T is floating midst Day's setting glories; Night,
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
 By an unseen, living hand, and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
 The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT PLYMOUTH, IN COM-
 MEMORATION OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND, BY
 DANIEL WEBSTER.

LET us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed by its light, and laboured in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, and literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend this influence still more widely, in the full conviction, that that is the happiest society, which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity: they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country, during the lapse of a century. We would antici-

pate their concurrence with us, in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure, with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything, which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hopes of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

EXTRACT FROM COL. BARRE'S SPEECH, IN REPLY TO LORD NORTH,
ON THE KING'S MESSAGE.

I RISE with great unwillingness to oppose this measure in its very infancy, before its features are well formed, or to claim that attention which this House seems to bestow with so much reluctance, on any arguments in behalf of America. But I must call you to witness, that I have been hitherto silent or acquiescent, to an unexpected degree of moderation. While your proceedings, severe as they were, had the least colour of foundation in justice, I desisted from opposing them; nay more—though your bill for stopping up the port of Boston, contained in it many things most cruel, unwarrantable and unjust, yet as they were couched under those general principles of justice, retribution for injury, and compensation for loss sustained, I not only desisted from opposing, but assented to its passing. The bill was a bad way of doing what was right; but still it was doing what was right. I would not, therefore, by opposing it, seem to countenance those violences which had been committed abroad; and of which no man disapproves more than I do.

Upon the present question I am totally unprepared. The motion itself bears no sort of resemblance to what was formerly announced. The noble lord and his friends have had every advantage of preparation. They have reconnoitred the field, and chosen their ground. To attack them in these circumstances may, perhaps, savour more of the gallantry of a soldier, than of the wisdom of a senator. But, sir, the proposition is so glaring; so unprecedented in any former proceedings of parliament; so unwarranted by any delay, denial, or preservation of justice in America; so big with misery and oppression to that country, and with danger to this—that the first blush of it is sufficient to alarm and rouse me to opposition.

It is proposed to stigmatize a whole people as persecutors of innocence, and men incapable of doing justice: yet you have not a single fact on which to ground that imputation. I expected the noble lord would have supported this motion, by producing instances of the officers of government in America having been prosecuted with unremitting vengeance, and brought to cruel and dishonourable deaths, by the violence and injustice of American juries.

But he has not produced one such instance; and I will tell you more, sir—he cannot produce one. The instances, which have happened, are directly in the teeth of his proposition. Colonel Preston, and the soldiers, who shed the blood of the people, were fairly tried, and fully acquitted. It was an American jury, a New England jury, a Boston jury, which tried and acquitted them. Colonel Preston has, under his hand, publicly declared, that the inhabitants of the very town, in which their fellow citizens had been sacrificed; were his advocates and defenders. Is this the return you make them? Is this the encouragement you give them, to persevere in so laudable a spirit of justice and moderation? When a commissioner of the customs, aided by a number of ruffians, assaulted the celebrated Mr. Otis in the midst of the town of Boston, and with the most barbarous violence almost murdered him, did the mob, which is said to rule that town, take vengeance on the perpetrators of this inhuman outrage, against a person who is supposed to be their demagogue? No, sir, the law tried them: the law gave heavy damages against them; which the irreparably injured Mr. Otis most generously forgave, upon an acknowledgement of the offence. Can you expect any more such instances of magnanimity under the principle of the bill now proposed? But the noble lord says, ‘We must now show the Americans, that we will no longer sit quiet under their insults.’ Sir, I am sorry to say that this is declamation, unbecoming the character and place of him who utters it. In what moment have you been quiet? Has not your government, for many years past, been a series of irritating and offensive measures, without policy, principle, or moderation? Have not your troops and your ships, made a vain and insulting parade in their streets, and in their harbours? It has seemed to be your study to irritate and inflame them. You have stimulated discontent into disaffection, and you are now goading that disaffection into rebellion.

SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME SPEECH.

WHEN I stand up as an advocate for America, I feel myself the firmest friend of this country. We stand upon the commerce of America. Alienate your colonies, and

you will subvert the foundation of your riches and your strength. Let the banners be once spread in America, and you are an undone people. You are urging this desperate, this destructive issue. You are urging it with such violence, and by measures tending so manifestly to that fatal point, that, but for that state of madness which only could inspire such an intention, it would appear to be your deliberate purpose. In assenting to your late bill, I resisted the violence of America, at the hazard of my popularity there. I now resist your frenzy, at the same risk here. You have changed your ground. You are becoming the aggressors, and offering the last of human outrages to the people of America, by subjecting them, in effect, to military execution. I know the vast superiority of your disciplined troops over the Provincials; but, beware how you supply the want of discipline by desperation. Instead of sending them the olive branch, you have sent the naked sword. By the olive branch, I mean a repeal of all the late laws, fruitless to you, and oppressive to them.

Ask their aid in a constitutional manner, and they will give it to the utmost of their ability. They never yet refused it, when properly required. Your journals bear the recorded acknowledgements of the zeal, with which they have contributed to the general necessities of the state. What madness is it that prompts you to attempt obtaining that by force, which you may more certainly procure by requisition? They may be flattered into anything; but they are too much like yourselves to be driven. Have some indulgence for your own likeness; respect their sturdy English virtue; retract your odious exertions of authority, and remember, that the first step towards making them contribute to your wants, is, to reconcile them to your government.



BURKE ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

LET us, sir, embrace some system or other, before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out: name, fix, ascertain this revenue, settle its quantity; define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight,

when you have something to fight for. If you murder—rob! If you kill—take possession; and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you!

Again and again, revert to your old principles,—seek peace and ensure it—leave America, if she has any taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinction of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions. I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans, as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. * * *

Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it.* Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them with taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him mad, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery.

Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability; let the best of them get up and tell me, what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and, at the same time, are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burdens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burdens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery—that it is *legal* slavery, will be no compensation either to his feelings or his understanding.

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO FORM THE ORATOR. — *H. Ware, Jr.*

THE history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry: not an eminent orator has lived, but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise.

For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles, and only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce anything to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies, in sensible forms, before his eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails!

If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution. If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labour, that he might know its compass and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression. And yet he will fancy, that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned, by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice. He comes to it, a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his

failure, and settles in his mind forever, that the attempt is vain.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and Demosthenes, none could venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefited from their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd; that sunk to oblivion around them.

Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence, which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in the delivery! How unworthy of one, who performs the high function of a religious instructor, upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiment, and final character of many fellow beings, to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern, by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, or attractive; and which, simply through that want of command over himself which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling! It has been said of the good preacher,

That truths divine come mended from his tongue.

Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul, and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles, which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

MISSIONARY OBJECTS.—*Weyland.*

Extract from a Sermon delivered before the Boston Baptist Missionary Society.

INTELLECT, everywhere, under the dominion of idolatry, is prostrated; beyond the boundaries of Christendom, on every side, the dark places of the earth are filled with the habitations of cruelty. We have mourned over the savage ferocity of the Indians of our western wilderness. We have turned to Africa, and seen almost the whole continent a prey to lawless banditti, or else bowing down in the most revolting idolatry. We have descended along her coast, and beheld villages burnt or depopulated, fields laid waste, and her people, who have escaped destruction, naked and famishing, flee to their forests at the sight of a stranger.

We have asked, what fearful visitation of Heaven has laid these settlements in ruins? What destroying pestilence has swept over this land, consigning to oblivion almost its entire population? What mean the smoking ruins of so many habitations? And why is yon fresh sod crimsoned and slippery with the traces of recent murder? We have been pointed to the dark slave-ship hovering over her coast, and have been told that two hundred thousand defenceless beings are annually stolen away, to be murdered on their passage, or consigned for life to a captivity more terrible than death!

We have turned to Asia, and beheld how the demon of her idolatry has worse than debased, has brutalized the mind of man. Everywhere his despotism has been grievous: here, with merciless tyranny, he has exulted in the misery of his victims. He has rent from the human heart all that was endearing in the charities of life. He has taught the mother to tear away the infant as it smiled in her bosom, and cast it, the shrieking prey, to contending alligators. He has taught the son to light the funeral pile, and to witness unmoved, the dying agonies of his widowed, murdered mother!

We have looked upon all this; and our object is, to purify the whole earth from these abominations. Our object will not have been accomplished, till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smi-

ling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

Our labours are not to cease, until the last slave-ship shall have visited the coast of Africa, and the nations of Europe and America having long since redressed her aggravated wrongs, Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God.

How changed will then be the face of Asia! Bramins, and sooders, and castes, and shasters, will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side, before the rising glories of a summer's morning, while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness, which throbs in the breast of any one of you who now hears me, and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent, the oil of peace and consolation.

In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian kraal, and we tell you that our object is, to render that Caffrarian kraal as happy and as gladsome as that Scottish or New England village. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth, where liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest and happiest neighbourhood in the world on which we dwell; and we tell you that our object is, to render this whole earth, with all its nations and kindreds and tongues and people, as happy, nay, happier than that neighbourhood.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.—*Not.*

A SHORT time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever, fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those, who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless is the heart, which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb, there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen, that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendour of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur. The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst: and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced. The sad and solemn procession has moved. The badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveller his virtues.

Approach, and behold—while I lift from his sepulchre its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements. No fascinated throng weep—and melt—and tremble at his eloquence!—Amazing change. A shroud! a coffin! a narrow subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of him?—During a life so transitory, what lasting monument then can our fondest hopes erect?

My brethren! we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten?

Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have

been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed, and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well known eloquence, the solemn admonition.

“Mortals! hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors—Cultivate the virtues I have recommended—Choose the Saviour I have chosen—Live disinterestedly—Live for immortality; and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God.”



EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON, AT THE
CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
OF THE CITY. BY JOSIAH QUINCY.

As our thoughts course along the events of past times, from the hour of the first settlement of Boston to that in which we are now assembled, they trace the strong features of its character, indelibly impressed upon its acts and in its history;—clear conceptions of duty; bold vindications of right; readiness to incur dangers and meet sacrifices, in the maintenance of liberty, civil and religious.

Early selected as the place of the chief settlement of New England, it has, through every subsequent period, maintained its relative ascendancy. In the arts of peace and in the energies of war, in the virtues of prosperity and adversity, in wisdom to plan and vigour to execute, in extensiveness of enterprise, success in accumulating wealth, and liberality in its distribution, its inhabitants, if not unrivalled, have not been surpassed by any similar society of men. * * * *

Amidst perils and obstructions, on the bleak side of the mountain on which it was first cast, the seedling oak, self-rooted, shot upward with a determined vigour. Now slighted and now assailed; amidst alternating sunshine and storm; with the axe of a native foe at its root, and the lightning of a foreign power, at times, scathing its top, or withering its branches, it grew, it flourished, it stands,—may it forever stand!—the honour of the field.

On this occasion, it is proper to speak of the founders of our city, and of their glory. Now in its true acceptation, the term *glory* expresses the splendour, which emanates from virtue in the act of producing general and permanent good. Right conceptions then of the glory of our ancestors, are alone to be attained by analyzing their virtues. These virtues, indeed, are not seen characterized in breathing bronze, or in living marble. Our ancestors have left no Corinthian temples on our hills, no Gothic cathedrals on our plains, no proud pyramid, no storied obelisk in our cities. But Mind is there. Sagacious Enterprise is there. An active, vigorous, intelligent, moral population throng our cities, and predominate in our fields; men, patient of labour, submissive to law, respectful to authority, regardful of right, faithful to liberty. These are the monuments of our ancestors. They stand immutable and immortal, in the social, moral, and intellectual condition of their descendants. They exist in the spirit, which their precepts instilled, and their example implanted.

Let no man think that to analyze, and place in a just light, the virtues of the first settlers of New England, is a departure from the purpose of this celebration; or deem so meanly of our duties, as to conceive that merely local relations, the circumstances which have given celebrity and character to this single city, are the only, or the most appropriate topics for the occasion. It was to this spot, during twelve successive years, that the great body of those first settlers emigrated. In this place, they either fixed permanently their abode, or took their departure from it for the coast, or the interior.

Whatever honour devolves on this metropolis from the events connected with its first settlement, is not solitary nor exclusive; it is shared with Massachusetts; with New England; in some sense, with the whole United States. For what part of this wide empire, be it sea or shore, lake or river, mountain or valley, have the descendants of the first settlers of New England not traversed? what depth of forest, not penetrated? what danger of nature or man, not defied? Where is the cultivated field, in redeeming which from the wilderness, their vigour has not been displayed? Where, amid unsubdued nature, by the side of the first log hut of the settler, does the school-house stand and the church-spire rise, unless the sons of New England are there? Where does improvement advance, under the active energy

of withering hearts and ready hands, prostrating the moss-covered monarchs of the wood, and from their ashes, amid their charred roots, bidding the green sward and the waving harvest to upspring, and the spirit of the fathers of New England is not seen, hovering, and shedding around the benign influences of sound, social, moral, and religious institutions, stronger and more enduring than knotted oak or tempered steel?

The swelling tide of their descendants has spread upon our coasts; ascended our rivers; taken possession of our plains. Already it encircles our lakes. At this hour the rushing noise of the advancing wave startles the wild beast in his lair among the prairies of the West. Soon it shall be seen climbing the Rocky Mountains, and, as it dashes over their cliffs, shall be hailed by the dwellers on the Pacific, as the harbinger of the coming blessings of safety, liberty, and truth.

MR. BROUGHAM'S INVECTIVE AGAINST LORD CASTLEREAGH.

If one page in the history of the late Congress be blacker than another, it is that which records the deeds of Lord Castlereagh against Genoa. When I approach this subject, and reflect on the powerful oratory, the force of argument, as well as of language, backed by the high authority of virtue, a sanction ever deeply felt in this House, once displayed in the cause of that ill-fated republic, by tongues now silent, but which used to be ever eloquent where public justice was to be asserted, or useful truth fearlessly inculcated, I feel hardly capable of going on.

My lasting sorrow for the loss we have sustained, is made deeper by the regret, that those lamented friends live not to witness the punishment of that foul conduct, which they solemnly denounced. The petty tyrant, to whom the noble lord delivered over that ancient and gallant people, almost as soon as they had at his call joined the standard of national independence, has since subjected them to the most rigorous provisions of his absurd code; a code directed especially against the commerce of this country, and actually less unfavorable to France.

Thus, then, it appears, that, after all, in public as well as in private, in state affairs as well as in the concerns of the most humble individuals, the old maxim cannot safely be forgotten, that "honesty is the best policy." In vain did the noble lord flatter himself, that his subserviency to the unrighteous system of the Congress, would secure him the adherence of the courts whom he made his idols. If he had abandoned that false, foreign system, if he had acted upon the principles of the nation whom he represented, and stood forward as the advocate of the people, the people would have been grateful. He preferred the interests and wishes of the courts; and by the courts he is treated with their wonted neglect. To his crimes against the people, all over Europe; to his invariable surrender of their cause; to his steady refusal of the protection which they had a right to expect, and which they did expect from the manly and generous character of England, it is owing, that if, at this moment, you traverse the continent in any direction whatever; you may trace the noble lord's career in the curses of the nations whom he has betrayed, and the mockery of the courts who have inveigled him to be their dupe.



REFORM IN ENGLAND.—*N. A. Review.*

It is not from France alone, that England is to learn the great lesson of reform. Although her statesmen now think they cannot adopt our system, destiny is not surer, than that they must and will imitate it. Right or wrong, beneficial or pernicious, it is impossible to persuade the mass of the people of any community, that the system, which gives to them an equal voice in the government of the country, is not the best. Governments and ministries may persuade themselves, but they cannot persuade the people that they are their own foes. The prosperity of this country, under its popular representation, will prove an argument for radical reform in England, which nothing can refute.

It will come with the greater force, because it comes from a kindred source. When we proclaim the superiority of our system over the English, we do not say that our Abana and Pharpar are better than all the waters of Israel. No;

the pure stream of our popular system flows out of the living rock of English liberty. Our fathers brought the principle from their native land, and established it here. Of British origin, it is congenial with British feeling; it is natural to the Saxon race. Till it had been so beautifully developed here, it was competent for the champions of ancient prescriptions, to say that an equal representation was an Utopian dream. But we have exhibited it to the world, a noon-day reality; a living, healthy and powerful agent.

We learned from the fathers of English liberty, that taxation and representation should go hand in hand. We saw, in the land of our forefathers, that this glorious maxim was thought to be satisfied, when supplies were voted to the ministry by a Parliament, in which four hundred and eighty-seven out of six hundred and fifty-eight held their seats, either on the mere nomination, or under the controlling influence of the government and two hundred and seventeen individuals. Not thus did we understand and apply the maxim. We believed that all, who share the burden of the taxes, should possess a share in the representation; and on this as on the corner stone, our system rests. Is it just? Is it equitable? Is any other system either just or equitable? And when you cut adrift the vessel of State from the ancient moorings of tradition, will she not infallibly be borne down the popular current, as far as it flows? Will the people of England, once engaged in the business of reform, compare their unequal, imperfect, and complex system with one as simple, equal, and just as ours, and submit to the continuance of the abuse? It cannot be. We shall more than return the inheritance, which our fathers brought over with them; and like the Roman daughter, we shall give back the tide of life to the frame of our political parent.



TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION INSEPARABLE.—P. 2.

My position is this; I repeat it; I will maintain it to my last hour. Taxation and representation are inseparable. This position is founded on the laws of nature. It is more; it is itself an eternal law of nature. For whatever is a man's own, is absolutely his own. No man has a right to take it

from him, without his own consent. Whoever attempts to do it, attempts an injury. Whoever does it, commits a robbery. You have no right, to tax America. I rejoice, that America has resisted. Three millions of our fellow citizens, so lost to every sense of virtue, as tamely to give up their liberties, would be fit instruments to make slaves of the rest!

The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the commons alone; when, therefore, in this house, we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your majesty's commons of Great Britain, give and grant to your majesty—what? Our own property? No. We give and grant to your majesty the property of your commons in America. It is an absurdity in terms. Let the Stamp Act be repealed absolutely, totally and immediately, let the reason for the repeal be assigned, that it was founded on an erroneous principle.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

Extract from Mr. Wirt's Address to the Students of Rutgers College.

THE man, who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence, and exulting alacrity, with him who feels at every step, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends, by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously in the face,

the healthfully beating heart, and the firm elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world: but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course with his eyes fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, 'honest men,' in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity: in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit: one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country, and your fellow creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect: a generous expansion, a proud elevation, and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and, it is to this high and noble tone of character, that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meagre streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel, through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you to resemble the headlong torrent, that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime Declaration of Independence, and tossing and sport-

ing on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength, that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

DEVOTION. — *Zellikerfer.*

DEVOTION is not so much a duty, as a privilege and the reward of duty. It is not to be commanded; not to be extorted; all men are not capable of it; all cannot enjoy it in the same manner, and to the same degree. It is the property rather of the confirmed and trained, than of the weak and unsettled Christian. It bespeaks an enlightened mind, a good, well regulated heart, an innocent conduct, free from all intentional transgressions and iniquities, a certain exercise and skill in reflecting on spiritual matters, a confirmed taste for these matters and these reflections; in short, a certain disposition for retirement, and for self investigation.

When the man, the Christian, in possession of these, collects himself from distraction, retires to solitude, and there turns his thoughts on God and sacred things, the attention he bestows on them is devotion. These things are to him of extreme importance; his heart takes the greatest, the strongest interest in them; there arise in him sentiments of reverence, of love, of gratitude towards God, of confidence in him, of entire resignation to his will, sentiments of joy, of hope, of affiance, of aspirations after purer and more exalted virtue and happiness, after a closer communion with God, a more intimate union with Jesus, as the delegate of God and the head of the Christian fold; and then he enjoys the benefit of devotion, the advantages and the pleasures she procures her friends and votaries. And how great are not these advantages! How diversified these benefits and these pleasures!

Nothing elevates and fortifies the spirit of a man more than devotion. When the devout man lifts up himself to God, and adores his greatness and glory, he exalts himself to the Father of spirits, to the eternal source of light, of power, of truth, of beauty, and perfection; feels his connex-

ion, his intimate, indissoluble, his blessed connexion with this first and greatest and best of beings; he sees and considers all things around him, as the work of his hands, as the objects of his providence and complacency; sees and considers himself as his creature, as his rational subject, as his eminently favored child, as the object of his loving kindness and mercy, as an instrument of his all quickening spirit, his ever operating power; and when he thus approaches his Creator and Father, and has such a communion with him, how much more justly, generously, and nobly does he not learn to think, to judge, to feel! How strikingly does he perceive the wretchedness of all human grandeur! How far does he soar above the thousands of little terrestrial concerns, so many insignificant objects of the envy, the jealousy, and the dissensions of mankind! How many more and much loftier things comprehend with close participation, with complacency and love! And what strength must not this impart to his mind! How infinitely must it enlarge his visible horizon and the comprehension of his understanding, how much the sensibility of his heart!

END.

